

Scrap Book

Otto F. Andrie

— 1905 —



JVA

RWE

49

THE PERFECT SCRAP BOOK

PAT. SEPT. 28, 1897

THE PERFECT SCRAP BOOK CO.

395 BROADWAY NEW YORK, N. Y.



## HENRY IRVING.

### An Appreciation.

In the death of Henry Irving the stage has lost its most illustrious figure and the world has lost a great benefactor. He has died in the fullness of artistic achievement and at the summit of a spotless and splendid renown. He was in his sixty-eighth year and his career of public service extended over nearly half a century. He began poor and in a humble position, and by force of character, integrity of purpose, incessant industry, fidelity to duty and the charm of genius he raised himself to splendid eminence and he raised the dramatic profession, of which he was the most conspicuous representative, to a dignity that it had never before possessed. He was animated by the noblest form of human ambition—the wish and purpose to make his generation better and happier by excelling as an interpreter of human nature, a minister of beauty and a guide to the spiritual life. For thirty years he held the destiny of the English stage in the hollow of his hand, and during that time he presented only the greatest subjects and presented them only in the greatest manner. He touched nothing base. His energy was tremendous and his activity never made a pause. He was not only the manager of a theatre but he was in every part of the world that he visited the manager of intellect, and his influence was felt all along the line of social life. He left nothing to chance. He scrupulously regarded as well the slightest detail as the grandest design. He not only accomplished a benefit and an evolution in the painting of scenery and the setting and designing of plays, but he revived and maintained the natural method of acting—the method that makes impersonation the chief object of dramatic art. His personal charm was so great that almost all of the younger actors of his time became involuntarily imitators of his style, reproducing his peculiarities, not his powers. Those peculiarities (often erroneously designated "mannerisms") were natural to him and in him they were delightful.

His devotion to the theatre as an instrument of human advancement and happiness was religious in its feeling and passionate in its sincerity. He exemplified the dignity of his profession and he was never weary of asserting its cause. He was a great actor—certainly the greatest actor of his time—and so far as the printed records of the stage enable a studious observer to judge, he was the greatest actor that ever lived, for there is no record of any man who has played so many and such widely contrasted parts of the highest order and played them all equally well. His range included Hamlet and Jingle; Macbeth and Don Quixote; King Lear (which he considered his best performance) and Robert Macaire; Dr. Primrose, the Vicar of Wakefield, and King Louis XI; Mephistopheles and Benedick; Lesurques and Dubosc; Shylock and Doricourt; Becket and Corporal Brewster, and Mathias in The Bells, a part in which no other actor could come within a thousand miles of him, a fabric of his own wonderful imagination, into which he poured all the fire of his generous nature and liberated the finest reserves of his soul. It was not merely the element of variety at which he aimed, the easy expedient of frequent change of bill; he acted every part, making every fibre of it vital and the whole personality true. His interest in humanity was as wide as the human mind can reach and as deep as the human heart can feel.

In his character he combined great wisdom with great simplicity. His whole being was dominated by intellect, but his sympathy extended to every suffering creature upon earth, and in practical charity his magnificence was boundless. In many ways he was a lonely man—isolated in part by mental supremacy, in part by temperament and in part by circumstances of cruel personal experience—but he loved to make others happy and he gazed with eyes of benevolence on all the wide pagentry and pathos of this mortal scene. No mind more noble, no heart more tender, no spirit more pure and gentle ever came into this world. Henry Irving lived to bless mankind, and in his death, which is a universal bereavement, he leaves an immortal memory of genius and goodness and an immortal example of all that is heroic and beautiful in the conduct of life.

WILLIAM WINTER.

Los Angeles, Oct. 14, 1905.

James K. Hackett, now of "The Walls of Jericho," and George Hager of Buffalo roomed together some years ago in New York. Hager was studying to be an actor and Hackett was studying to be a lawyer, and they shared their joys and their vicissitudes. But the moment Mr. Hackett began to act and made a success of it he seemed to acquire so distant a vision of his former chum who has made his success in other lines, that a combination microscope and telescope would scarce disclose to him the fact that the Buffalo man was still on earth. But that's all right in line with the path of the stars, even if it is not quite the whole milky way.

## 31 YEARS AN ACTOR.

Robert Mantell's Anniversary to be commemorated Tonight by Presentation of a Loving Cup.

Tonight when Robert Mantell plays King Richard III, he will begin his 31st year as an actor. In commemoration of the anniversary, a loving cup will be presented to Mr. Mantell at the end of his second act.

The cup has three panels inscribed with the names of Mr. Mantell's company, the name of his manager, William A. Brady; Miss Grace George, his manager's wife, and the names of the managerial staff. One of the panels is inscribed with an appropriate verse.

It was 31 years ago tonight that Mr. Mantell made his appearance with a stock company at Rochdale, Lancashire, England, playing the sergeant in Boucicault's Arrah-na-Pogue.

It has been planned to have some Buf-falonian make the speech when the cup is presented to Mr. Mantell. The person has not been selected.

### A YOUNG ACTRESS' IDEAS.

Mary Frances Boyce, a young woman socially prominent in St. Louis, who has spent some time on the stage, and is an earnest student of the theatre, was a guest at the monthly dinner of the St. Louis Artists' Guild the other day, and was requested to tell its members something about her experiences in climbing the theatrical ladder.

Miss Boyce said she was not so much interested in herself these days as she was in the twenty years to come during which she hoped to become an actress. "I think," said she, "we can attain in some measure to the title of 'actress' in twenty years of hard study and tireless effort." Quoting the laconic but expressive remarks recently attributed to Ellen Terry when requested to advise dramatic students: "Were I to say one word I should say 'work'; two words, 'be patient'; three words, 'don't be vain,'" Miss Boyce continued as to the meaning of Miss Terry:

Work. There is an infinity of it to be done. You must learn to use your body. It is your instrument as a violinist's violin is his. You must get control over your eyes, your hands, your voice; teach them to convey your meaning clearly. These things are, however, quickly learned. For instance, the first time I rehearsed a love scene, I, as the young wife of the piece, had to turn to my husband, with whom I had been quarrelling through three acts, and say, "The woman when she awakened loved the man, and always will," whereupon he took me in his arms, and I, grasping the printed part in one of them, got my two hands up between us and cried: "What will I do with my hands?" And the very next time we rehearsed the scene I knew just exactly what to do with them.

As to "Be patient." I can't tell you much about that save that you must learn patience, as I have not.

"Don't be vain." It seems to me that vanity would be impossible for any one who has any true conception of what acting stands for. Acting is the expression of the understanding of the human character, the human heart, of its highest and lowest potentialities. When we realize how far we are from a complete understanding of even our nearest friend we must stand appalled at the necessity for having anything resembling a real understanding of the heart of man in a wider sense; yet this is necessary. For a man to find a correct interpretation of a single type is for him to have achieved a great task, yet you find the man who has accomplished this called no actor. He is charged with merely being himself. He may be the direct opposite, but if he sticks to one type he will not be considered a great actor by the many.

Back of those considered the most successful stars you may find such capitulation, such concession to public taste, as to rob the actor's apparent success of all sweetness to him. A man may paint a picture or write a book ahead of his time, and it lives to come into its own; but the actor must with his creation come immediately into his own.



## HENRY FRANK ON HAMLET.

Henry Frank, in a recent lecture on "The Symbolism of the Tragedy of Hamlet," said:

"To read into an author's words a meaning which perchance he may not have meant to put into them is an always difficult to know precisely what an author may have intended, what may have been his deeper and more recondite meanings, especially when his thoughts are presented, not in argumentation and discursive speech, but in the embodiment of symbolism, allegory, or character impersonation. The mind must first discern some clear idea of the author's half-revealed, or deep concealed, thought before the reader can justly interpret his works. Our opinion, favorable or otherwise, will rest wholly upon the personal interpretation we may make of the production we are pursuing. Often because we lose sight of the author's point of view and read into his creation our less abstruse conception, devoid of his finesse and casuistry, we find incongruities, the absence of logic and a want of interest. Into the tragedy of Hamlet Shakespeare not only throws all the splendor of his abandoned and prolific genius, but he likewise throws himself, his life, his experiences, his deep sorrows, his passionate pain, his maddening despondency, his tragic contemplation of self-destruction. For, indeed, until we well understand the man Shakespeare we are not prepared to appreciate the character of Hamlet. When he wrote this play he had not only attained the maximum development of his genius, but also his mature and most saddening experiences. For it seems to be a very truth that Shakespeare meant to portray himself, his own life, in the melancholy and oppressive story of the distinguished Danish prince. None would be able to discern Shakespeare in his dramatic creations, but elsewhere he affords us glimpses into his inner life that enable us, with such knowledge, to decipher him somewhat in the production of his brain. In his Sonnets we discern an intimation of some profound woe which has embittered his soul and given to his mind the melancholy complexion that casts its pale hue over that of Hamlet. But at the same time he was instinctively so jubilant and hilarious, his spirits were always so buoyant and elastic, that such moods must have been but temporary. Nevertheless, they left their deep impress on his soul; and when he created his great characters unconsciously these deeper and buried emotions of past experience rose to the surface and imbedded themselves into the structures he was erecting. Thus do we see in Hamlet almost the whole of life, its gaiety, carousing and abandonment; its solemnity and serious contemplation of undischekered possibilities in this world, and that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

"First of all we perceive that Hamlet is the perfect type of the scholar, meditative, introspective, studious, averse to society, living more in thought than deed, given to books rather than to men; and, like many scholars, he is a cynic and a skeptic; but his cynicism is the outgrowth of his bitter experience, while his skepticism is the immediate result of his profound studies. He is so much the scholar, the man of thought, that it is most painful for him to become the man of action. He could easily have mustered others to the performance of the deed, but to do it himself seems to rack his being and make him shiver with an irresistible pause. The scholar has his mission, the patriot his. The one is made for thought, the other for action; the one is impetuous, the other contemplative and slow. Blessed is that people whose soldiers are led by her scholars, and sad indeed that nation whose soldiers are her only guides. With Hamlet our hearts must needs be sad, for we see in him the reflection of so much of the unhappiness of life, so often fated on those who are apparently so well fitted for fortunate and useful careers. What shall we say of a spirit that carries with it into the after world such desire for vengeance and heaps the hideous duty on a sensitive and noble soul? That is a question that is too horrible to contemplate. It is the age alone that must be blamed for such a reproachful and distressful fact. Hamlet, the scholar, failed to perform a duty to himself. His reason fled, his superstition won, because his heart ran away with his head, his passion with his peace of mind. Intelligence alone prevails, truth alone conquers and establishes the happiness of life. We have learned from Hamlet this simple lesson: It is better to be true to one's self and the higher motives of the mind informed than propelled by the schooled emotions, however dear they may be to the heart or alluring with deceptive promise."

Throughout the lecture Mr. Frank gave readings from the play with good dramatic effect. While not always agreeing with the reasoning of the lecturer, the deep thought, psychological study, purity of English and eloquence were a delight to the listener.

Duke of Gloster ..... Mr. Mantell  
An officer ..... Thomas Lear  
Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant  
of the Tower ..... Alfred Callender  
Lord Stanley, Earl of Derby .....  
..... Alfred Hastings  
King Henry VI ..... Francis D. McGinn  
Tressel ..... Gordon Burby  
Duke of Buckingham ..... Guy Lindsley  
Prince of Wales ..... Lorraine Frost  
Lord-Mayor of London .....  
..... Walter Campbell

Duke of York ..... Leila Frost  
Sir William Catesby ..... Cecil Owen  
Sir Richard Ratcliff ..... Franklin Bendsten  
"Sir" James Tyrrel ..... Mr. Lear  
Earl of Oxford ..... George Macy  
Sir James Blount ..... Karl Garvis  
A captain of guards ..... Hamilton Mott  
Earl of Richmond (afterward King  
Henry VII) ..... Mr. McGinn  
Duke of Norfolk ..... Mr. Campbell  
Lady Annie ..... Marie Booth Russell  
Duchess of York ..... Margaret Grey  
Elizabeth, widow ..... Lillian Kingsbury  
That malformation of Royalty, King  
Richard III, was never so startled out  
of his sinister musings, as was Robert  
Mantell, who impersonated him last  
night at the Star Theater. There was a  
big house, and as each spectator passed  
in a card was thrust into his hand  
which read as follows:

The attention of tonight's audience  
in the Star Theater, Buffalo, is  
called to the fact that the performance  
of "King Richard III" marks  
the beginning of Mr. Robert Mantell's  
thirty-first year as an actor.  
He went on the stage as a member  
of a stock-company at Rochdale,  
Lancashire, England, October 21,  
1876, acting the role of the sergeant  
in Boucicault's play of "Arrah-na-  
Pogue."

The audience tonight is respectfully  
requested to aid in what is  
planned as a recognition of the anniversary,  
to be made after Act III,  
when a love-cup, inscribed with the  
data of the occasion, will be publicly  
presented to Mr. Mantell. It is the  
gift of the members of his company,  
of Miss Grace George, and of Mr.  
William A. Brady and his associates  
in the management of Mr. Mantell,  
who knows nothing of the plan thus  
to mark the occasion.

It is the plan to recall Mr. Mantell  
at the end of Act III, hold the curtain  
back, and said he didn't see how he  
could ever gather himself together to  
go on and have those little princes murdered  
after such an unnerving surprise.  
He responded feelingly to Mr. Spencer's  
tribute on behalf of the donors.

The presentation in a way rather  
overpowered the rest of the performance  
and in itself was really impressive.

Mr. Mantell's Richard seems almost  
play for him, so easily does he fit the  
requirements for personating that  
crafty old sinner. Mr. Mantell gives  
especial attention to the passages  
which show the sardonic humor of  
Gloster, as they spell him on the program.  
His performance is a finished  
and artistic one in every sense of  
word, and Mr. Brady has surrounded  
him with an excellent company.  
lack of space alone compa  
mentary individual mention. The play  
is superably mounted and one house  
last night was intensely interested in  
the unfolding of the oft-told story. In  
fact, the Shakespearean revival seems  
to have struck Buffalo with considerable  
force. Tonight Mr. Mantell will be  
seen as the Moor in "Othello," and the  
depiction of his fiery passions should  
give Mr. Mantell great opportunity.

THE STAR THEATER.



## THE GOOD HATING HAMLET.\*

"Give me a man who is a good hater," said Dr. Johnson. I beg to present Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, in such an aspect. It is one of the many complexities of his character which has been touched upon but little, though to my mind it throws much light upon his "thinking too precisely on the event"—in brief, his much proclaimed procrastination. We have heard and read of Hamlet the Dreamer, Hamlet the Philosopher, Hamlet the Student, and Hamlet the Lover, but we have seen little concerning Hamlet the Hater.

At the beginning of the play we can see that Hamlet's abhorrence for his uncle is inborn. He treats him with a quiet scorn, he is "a little more than kin and less than kind," and he—Hamlet—is "too much I the sun"—he has no desire to be called Claudius' son. It required more than the marriage with his mother and the overthrow of Hamlet's hopes for the accession to the throne to make him regard his uncle with so deep a hatred. And yet, at the opening of the play, he does not know the king for what he is—he merely hates him, that is all. And when the ghost of his father begins to tell him of foul play, Hamlet cries out—

"O, my prophetic soul, mine uncle!" That is, as Moberly explains it, "My very soul abhorred the murderer even when I knew not his crime." Indeed Hamlet is left in a kind of levity, almost as if he were glad to find some reason for his hatred.

In his treatment of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern we find this quality again. At first they are "his excellent good friends," he has talked much of them, and there are no others he would more gladly see, yet with what bitterness this love is turned to hatred when he finds how they are leagued against him. He learns to trust them as he would adders fanged; he sends them to their death so swiftly that shriving time is not allowed, and their deaths do not lie near his conscience. How different his treatment of his responsibility in the death of Polonius! To Hamlet the lord chamberlain is a tedious old fool, but he has a kind of tolerance for him. He is sorry for his mistake; he will answer well for the deed; he is left weeping over the dead body.

"Who is it we see?" wrote Goethe in his "Wilhelm Meister," referring to Hamlet after his scene with the ghost; "a young hero, panting for vengeance? A born prince, feeling himself favored in being summoned to punish the usurper of his crown? No!"

At a first glance we may agree with Goethe, but to me it seems not that "Shakespeare meant to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it," but it seems to represent the opposite *motif* from that which underlies the drama of Macbeth. Macbeth shows the consequences of a crime to a coward—one whose conscience does not trouble him, for if the deed "were the be-all and the end-all here," he would "jump the life to come." Macbeth is afraid of the consequences in this world. His is the fear of a murderer to whom the whole world seems made of glass. Hamlet

\* This article by Miss Clark, accepted by THE MIRROR some time ago, like the article on Macbeth contributed to these columns by the same author, shows an analytical power rare in one so young. As recorded in THE MIRROR at the time, Miss Clark died in this city on Oct. 2, at the age of twenty-three, having been forced by ill health to retire from the stage.—ED. MIRROR.

King, in league with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, against himself by stealing from his bed in the dead of night and unsealing the King's letters to England; how he wrote new letters, which sealed the death

fears nothing in life; it is the consequence to his soul that makes him think precisely on the event. With a most deliberate and firm will he sets aside everything but the thought of his purpose, and if there seems too much thought and too little action it is because he fears he is not just in his pursuit. His conscience is his foe—it renders him a coward. He represents moral fear as opposed to the physical in Macbeth. He is afraid of nothing in this life; he follows the ghost without a quiver. He believes in immortality, and he does not wish to taint his soul.

Further on, Goethe speaks of him as one who has not the strength or nerve to form a hero. I repeat, where is there more heroic strength and nerve than he shows in that midnight scene on the lonely platform at Elsinore? His friends, more fearful than he when the pale form of the once King of Denmark beckons him to follow, exert all their strength to hold him back, but with desperate hardihood he breaks from them—he, the Prince, proves more than a match for the rugged soldier and his friend Horatio combined—and dashes them aside:

"Unhand me, gentlemen! By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!"

and follows the still beckoning ghost to—he knows not what. Surely no hero of romance could have escaped from his enemies with more fortitude and skill than Hamlet does from Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in sending them to the death which has been devised for him, and boarding the pirate ship alone. It is an heroic action to return to Elsinore to execute his revenge on his bitterest foe, the King—the man who had murdered his father, wronged his mother, who had attempted to end Hamlet's own life. Hamlet knows that his life is not valued at a pin's fee with the living Majesty of Denmark, and when warned by the faithful Horatio he merely says, with quiet determination:

"It will be short; the interim is mine."

I think this capacity for hatred explains away much of Hamlet's apathy, or as he calls it, his "bestial oblivion." For another complexity asserts itself—his conscience. His hatred of his uncle is so great that he even fears the ghost may be an evil spirit to tempt him into error by such means. Therefore he puts off his revenge, not because he is of a weak and procrastinating nature, for more than once he proves himself capable of quick and decisive action, but because he is afraid the deed lies too near his own heart. His father has commanded him not to taint his mind with his enterprise, and Hamlet has a deep-seated fear that his mind is already so tainted. Therefore he sets to work to make sure that he may perform his act of vengeance with a perfect conscience. Suppose, like Laertes, he should cry, "To hell, allegiance!" and (unlike Laertes) mean it, rush into the room of state and kill the King on his throne. What vengeance is this? Would these lords of Denmark, these attendants to the King, who appear to find nothing rotten in the Government of the State, accept his statement that the ghost of his dead father had told him a story of his murder in the orchard? What proof could Hamlet show of such a story? Would they not cry treason upon him? Besides, what of his mother? His father expressly commands him not to contrive aught against his mother. Would not such an act be against her as well?

After the King has shown his guilt so openly to Hamlet at the play, the young Prince has no desire but to go speedily to his revenge. But the King is well attended. We never see King Claudius sleeping in his orchard or anywhere that serpents may get at him. Only one time does Hamlet find him alone, and that is when he is praying in his closet. Hamlet's very hate—uncoupled with his conscience, for that is now at rest—saves the King's life for the time being. Hamlet is now determined; but he does not wish to meet his dearest foe in heaven, so the King may finish his prayers. Half an hour later Hamlet makes an attempt to kill whom he believes to be his uncle, but who, by the mockery of fate, chances to be Polonius. After this he has no further opportunity, for the murder of Polonius makes the King even more wary, and Hamlet is dispatched with all haste to England, closely watched and guarded.

But he is soon to return, and into the ears of his Damon, Horatio, he pours a wonderful story of how he discovered the treachery of the

He had been very bitter, he read made remarks about the 's love—not all in reference to Ophelia was easily pleased—oymment for her. He was sure stood its sudden termination. long ago—and here she lies,

is come back to Hamlet as he ve of Ophelia? And when one vil is apt to be forgotten, just in the joyous days of childhood aubled days that follow.

not but remember best those om care, when he had loved thought, more than forty thou- d have done. So, for the mo- himself is forgotten—that great his father, which was to live the book and volume of his place is the great matter of his the bravery of Laertes' grief orrow seem tenfold.

ruption is caused by the first. out feel that he owes Laertes forgetting himself at Ophelia's gerly accepts the opportunity to out with the foils to prove that her of his dead love no ill will. e man whom Hamlet has called ar belies his friendly words as a a friendly combat, the some- the deadly hatred, rises in the tle Prince, and in the exchange Laertes a mortal thrust. Ham- at a scratch, so he lives longer rous though repentant Laertes, with which his sword has been ts murderous work in time. pt to his end by the grim hand her poetic justice neglects not l fall with him. He dies, as he le prince, and we can all feel l Horatio (ah, if we could but cry!) that in the silence which heart is at rest.

JANE CLARK

## Up Potter on Dancing.

Henry C. Potter, bishop of New York, in a series of articles for the Christian Register, takes up the question of the day in their relations. In his remarks on dancing says some really startling things.

He homely proverb as, 'What is meat is another man's poison,' is a most philosophic statement of many questions which human society, the State, the municipality, are striving to settle in the way. And of nothing is this more true than of what are known as dances. In other words, you can dance about them, and say that they are 'bad' or 'invariably good.' e. g., a great many persons and dance makes speedily dizzy, here ought not to be any question of the wisdom of their avoiding just so, there are others upon quite a different way, the eff- dances are equally mischiev- wholesome; but, my reverend must not take your dirty im- to the pulpit and denounce as dissolute and degrading that a decent young girl who hears tion from your lips knows of in no other way. In a word, be quite true of some coarse na- of some low masculine minds, means universally true, and may with insolent presumption, be predicated."

Cannibalism.



## THE GOOD HATING HAMLET.\*

"Give me a man who is a good hater," said Dr. Johnson. I beg to present Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, in such an aspect. It is one of the many complexities of his character which has been touched upon but little, though to my mind it throws much light upon his "thinking too precisely on the event"—in brief, his much proclaimed procrastination. We have heard and read of Hamlet the Dreamer, Hamlet the Philosopher, Hamlet the Student, and Hamlet the Lover, but we have seen little concerning Hamlet the Hater.

At the beginning of the play we can see that Hamlet's abhorrence for his uncle is inborn. He treats him with a quiet scorn, he is "a little more than kin and less than kind," and he—Hamlet—is "too much I" the son—he has no desire to be called Claudius' son. It required more than the marriage with his mother and the overthrow of Hamlet's hopes for the accession to the throne to make him regard his uncle with so deep a hatred. And yet, at the opening of the play, he does not know the king for what he is—he merely hates him, that is all. And when the ghost of his father begins to tell him of foul play, Hamlet cries out—

"O, my prophetic soul, mine uncle!" That is, as Moberly explains it, "My very soul abhorred the murderer even when I knew not his crime." Indeed Hamlet is left in a kind of levity, almost as if he were glad to find some reason for his hatred.

In his treatment of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern we find this quality again. At first they are "his excellent good friends," he has talked much of them, and there are no others he would more gladly see, yet with what bitterness this love is turned to hatred when he finds how they are leagued against him. He learns to trust them as he would adders fanged; he sends them to their death so swiftly that shriving time is not allowed, and their deaths do not lie near his conscience. How different his treatment of his responsibility in the death of Polonius! To Hamlet the lord chamberlain is a tedious old fool, but he has a kind of tolerance for him. He is sorry for his mistake; he will answer well for the deed; he is left weeping over the dead body.

"Who is it we see?" wrote Goethe in his "Wilhelm Meister," referring to Hamlet after his scene with the ghost: "a young hero, panting for vengeance? A born prince, feeling himself favored in being summoned to punish the usurper of his crown? No!"

At a first glance we may agree with Goethe, but to me it seems not that "Shakespeare meant to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it," but it seems to represent the opposite *motif* from that which underlies the drama of Macbeth. Macbeth shows the consequences of a crime to a coward—one whose conscience does not trouble him, for if the deed "were the be-all and the end-all here," he would "jump the life to come." Macbeth is afraid of the consequences in this world. His is the fear of a murderer to whom the whole world seems made of glass. Hamlet

\* This article by Miss Clark, accepted by THE MIRROR some time ago, like the article on Macbeth contributed to these columns by the same author, shows an analytical power rare in one so young. As recorded in THE MIRROR at the time, Miss Clark died in this city on Oct. 2, at the age of twenty-three, having been forced by ill health to retire from the stage.—ED. MIRROR.

King, in league with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, against himself by stealing from his bed in the dead of night and unsealing the King's letters to England; how he wrote new letters, which sealed the death warrant of his companions. It was quickly done—they did not lie near his conscience! Yet Horatio, as just a man as Hamlet ever knew, gives no approval to the deed. Truly this Hamlet knows how to hate! Now he holds proof against the King in his hands—written, signed and sealed by Denmark himself. He can flaunt this in the faces of any of the multitude who may cry treason when he would but execute justice. It is now safe to quit him with his arm.

There are two interruptions—the burial of his former love, Ophelia, and the fencing bout with Laertes. One leads to the other. When he sees the frail, lifeless form he had indeed cared for, but perhaps had helped to destroy, his grief overmasters him. He must think of days that have been rather than days that are—those old, sweet days, when his vows of affection were like music in the ears of that sweet lady. Poor child that she was—too young and tender for the corrupt court of Denmark! How was she to know that princes do not choose their wives by going to mere ladies-in-waiting and saying, "I love you best, O most best, believe it." And Hamlet had not asked her hand of the King, his uncle, nor of the Queen, his mother.

But Hamlet loved her! Oh, yes, he had indeed loved her, but things had changed on that very day he had been chosen to set right the disjoined Time. The same cursed spite (cursed, because it was grim irony that he, the natural enemy of his uncle, should be chosen to execute justice) followed him even in his love, for it was that same day that Ophelia refused to see him or to receive any letters from him. Perhaps she could not help it, poor, frail rose of May, but she was not the woman to help and sympathize with a wronged son. Once he broke all barriers that she had placed between them, and went to her. He had thought that he might be mistaken in her, that her treatment of him was involuntary. He was sorely beset by his conscience, he was pale and overwrought and disordered—if she could, oh, if she could give him strength! He went into her closet, where she was sewing in such a sweet, housewifely manner; he took her by the wrist and perused her face as if he would know the inmost secrets of her soul; and his own soul was in his eyes, crying out for one look of encouragement, one sign that she believed in him and trusted him, that he might return her trust and tell her his sad story. But she was only frightened. There was nothing in her blue eyes but fear and wonder. She pitied him, it is true, but she showed too plainly that hers was not the perfect love that casts out fear. If she could so fear him she had professed to love, what would she say to his story? He, Hamlet, this Prince of Words, was silent. His plummet had sounded the depth of her shallow soul; he sighed, he shook his head and left her.

But twice more he had seen her. Once was when he came upon her in the lobby, reading her prayer book. A prayer book! And all the time she was lending herself to a deception of him. She greeted him with, "How doth your honor for this many a day?" Ignoring their meeting of the day before, and she accused him of unkindness, when it was she who had repulsed him. She even lied with those flowery lips, while those snowy fingers folded over her prayers. He had asked her where her father was, and she had said that he was at home, when she well knew that he was hiding behind the arras listening to their conversation. Hamlet had discovered that. It was the bitterest of all. He could forgive her fear, her fragility; but that those blue eyes could look at him while a lie slipped from the lips was too much. And now here she lies, so young, in her grave!

The last time he had seen her, in her life, was at the play. She had been very merry at the play, and he had lain at her feet with his

head in her lap. He had been very bitter, he remembered, and had made remarks about the brevity of woman's love—not all in reference to his mother. But Ophelia was easily pleased—the play was enjoyment for her. He was sure she never understood its sudden termination. That was not so long ago—and here she lies, all flower strewn!

Does not all this come back to Hamlet as he stands by the grave of Ophelia? And when one is dead all the evil is apt to be forgotten, just as we look back on the joyous days of childhood instead of the troubled days that follow.

So Hamlet cannot but remember best those days, so free from care, when he had loved Ophelia, as he thought, more than forty thousand brothers could have done. So, for the moment, the King himself is forgotten—that great commandment of his father, which was to live all alone within the book and volume of his brain, and in its place is the great matter of his own love. And the bravery of Laertes' grief makes his own sorrow seem tenfold.

The second interruption is caused by the first. Hamlet cannot but feel that he owes Laertes something for so forgetting himself at Ophelia's grave, and he eagerly accepts the opportunity to have a friendly bout with the foils to prove that he bears the brother of his dead love no ill will. Alack! When the man whom Hamlet has called his brother so far belies his friendly words as to wound him in a friendly combat, the something dangerous, the deadly hatred, rises in the breast of the gentle Prince, and in the exchange of foils he gives Laertes a mortal thrust. Hamlet's wound is but a scratch, so he lives longer than the treacherous though repentant Laertes, but the venom with which his sword has been anointed does its murderous work in time.

Thus he is swept to his end by the grim hand of Fate, who in her poetic justice neglects not those who should fall with him. He dies, as he has lived, a noble prince, and we can all feel with the faithful Horatio (ah, if we could but hear his just story!) that in the silence which follows a noble heart is at rest.

JANE CLARK

## Bishop Potter on Dancing.

Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, bishop of New York, is writing a series of articles for Harper's Bazar in which he takes up the current questions of the day in their relation to women. In his remarks on dancing the bishop says some really startling things. For example:

"Some such homely proverb as, 'What is one man's meat is another man's poison,' is in truth, the most philosophic statement of a great many questions which human society, the church, the State, the municipality, the family, are striving to settle in some other way. And of nothing is this more true than of what are known as 'round' dances. In other words, you can not generalize about them, and say that they are invariably 'bad' or invariably good. There are, e. g., a great many persons whom a 'round' dance makes speedily dizzy, and if so there ought not to be any question about the wisdom of their avoiding them. And, just so, there are others upon whom, in quite a different way, the effects of such dances are equally mischievous and unwholesome; but, my reverend brother, you must not take your dirty imagination into the pulpit and denounce as invariably dissolute and degrading that which many a decent young girl who hears its description from your lips knows of absolutely in no other way. In a word, what may be quite true of some coarse natures, and of some low masculine minds, is by no means universally true, and may not, except with insolent presumption, be universally predicated."

Cannibalism.

THE NEW YORK



## AS RICHELIEU AND KING LEAR

Robert Mantell gives a fine Characterization of France's royal Cardinal.

### A SECOND KINGLY ROLE

Versatile Tragedian makes first Presentation of Shakespeare Tragedy seen in Buffalo in Years.

Noteworthy in the list of characters that Robert Mantell is presenting this week at the Star Theater is his Richelieu, which was seen at yesterday's matinee and which must be included among the best parts in the versatile tragedian's repertoire.

Richelieu is ever a favorite role for the player. The character of France's royal cardinal is a most alluring one and many have essayed the task of portraiture and failed; but Mantell has succeeded in giving a Cardinal Richelieu that compares favorably with that of many another famous tragedian and he has, moreover, made a wholly original conception of the role and one upon which his own personality is indelibly stamped.

Yesterday's audience, intent and thoughtful, rose to Mr. Mantell's fine work in the familiar Bulwer play, and the applause he received was not more eloquent than the silence which prevailed during a performance that must be counted masterly, indeed many consider Richelieu the best piece of work in Mr. Mantell's repertoire.

It is the human side of the great cardinal that Mr. Mantell emphasizes. Crafty he was and the actor makes no attempt to conceal this; cruel he could be upon occasion, and the times when he showed it were not few or far between; but Richelieu was one of the great statesmen of the world and he was a patriot who served France as few prime ministers have ever served, and who had many a virtue to set against his great fault, overmastering ambition.

Mr. Mantell's company gave him admirable support in Richelieu, especially Marie Booth Russell as Julie de Mortimer; Francis McGinn, as Baradas, and Cecil Owen as De Mauprat.

### Mr. Mantell as the Mad King.

Last night Mr. Mantell added King Lear to the impersonations with which he has favored Buffalo playgoers. It is many years since the Shakespearean tragedy has been performed in this city. Salvini, the elder, presented it here and it was a favorite in the repertoire of several famous tragedians of a generation gone, but of recent years it has not commonly found its way to the stage. The text is difficult to cut and in the version used by Mr. Mantell, prepared by William Winter for Edwin Booth, many familiar passages have had to be sacrificed, yet with all the eliminations possible, the performance extends over more than three hours.

Mr. Mantell's Lear is unequal. A faulty, throaty, rasping intonation mars some of his strongest scenes, giving a strained, unpleasant effect; but this is only occasional, and is quite the most serious blemish in his work. He makes the persecuted, mad, old king at once a pitiable and a commanding figure and his interpretation is marked by intelligence and strength.

His company, too, appears to advance in King Lear and the staging of the piece is remarkably good, nothing approaching the tempest scene in realism has been seen here in any former production of the play.

The theater was completely filled last night and the performance was heartily appreciated.



PEOPLE OF THE STAGE: ROBERT MANTELL.  
To appear at the Star Theater, week of October 22d.

Wilson Barrett made a great hit in "Clito," in New York, but the critics scored his "Hamlet" unmercifully. His farewell to this country is not to extend over two years at most, and he will probably be back before that time.

and  
16

E.

nce  
at-  
ent  
in-  
S.  
ub.  
olk  
its.  
own  
use

t of  
ing  
ana-  
c in  
cret  
any  
it e  
the

o  
's,  
on  
man)  
d the  
ommer  
for dol  
ly, al  
ace be  
dollar  
to se  
nd hi  
pplaus  
oint a

heatre  
"ther  
ck com  
's, th  
tuseun  
ere in  
ht an  
actor  
mulati  
Vallack  
L. Flek  
1.50, fr  
l not b  
f system  
bins and  
e me. No  
seats in  
woman  
town at  
courtes  
tys, and  
for w  
Legrees

me tha  
ther Ro  
l to art  
ley ther  
americal  
nd art  
ot in th

rested t  
on Loui  
the low  
cold an  
till, M  
thy wh



# MANTELL TALKS OF SHAKESPEARE.

Revival, He Says, is General.  
His First Appearance as  
Shylock to Be in  
Buffalo.

Robert Mantell, the tragedian, got to town yesterday after a long absence. He comes for a week of Shakespeare in the Star Theater, where he will be seen, beginning tonight, as Richard III, Othello, King Lear, Iago, Shylock, and Hamlet, and also as Bulwer's Richelieu—a role he has tried for two seasons to drop, but which remains in his bill because of very general requests that he give at least one performance of the virile and thrilling old melodrama in each city he visits. Oddly enough, Mr. Mantell has never acted in Buffalo in any of these roles. Our theater-goers recall him well for his capital acting in drawing room melodramas of the "Fedora" type and in the cape-and-sword pieces of the general type of "The Three Musketeers," as well as for some uncommonly fine work in "The Corsican Brothers;" but as a Shakespearean player he is unknown here save by reputation. That reputation is such, however, that it would seem that lovers of good acting will be out in force to view the interesting repertoire in which he will be seen all week at the Star.

Mr. Mantell chatted for an hour yesterday with a representative of the NEWS concerning his new field of endeavor. It was suggested that he and his great success as Richard and Lear in New York City last year have been directly responsible for the unusual activity of this season in the way of Shakespearean revivals.

"Nonsense!" was his retort. "As a matter of sheer figures, no more of Shakespeare is being acted this season than in any other season, allowing, of course, for the growth of the theater-going populace the country over. Hundreds on hundreds of Shakespearean performances are given each season of which no account is taken in cities which, like Buffalo, is concerned from week to week with the coming and going of popular plays like those you have just had here—Miss Fay Davis, Mr. Otis Skinner, Mr. James K. Hackett, et al.

"It simply happens that this season interest is being taken in Shakespeare by persons of more than usual prominence. Thus, we have revivals by Madame Modjeska, Annie Russell, Viola Allen, Louis James, and others of prominence already under way. Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn, I believe, are to continue their representations of

*Mr  
Mantell  
is a  
Disappointment  
in  
Shakespeare  
Romance  
his  
forte*

## MR. MANTELL AS SHYLOCK

For the first Time the versatile  
Actor assumes the dif-  
ficult Role.

### NEW CHARACTERIZATION

Unequal in Merit, the Jew of Venice  
likely to add materially to  
Mr. Mantell's Laurels.

Last evening at the Star Theater before an overflowing house, and for the first time on any stage, Robert Mantell was seen as Shylock in The Merchant of Venice, and the beautiful, familiar play was given an adequate and pleasing setting.

Interest naturally centered about the Shylock of Mr. Mantell and to the student of Shakespeare it was evident that he approached the character in reverential spirit. While his portrayal last evening was unequal, it contained much that was good, little that was disappointing, and justifies the prediction that Shylock will in time become one of the strong roles in his repertoire.

A character that has baffled many a fine actor, many a great player, in fact, is the Jew of Venice. Mr. Mantell has in but few respects departed from the traditional reading of the role. The cutting of the text is judiciously done and some of the few points in the Mantell Shylock that were not pleasing are easily attributable to first-night nervousness and to a little uncertainty on the part of the player, who sometimes suggested the thought that he was feeling his way.

There is no method of being sure in any portrayal until the test of an audience is tried. Rehearsals without number give familiarity and assurance so far as lines and business are concerned, but it is the effect of the public performance that makes the conscientious actor certain of himself in any part. So with Mr. Mantell last night. Judged from the standard of a new production, his Shylock is deserving of highest praise.

Once or twice he forgot the feebleness of the Jew, occasionally he lost the facial expression and the voice, but mainly his Shylock was well sustained and highly dramatic. In the trial scene he was exceedingly impressive and his exit was a vivid contrast to the ordinary business of the part. Mr. Mantell's Shylock, crushed and defeated, was not the hopeless Jew of tradition. Just as he left the court, the indomitable spirit of his race returned. Head erect, defiance in eye and manner, he gave to his persecutors one look of malignant hate and then was gone.

Mr. Mantell's company is not at its best in The Merchant of Venice, al-





ROBERT MANTELL AS RICHARD III.—STAR.

## HACKETT IN A DRESS SUIT PLAY.

Crowded House Greeted  
"The Walls of Jericho" at  
the Star Theater Last  
Night.

"The Walls of Jericho" drew a standing-room house to the Star Theater last night, James K. Hackett being in the stellar role. The piece is an attractive one and, as is doubtless known, has nothing Biblical about it, despite its title. "The Walls of Jericho" is the story of a Queenslander who, becoming rich, goes home to England and marries a titled lady. She is a sort of spoiled darling, and Jack Frobisher, her husband, gets very tired of the ways of her set, her gaming and her neglect of her little son. So he rises up in his old Australian might and puts an end to it, carrying his wife back to the fresh atmosphere and real men and women in the Antipodes. There is a subsidiary love story between an old pal of Jack's, "Mad Jim," and Lucy, the sister of Mrs. Frobisher.

It is a simple and interesting story, and it shows Mr. Hackett in a play in which he does not wear tights. He does, however, wear a dress suit as if he had a stiff neck, and sometimes puts the soft pedal on his basso profundo vocal organ to such an extent that his voice sinks way below the level of the sea and is lost. On the whole, however, Mr. Hackett gives a convincing and masterful performance and was applauded to the speech-making point. Two women in the cast are especially good; Beatrice Beckley as Lady Althea Frobisher and May Blayney as Lady Lucy. The others of a large company co-operated ably and pleasantly with the central figures, and if at times some of the conversations seem unnecessarily prolonged, the whole performance holds the interest and attention to the end. There will be a matinee tomorrow.

I asked a woman in the profession who has known intimately every bruise inflicted in the school of hard knocks the secret of her bravery. She drew from a shabby, little green leather portfolio she always carries with her on the road a scrap of paper and placed it in my hand.

"It is that," she said.

On the bit of paper was written in her delicate, painstaking hand this fragment culled from much reading:

There is no chance, no destiny, no fate  
Can circumvent or hinder or control  
The firm resolve of a determined soul.  
Gifts count for nothing; will alone is great;  
All things give way before it soon or late,  
What obstacle can stay the mighty force  
Of the sea-seeking river in its course?  
Or bid the ascending orb of day to wait?  
Each will-born soul must win what it deserves.  
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate is he  
Whose earnest purpose never swerves;  
Whose lightest action or inaction serves  
The one great aim.  
Why, even Death stands still and waits an hour  
For such a will.

"Talk about the immorality of the stage," said De Wolf Hopper recently. "Why, there is more of the 'female form divine' to be seen on Broadway than in almost any theater in town. Between tight skirts, habit backs, Flat-iron buildings and peek-a-boo waists, women don't leave much to the imagination nowadays. If the present vogue of semi-nudity continues, it won't be long before clergymen will be sending their children to the theater to keep them off the streets."

### MEMORY.

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory—  
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

P.B. Shelley.



## MR. WILLARD'S VILLAINS

English Actor made his first Success  
as a deep-dyed Exponent of  
Crime—Different now.

E. S. Willard's first popularity in London was due to his masterly representation of villains. He may, indeed, claim to have invented the modern villain of the stage, the villain of the smiling face and ever-ready cigarette. That popularity continued for years and villains were referred to as Willard parts, his services being sought for every new production that had a character of that type, and he played villains until he came to the conclusion that it was time for him to prove that his creative abilities were by no means restricted to that line of performance. He determined to make a new departure and impersonate heroes. This resolution provoked disapproval with the managers and with the press, and one sagacious objector quoted to him the old saw, "Let the cobbler stick to his last."

"Certainly," said Mr. Willard in reply, "Let shoemakers stick to the business of making shoes; but it is not necessary that they should always keep to the same style of shoes."

Mr. Willard got away from villains with the production of *The Middleman*, the preparation for which made his conservative friends very uneasy, for they did not see how he could step from such a role as *The Spider in The Silver King* to that of the old potter, *Cyrus Blenkarn*, without professional disaster. But he made, as everyone knows, a tremendous success as *Blenkarn*, and straightway that type of characters in turn took the name of Willard parts, so that when a year or two later he appeared in the guise of a villain the public shook its head and declared that he was going out of his line.

The fact is, Mr. Willard has no line. He is an actor of conspicuous versatility, and the merit of his work is in the many-sided art of dramatic expression of which he is master.

Both needed

### The Higher Education.

"Do you think it possible for a man to succeed nowadays without a college education?"

"A good deal depends on what he wishes to succeed at. If he desires to write novels or be a statesman, he can get along without it. If he wishes to pitch in one of the major leagues it will be almost indispensable."



ROBERT MANTELL AS RICHELIEU—STAR.

### A SONG FROM THE PERSIAN.

Ah! sad are they who know not love,  
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,  
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond  
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips  
Kiss empty air, and never touch  
The dear, warm mouth of those they love—  
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But, clear as amber, fine as musk,  
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,  
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,  
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh! not for them shall angels pray!  
They stand in everlasting light,  
They walk in Allah's smile by day,  
And slumber in His heart by night.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



*Very bad Performance*

COURIER, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1904

## MR. MANTELL AS HAMLET IS TRULY GREAT

His Interpretation of the  
Melancholy Dane Is  
Somewhat Gladiatorial,  
but Brilliantly Artistic  
Withal.

### PRE-EMINENT STAR IN SHAKESPEAREAN ROLES

Repeating his vividly realistic and artistic portrayal of the murderous Richard, Duke of Gloster, in Shakespeare's tragic chronicle of "Richard III," Robert Mantell at the Star Theater last night brought to a triumphant and brilliantly successful close his remarkable engagement of a week in Shakespearean plays. A large and intensely enthusiastic audience applauded Mr. Mantell's fine interpretation of this the most popular of the bard's great tragic dramas. Mr. Mantell was real enthusiastic himself over his great success in Buffalo the past week and was thus inspired to exhibit the full force of his wondrous art of expression in word and action. His Richard typifies the role. Mr. Mantell's work the past week was simply marvelous, for he enacted the leading roles in Shakespeare's tragedies of "Richard III," "Othello," "King Lear" and "Hamlet;" in Shakespeare's fine comedy, "The Merchant of Venice," and in Bulwer Lytton's romantic drama, "Richelieu," uniquely displaying his versatility by playing Othello and Iago in the tragedy of "Othello" on alternate evenings. Mr. Mantell's popularity appeared to increase day by day, culminating in capacity houses on the last days of his engagement here, a deserved tribute to America's pre-eminent interpreter of Shakespearean roles.

Much interest centered in Mr. Mantell's first appearance here, yesterday afternoon, in the role of Hamlet, prince of Denmark, in the tragedy of the same name. The house was filled in every part and after the great scene between Hamlet and his queen mother ten curtain calls were given. Mr. Mantell expressed his heartfelt thanks for the manifestation of approval.

No fault can be found with Mr. Mantell's truly artistic presentation of Hamlet, excepting that his splendid physique necessitates making the



ROBERT MANTELL IN CHARACTER.

### "College Bred" Not Always Well Bred

In answer to the enclosed clipping, I want to tell "Mrs. G. E. L." if she had my experience with the students of a woman's college her opinion would be entirely different. To be "college-bred" is not always to be well-bred, and I found the majority of them ill-bred. I did not find the "softened manners," "well-chosen speech" and "air of good breeding" of which she speaks. I found something entirely different "playing through their mentality." It is a large expenditure of money to place either boy or girl in college with little or nothing to show for it. They have too much liberty. Real education and genuine culture are possessed by many who never enter college walls. You can find them by the score in our large department stores right here in our city. I speak of what I know. A. A. K.

The foregoing frank expression of sentiment from an esteemed correspondent who knows how to observe and to give the results of thoughtful observation tallies so exactly with what I have myself seen and thought that I insert it here with sincere satisfaction. It is quite as possible for the earnest thinker and worker to cultivate the mind and manners outside of university walls. Some of our most successful literary men and women are marked illustrations of this assertion.



*Very bad Performance*

COURIER, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1903



ROBERT MANTELL IN CHARACTER

# MR. MANTELL LET IS Y GREAT

on of the  
y Dane Is  
adiatorial,  
y Artistic

AR IN  
AN ROLES

alistic and ar-  
rderous Rich-  
Shakespeare's  
urd III," Rob-  
Theater last  
umphant and  
his remark-  
ek in Shakes-  
and intensely  
pplauded Mr.  
tion of this  
bard's great  
tell was real  
his great suc-  
reek and was  
he full force  
expression in  
hard copies  
ork the past  
ous, for he  
in Shakes-  
ichard III,"  
d "Hamlet;"  
medy, "The  
in Bulwer  
"Richelieu,"  
rsatility by  
n the trag-  
te evenings.  
ppeared to  
minating in  
days of his  
tribute to  
rpreter of

Mr. Man-  
yesterday  
let, prince

of Denmark, in the tragedy of the same name. The house was filled in every part and after the great scene between Hamlet and his queen mother ten curtain calls were given. Mr. Mantell expressed his heartfelt thanks for the manifestation of approval.

No fault can be found with Mr. Mantell's truly artistic presentation of Hamlet, excepting that his splendid physique necessitates making the

avenging pri-  
Nemesis. Mr. Ma- follows closely  
in the footsteps of Edwin Booth in his  
Hamlet, and, like that peerless inter-  
preter of the role, conforms to the ideal  
of the dean of dramatic critics, William  
Winter, in treating the character as a  
poetic ideal, not seeking to make the  
character historically real instead of a  
fabled one; thus he treats the part in  
an ideal manner and achieves the full  
measure of success. Thus Mantell  
makes Hamlet play a part, by assum-  
ing that the avenging prince was mere-  
ly feigning fitful melancholy for the  
sanguinary purpose brought to a cli-  
max in the final tragic scene where he  
duels with Laertes for a king's wager,  
slays Laertes with the poisoned  
weapon after being fatally infected  
with the same venom, expiring after  
slaying King Claudius for the murder  
of his kingly father, closely following  
the poisoning of Queen Gertrude. In  
this great scene Mr. Mantell was al-  
most inspired. His diction at all times  
was perfect, now blazing into a fury  
of passionate invective, now drifting  
along in the moody melancholy  
of a mind perturbed with many  
sorrows, now pathetic in renun-  
ciation of the advances of his  
beloved Ophelia and again in des-  
pair o'er the calamitous events rapidly  
following the slaying of the aged  
Polonius. In the several soliloquies he  
was a true master of elocution, speak-  
ing his lines with artistic grace. In  
the scenes with Horatio and his father's  
specter, in the throne-room scene with  
the actors presenting the scene of the  
murder of Hamlet's father for the  
edification of Claudius, and in the  
graveyard scene, Mr. Mantell's work  
was absolutely faultless and excited  
the admiration of his audience to an  
unwonted degree. So, despite the fact  
that this Hamlet is a more robust  
Hamlet than idealized by Booth; Mr.  
Mantell's ideal is, without doubt the  
finest impersonation the present gen-  
eration of theatergoers may be permit-  
ted to witness.

The play was elaborately mounted  
and the support was most excellent.  
Mr. McGinn as Claudius, Mr. Hastings  
as Polonius; Mr. Foos, as Bernardo;  
Mr. Lindsley, as Horatio; Mr. Burmy,  
in dual roles of the ghost and actor;  
Mr. Owen, as Laertes; Miss Kingsbury,  
as the queen, and others in minor  
parts were admirable. The Ophelia of  
Marie Booth Russell (Mrs. Mantell),  
was idealistic. Her work in the tender  
emotions was sweetly romantic, and in  
the madcap scene she acted the part  
of a crazed woman with much realism  
and studious effect, winning fervent  
applause at the close of the strong  
scene.

## "College Bred" Not Always Well Bred

In answer to the enclosed clip-  
ping, I want to tell "Mrs. G. E. L."  
if she had my experience with the  
students of a woman's college her  
opinion would be entirely different.  
To be "college-bred" is not always  
to be well-bred, and I found the  
majority of them ill-bred. I did not  
find the "softened manners," "well-  
chosen speech" and "air of good  
breeding" of which she speaks. I  
found something entirely different  
"playing through their mentality."  
It is a large expenditure of money  
to place either boy or girl in college  
with little or nothing to show for  
it. They have too much liberty. Real  
education and genuine culture are  
possessed by many who never enter  
college walls. You can find them  
by the score in our large depart-  
ment stores right here in our city.  
I speak of what I know. A. A. K.

The foregoing frank expression of  
sentiment from an esteemed corres-  
pondent who knows how to observe and  
to give the results of thoughtful ob-  
servation tallies so exactly with what  
I have myself seen and thought that  
I insert it here with sincere satisfaction.  
It is quite as possible for the earnest  
thinker and worker to cultivate the  
mind and manners outside of university  
walls. Some of our most successful lit-  
erary men and women are marked il-  
lustrations of this assertion.



NOVEMBER 24, 1906

## BRAM STOKER'S REMINISCENCES.

More Extracts from His Book on Henry Irving—Ellen Terry.

Bram Stoker in his "Reminiscences of Henry Irving" tells the following story of how a practically unknown actor became prominent through an accident of stage setting. In the first scene of *The Corsican Brothers* opportunity had been taken of the peculiarity of the old Lyceum stage to make the entrance of Fabian dei Franchi—the one of the twins remaining at home—as effective as possible.

"The old stage of the Lyceum had a 'scene dock' at the back, extending some thirty feet beyond the squaring of the stage. As this opening was in the centre the perspective could by its means be enlarged considerably. At the back of the Dei Franchi 'interior' ran a vine trellaced way to a wicket gate. As there was no side entrance to the scene dock it was necessary, in order to reach the back, to go into the cellarage and ascend by a stepladder as generously sloped as the head room would allow; but when the oncomer did make an appearance he was some seventy feet back from the footlights and in the very back centre of the stage, the most effective spot for making entry, as it enabled the entire audience to see him a long way off and to emphasize his coming should they so desire. In that scene Irving wore a Corsican dress of light green velvet, and was from the moment of his appearance a conspicuous object. When, therefore, he was seen to ascend the mountain slope and appear at the wicket the audience used to begin to applaud and cheer, so that his entrance was very effective.

"But in the arrangement the fact had been lost sight of that another character entered the same way just before the time of his oncoming. This was Alfred Meynard, Louis' friend from Paris, a somewhat insignificant part in the play. Somehow at rehearsal the appearance of the latter did not seem in any way to clash with that of Fabian, and be sure that the astute young actor who played Alfred did not call attention to it by giving himself any undue prominence. The result was that on the first night—and ever afterward during the run—when Alfred Meynard appeared the audience, who expected Irving, burst into wild applause. The gentleman who played the visitor had not then achieved the distinction which later on became his and so there was no reason as yet why he should receive such an ovation. From the great stage talent and finesse he afterward displayed I am right sure that he saw at the time what others had missed—the extraordinary opportunity for a satisfactory entrance so dear to the heart of an actor. It was a very legitimate chance in his favor and mightily he carried his honors well. That first night a play of his own, his second play, was produced as the 'lever de rideau.' The young actor was A. W. Pinero, and the play was *Bygones*. Pinero's first play, *Daisy's Escape*, had been played at the Lyceum in 1879."

Mr. Stoker speaks with wondering interest of Irving's powers of endurance.

"On July 25, 1879, the night of his 'benefit,' as it was called after the old-time custom, he had given another wonderful example of his power. On that occasion he had taken the great and strenuous act out of each of five plays and finished up with comedy character. The bill was: Richard III, Act I; Richelieu, Act IV; Charles I, Act IV; Louis XI, Act III; Hamlet (to end of the play scene), Act III; Raising the Wind.

"The strain of such a bill was very great. Not only the playing and the changing to so many complete identities, each in moments of wild passion, but even the dressing and preparation for each part. Throughout the whole of that evening there was not a single minute—or a portion of a minute—to spare. Such a strain of mind and body and psychic faculties all at once and so prolonged does not come into the working life of any other art or calling. Small wonder is it if the wear and tear of life to great actors is exceptionally great.

"But Irving up to his sixtieth year was compact of steel and whiplcord. His energy and nervous power were such as only came from a great brain; and the muscular force of that lean, lithe body must have been extraordinary. The standard of animal mechanics is 'foot pounds'—the force and heart effort necessary to raise a pound weight a foot high. An actor playing a heavy

## GORDON CRAIG'S MISSION.

A Reunion of the Fine Arts that Relate to the Theatre—Book Notes.

THE ART OF THE THEATRE. By E. Gordon Craig. T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh and London.

E. Gordon Craig has a mission. He purposes making a union of the arts of music, painting and pantomime, and thereby restoring the real Art of the Theatre, a harmony of all arts, in which none will be jealous of the others and all will be equally important. His book was published in 1905, and has been translated into several languages. In Germany the book—but more especially Mr. Craig—has been hailed as a forerunner of a new theatre where poetry and nature may meet on a common plane and strive together. At the end of last year Mr. Craig put his mission into practical use by staging Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* for Eleanore Duse, and so converted completely the great Italian actress. He is now engaged in preparing for her, in his way, other plays of Ibsen and of the modern dramatists.

Save for a preface by R. Graham Robertson and a short introduction on the past, present and future of the theatre, Mr. Craig's book is in the form of a dialogue between a playgoer and a stage director—the latter being Mr. Craig himself. To all those who wish for more art in the theatre, and also to those who do not see a distinction between theatricism and art, this dialogue should prove illuminating. The stage director points out clearly the necessity of eliminating many of the traditional conventions of the stage, in spite of the many that have been eliminated in the last few years, and the advantages to be had from a more perfect harmonizing of all the arts that go to make up stage presentation. He would not photograph living beings in their surroundings, but would suggest life in its broadest sense by making every feature of the play—words, acting, lights, scenery, costumes, music—strive together with a single purpose. His stage director must know all of the arts of the stage, not to practice them, but to see that they are practiced properly. His aim is unity.

Some idea of Mr. Craig's idea may be gained from the following, which was printed on the programme of Duse's production of *Rosmersholm*:

Ibsen's marked detestation for Realism is nowhere more apparent than in the two plays *Rosmersholm* and *Ghosts*.

The words are the words of actuality, but the drift of the words, something beyond this. There is the powerful impression of unseen forces closing in upon the place; we hear continually the long drawn out note of the horn of death.

It is heard at the commencement, it mingles with the cries toward the end.

Here and there hurries the figure of Life, not merely a little photographic figure of Rebecca West—not even a woman—but the very figure of Life itself—and all the while we hear the soft crescendo of the Death Horn as its player approaches. Therefore those who prepare to serve Ibsen, to help in the setting forth of his play, must come to the work in no photographic mood; all must approach as artists.

Realism has long ago proclaimed itself as a contemptible means of hinting at things of life and death, the two subjects of the masters. Realism is only Exposure, whereas art is Revelation; and therefore in the mounting of this play I have tried to avoid all Realism.

We are not in a house of the nineteenth or twentieth century, built by Architect this or Master Builder that, and filled with furniture of Scandinavian design. That is not the state of mind Ibsen demands we shall be in. Let us leave period and accuracy of detail to the museums and to curiosity shops.

Let our common sense be left in the cloak room with our umbrellas and hats. We need here our finer senses only, the living part of us. We are in *Rosmersholm*, a house of shadows.

Then consider the unimportance of custom and clothes—remember only the color which flows through the veins of life—red or gray as the sun or the moon will it, dark or fair as we will.

So look upon what is before you with your eyes, not through pin holes nor opera glasses, for then you will see nothing.

Then you will not see the stately and inspiring figure which passes before you; you will not feel the fire of the life giving strength which stands in front of you; you will not be in the least aware of what the whole thing exists for. But cease to be curious, throw away all concern, enter into the observance of this as though you were at some ancient religious ceremony, and then perhaps you will be aware of the value of the spirit which moves before you as Rebecca West.

Do you think you see a sad and gloomy picture before you. Look again. You will find an amazingly joyous vision.

You will see Life as represented by Rebecca West, the will to do, free until the end.

That in itself is inspiration without limit.

You will see fools surrounding this figure of Life, fools who are either cowards or knaves—that is to say, maimed examples of live beings, but not alive creatures. You will hear these fools, knaves and cowards talking, hoping to entrap Life, to bind it, to control it—and you will see Life triumphant and folly



More Extracts 1

Irvi

Bram Stoker in  
 Irving" tells the  
 tically unknown  
 an accident of st  
 of The Corsican  
 taken of the pecu  
 to make the ent  
 the one of the t  
 fective as possib  
 The old stag  
 dock at the be  
 beyond the squa  
 ing was in the  
 its means be  
 back of the De  
 trellaced way t  
 no side entranc  
 sary, in order t  
 allage and  
 ously sloped  
 but when the o  
 he was some s  
 lights and in t  
 the most effect  
 enabled the en  
 way off and to  
 so desire. In  
 dress of light  
 moment of his  
 When therefo  
 mountain slop  
 audience who  
 that his entr  
 "But in th  
 lost sight of  
 same way jus  
 This was Al  
 Paris, a some  
 Somehow at  
 ter did not s  
 of Fabian, a  
 actor who pl  
 it by giving  
 result was t  
 terward dur  
 appeared th  
 burst into v  
 played the  
 distinction  
 there was n  
 such an ov  
 and finesse  
 sure that I  
 missed—the  
 isfactory e  
 actor. It  
 favor and  
 That first  
 play, was  
 young act  
 was Bygo  
 cape, had  
 Mr. Sto  
 Irving's p  
 "On Ju  
 as it was  
 had give  
 power. C  
 and strer  
 finished  
 was: Ri  
 Charles  
 (to end  
 Wind.  
 "The  
 Not only  
 many co  
 wild pas  
 sion for  
 evening  
 tion of  
 mind an  
 and so I  
 life of i  
 is it if  
 is excep

"But Irving up to his ~~stature~~ in steel and whipcord. His energy and nervous power were such as only came from a great brain; and the muscular force of that lean, lithe body must have been extraordinary. The standard of animal mechanics is 'foot pounds'—the force and heart effort necessary to raise a pound weight a foot high. An actor playing a heavy

A Reunion of the Fine Arts that Relate to the Theatre—Book Notes.

ART OF THE THEATRE. By E. Gordon Craig.  
N. Foulis, Edinburgh and London.

Gordon Craig has a mission. He purposes  
ing a union of the arts of music, painting,  
pantomime, and thereby restoring the real-  
ism of the Theatre, a harmony of all arts, in  
which none will be jealous of the others and al-  
l be equally important. His book was pub-  
lished in 1905, and has been translated into  
several languages. In Germany the book—but  
especially Mr. Craig—has been hailed as a  
runner of a new theatre where poetry and  
drama may meet on a common plane and strive  
together. At the end of last year Mr. Craig put  
his mission into practical use by staging Ibsen's  
The Master Builder through Eleanore Duse, and so converted  
completely the great Italian actress. He is now  
engaged in preparing for her, in his way, other  
plays of Ibsen and of the modern dramatists.  
He gave for a preface by R. Graham Robertson  
a short introduction on the past, present and  
future of the theatre. Mr. Craig's book is in  
the form of a dialogue between a playgoer and a  
stage director—the latter being Mr. Craig him-  
self. To all those who wish for more art in  
theatre, and also to those who do not see  
distinction between theatricism and art, this  
book points out clearly the necessity of  
eliminating many of the traditional conventions  
of the stage, in spite of the many that have  
been eliminated in the last few years, and the  
advantages to be had from a more perfect har-  
monizing of all the arts that go to make up  
modern presentation. The author's philosophy  
is being destroyed.

I do not know where except in Ibsen we can to-day advocate for the individuality to the old creed or such an Ibsen can be so acted and so staged as to be made insignificant and mean.

Therefore we must ever remember our artists and forget our propensity toward obscurity.

For this new

Some idea of the programme of this new theatre is given by the following reasons which are manifold and the will to remain so.

It is therefore possible now to announce that the birth of the new Theatre, and its new Art, has begun.

Mr. Craig is the embodiment of his Ideal stage director, for he understands the arts that go to make his new Art of the Theatre. He has been an actor, is a painter and musician, and, it would appear, has the correlating faculty that makes him able to harmonize these arts.

SCORN OF WOMEN. A play in three acts, by Jack London: New York, The Macmillan Company.

and all the w  
Death Horn  
those who pre  
setting forth c  
no photographi  
Realism has  
temptible mea  
death, the tw  
only. Exposure  
fire in the  
avoid all Real  
We are not  
twentieth cent  
Builder that,  
navian design,  
demands we  
accuracy of d  
ships. The  
our comm  
umbrellas  
senses only,  
tongue, a  
merholm, a  
Then consi  
clothes—rem  
the velms of  
will it, dark  
So lock up  
not through  
you will see  
Then, you  
figure which  
fire of the B  
of you: you

London's acquaintance with human nature  
is greater than his ability as a playwright. The  
scenes of this drama are laid in Dawson, Alaska,  
and the characters are laid in Dawson, Alaska,  
of society drawn together by a common classed,  
for money. One is convinced that the author  
is familiar with the country and conditions, and  
that he has a knowledge of the characters, and  
draws, but one discovers very little that is novel  
in his play-building and much that is novel  
The story is strong, but the dramatic values are  
uncertain and ill placed. The same story told in  
narrative form would probably be more effective.  
The plot deals with the efforts of two women  
to save a tender English girl from disappoint-  
ment. Floyd Vanderlip, an Eldorado King, is  
engaged to marry a girl he left behind in the  
States. He becomes infatuated with an adven-  
tress, who persuades him to go away with her  
on the eve of his fiancée's arrival. To prevent  
him from doing so, Mrs. Eppingwell, a woman of high  
moral rank, each try to keep him in Dawson until  
the arrival of the girl. Neither woman under-  
stands the other, and they work at cross pur-  
poses until Freda succeeds in luring Vanderlip  
to her cabin. She keeps him there by pretending  
to love him until the Indians sent after the girl  
bring her into the city.

Many of

...many of the scenes would probably "act" well, but the play as a whole, if presented on the stage, would scarcely prove convincing. The settings of the first and third acts would demand a great deal of care in details. The setting of the second act would offer no difficulties. The second act

Do you think you see a sad ~~man~~ before you. Look again. You will find an amazingly joyous vision.

You will see Life as represented by Rebecca West,  
the will to do, free, until the end.  
That in itself is

You will see fools surrounding without limit. fools who are either cowards or knaves—that is to say, maimed examples of live beings, but not alive creatures. You will hear these fools, knaves and cowards talking, hoping to entrap Life, to bind it, to control it—and you will see Life triumphant and folly



## THE THEATRE.

An actor is a public instructor.—EURIPIDES.

Actors are the only honest hypocrites.—HAZLITT.

The theatre is a mirror of life.—SOPHOCLES.

The theatre is a chastener of life.—EURIPIDES.

The theatre is the devil's own territory.—

EDWARD ALLYN.

The stage is a school of manners.—WILLIAM WOODFALL.

The stage represents fiction as if it were fact.—BETTERTON.

The stage is the field for the orator as well as the comedian.—ROSCIUS.

The stage is more powerful than the platform, the press or the pulpit.—ANNA DICKINSON.

The drama is the most refined pleasure of a polished people.—DION BOUCAULT.

A passion for dramatic art is inherent in the nature of man.—EDWIN FORREST.

It is in drama where poetry attains its loftiest flight.—DON LUIS I OF PORTUGAL.

The drama embraces and applies all the beauties and decorations of poetry. The sister arts attend and adorn her; painting, architecture and music are her handmaidens; the costliest lights of a people's intellects burn at her show, all ages welcome her.—ROBERT A. WILLMOT.

When God conceived the world, that was Poetry; He formed it, and that was Sculpture; He colored it, and that was Painting; He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama.—CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Death is jealous of a good comedy.—WHITEHEAD.

A comedy is the wine-table of the mind.—TAYLOR.

A comedian is a genial public character.—SHAW.

A comedy is like a cigar; if good, every one wants a box; if bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw.—HARRY JAMES BYRON.

E. H. Sothorn said recently: "I do not believe in putting too vividly before the public the horrible phases of life. Maeterlinck and Ibsen tell great truths of life and reveal the strangely mystic and psychological workings of the human mind, but I do not believe in the vividly horrible. If I had a son I would train him in a knowledge of Shakespeare. It is the greatest preparation an actor can have, and my faith in the future sustained public interest in Shakespearean plays is unbounded. But the public interest in the plays depend on the caliber of the actors producing them. Miss Marlowe is as fascinated by Shakespeare as I am. Her faith and enthusiasm are the same. We both believe that if an actor has any greatness in him or her it will be shown in Shakespeare. And like any other plays, if Shakespearean roles are portrayed by poor actors the public's interest in the poet cannot be held. But the marvelous versatility and depth of human interest and life's truth in all Shakespeare has done will always be keenly attractive to the public if portrayed in the best way of which human genius is capable."

## TO TAKE THE DRUDGERY OUT OF YOUR OCCUPATION.

Do it cheerfully, even if it is not congenial.

Do it in the spirit of an artist, not an artisan.

Make it a stepping-stone to something higher.

Endeavor to do it better than it has ever been done before.

Make perfection your aim and be satisfied with nothing less.

Do not try to do it with a part of yourself—the weaker part.

Keep yourself in condition to do it as well as it can be done.

Regard yourself as a co-worker with the Creator of the universe.

Believe in its worth and dignity, no matter how humble it may be.

Choose, if it is possible, the vocation for which nature has fitted you.

See how much you can put into it, instead of how much you can take out of it.

Remember that it is only through your work that you can grow to your full height.

Train the eye, the ear, the hands, the mind—all the faculties—in the faithful doing of it.

Remember that work well done is the highest testimonial of character you can receive.

Use it as a tool to develop the strong points of your character and to eliminate the weak ones.

Remember that every vocation has some advantages and disadvantages not found in any other.

Remember that every neglected or poorly done piece of work stamps itself ineffaceably on your character.

Write it indelibly in your heart that it is better to be a successful cobbler than a botch physician or a briefless barrister.

Refuse to be discouraged if the standard you have reached does not satisfy you; that is a proof that you are an artist, not an artisan.

Educate yourself in other directions than the line of your work, so that you will be a broader, more liberal, more intelligent worker.

Regard it not merely as a means of making a living, but, first of all, as a means of making a life—a larger, nobler specimen of manhood.—April Success.



# Use Your Wings

By JOHN ANDERSON JAYNE.

(Copyright, 1906, by American-Journal-Examiner.)

**H**AVE you ever watched an old eagle teach its young to fly?

From its nest, away up in the topmost branches of a tall tree, the old bird will cast herself, and then, spreading powerful wings, float in the air, all the while calling to the little eagle up in the nest. Then the little one will crawl to the side of the nest, and, peering over, look for the mother, finally obeying her call and tumble down through the air, and ultimately land on the outstretched pinions of the big bird that has given it life. Again and again the act is repeated until gradually the little wings of the eaglet begin to gather strength and follow the direction of its brain, and presently it is able to poise itself on the edge of the nest and launch itself out into space, moving hither and thither as it may elect.

What is the secret of the eaglet's growing and continuing power?

This: It launches itself out on its own wings, takes and makes its own initiative, and thus becomes the monarch of the air, largest and best among all the birds.

But suppose that eaglet did not work out the initiative of its own. Always a weakling, always a dependent, always of no value.

You have seen men like that?

They were very strong, had resident within them latent powers.

They fail because they lack the initiative!

They were slaves to precedent, custom and ceremonial!

They were always fearful of their own powers, afraid that "people would talk."

They dared not be original!

They dared not think of themselves! They may have been good workmen in their chosen lines, but they never got any further than a position of mediocrity because they dared not use their wings!

Sometimes you hear men complaining because they have no chance! Because they are not given the helping hand! They say: "All the opportuni-

ties are gone! The good places have been snapped up!"

But the good places are not all gone and opportunity is continually knocking at the door of a man's life. Opportunity knocks more than once, twice; aye, many times.

You stand by the side of the cradle, watching a sleeping child. You cannot but admire its soft neck, cheek, its chubby little hands, its pearl-like ear. But you watch a young lamb and there is also a beauty about the lamb. What is the difference between the child and the lamb? The lamb has its limitations set by its ancestry and its environment. Though it be the finest Southdown lamb in the country, all it can do is live a few years, possibly reproduce its species; but the child, aye, the child; wrapped up in that child are possibilities so great, so manifold that no one can tell the sum total of them. That child grows. It begins feeling the bud of possibilities rising within it. It throws itself eagerly into life! Day by day it learns by experience, and day by day launches new initiatives. Presently the world hears of an intrepid discoverer who has brought a new continent to view, has annihilated space, lengthened life, given to the ambitions of men greater scope! Then the world worships at the shrine of the man who has written his name in big letters on the posters of life.

Use your wings! Don't grovel—soar!

Be a slave to no man's code of thought!

Think for yourself.

Determine that you are made of the great things prophesied by your anatomy, your gray matter and your heart thought!

Think for yourself.

What if people do talk? Talk balks in the presence of success! Get a grip on your staying powers. Plan your works. Then work your plans.

Get success, credit, fame by deserving them!

Don't be an imitator. Strike out for the strong-limbed, clear-eyed, humanity-loving heart of the initiator.

Don't imitate! Initiate! Use your wings.

## Woman in the Case.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

In recent years no more powerful single factor has operated to bring about an upheaval in the finances of this country than Mme. Rejane, or, strictly speaking, Mme. Rejane's kick. If Mme. Rejane had not done the cancan on a table, nothing would have been said about the Hyde dinner, and the Hyde dinner was the beginning of that long series of troubles to which Mr. Hughes of New York is now devoting his legal talents. If she had not kicked at the Hyde dinner, the elder McCurdy would still be drawing a salary of \$150,000 a year and living in four magnificent and sumptuously furnished mansions, while his son, his son-in-law, and all of his relatives by blood and marriage would still be fattening on the Mutual premiums. If Mme. Rejane had not kicked, we should never have heard of a cantankerous person up the river, Chauncey M. Depew would still be an after-dinner talker. Thomas C. Platt would not have taken us all into his confidence regarding the collection of campaign contributions, Mr. McCall would not be waiting to have others make up his mind, Mr. Ryan would not have to answer questions from which he instinctively shrinks, Mr. Alexander would not have taken to the Pennsylvania woods, young Mr. Hyde would not be out of a job, and Grover Cleveland would not be sitting up nights striving to differentiate between good and doubtful risks. Little did Mme. Rejane think—little did those who were fortunate enough to be present at the Hyde dinner think—as she kicked amidst the champagne glasses on the table, that she was kicking holes that never could be mended in so many bright prospects and so many unimpeachable reputations.

I limited.

## WOMAN WINS PRIZE FOR DEFINING SUCCESS.

A Kansas woman, Mrs. A. J. Stanley of Lincoln, has been awarded a prize of \$250 by a Boston firm for the best answer to the question, "What constitutes success?" She wrote: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."

### "I Love You."

He has said the sweetest of human words,  
Sweeter than any song of birds—  
"I love you."

Better than wealth, or jewels rare,  
Fairer than any flower is fair,  
Gladdening the heart like the morning sun,  
Are these words from lips of a precious one—  
"I love you."

The eyes may speak it, the fingers tell  
The beautiful story we love so well,  
But best of all is the whisper low  
From a soul as white as the falling snow—  
"I love you."

In the saddest hour or the darkest night  
There comes again to my longing sight  
The tender look of the soft brown eyes,  
And I listen anew with glad surprise,  
"I love you."

Comes into my heart with mystic power,  
I ask no more than that sacred hour  
To cherish and hold till eyes grow dim,  
And the life to come is a life with him—  
"I love you."

—Sarah K. Bolton



" That she should be beautiful to the eye,  
 " and gentle to the ear, That her face  
 " should brighten when I entered, and  
 " her hand linger in mine when I  
 " departed, that she be kind to the poor  
 " unafraid of the sick & unsightly, Fond  
 " of dumb animals & strange children  
 " & tearful in the presence of fine pictures,  
 " and at the sound of rich music.

Piner's "Ideal Woman"

Mr Hockey with Bedford Co

1905



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE IN 1848.  
 (From a photograph.)

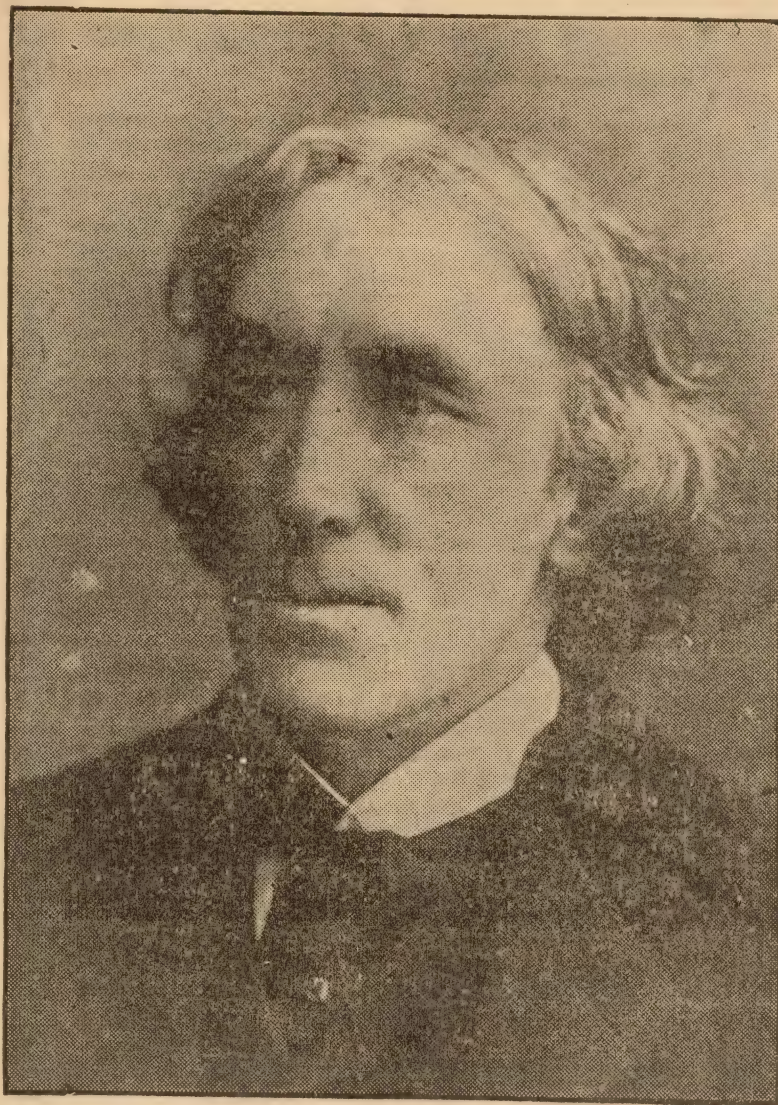


13

# **SUDDEN DEATH OF SIR HENRY IRVING.**

Oct 14 '05

THE LATE SIR HENRY IRVING.



**Greatest English Speaking Actor  
Succumbs After Performance in  
Bradford, England.**

**CAREER A SERIES OF  
NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENTS.**





honor is mine to acquaint ye publick with ye  
fact that **Mr. Charles Rohlf's** will give an  
entertainment in ye beautiful new 20th Century Club Hall,  
nigh unto ye Synagogue, on ye avenue De La Ware,  
on Monday evening, November 19, at eight of ye clocke.

Ye droll comedie of ye great Frencher—**Moliere**—named

**"Ye Physician in Spite of Himself"**

will then be presented. Also a selection from ye  
sublime tragedie of **Macbeth**, as writ by

**Will Shakspeare.**

All to be quaintly set forth.

Please ye to select seats at ye booke shoppe of

Peter Paul, on ye main thoroughfare after ye Monday in

November, dated ye 12th.

Seats eight shillings in ye monies of ye countrie.

Your ob't serv't,

EDWIN P. BEEBE.

Coaches at ten.

R. S. L., Denver: No, Hamlet was not fat. The line spoken by the Queen in the duel scene in the last act, referring to Hamlet in which she says, "He's fat and scant of breath," was inserted for Richard Burbage, who was fat and who first played the part. He was compelled to rest in the midst of the duel and wipe the perspiration from his face.

#### WOMEN WHO PLAYED OPHELIA.

In a recent newspaper article, in which she discusses the attitude of the modern actor towards the plays of William Shakespeare, Mildred Holland tells some interesting facts regarding women who have played Ophelia in "Hamlet," calling attention to the many notable women of the stage, who have assumed the character since the year 1600. It is interesting, as a matter of reference, to note some of the performances to which Miss Holland directs attention. In 1742, when David Garrick played Hamlet for the first time, Kitty Clive was the Ophelia. In 1757, when Thomas Sheridan, father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, acted as Hamlet, he was supported by Mrs. Chambers as Ophelia. In 1802, when Mrs. Power essayed the part of the melancholy Dane, and Charles Kemble acted the part of Laertes, Mrs. Jordan did Ophelia and took the honors of the performance. At the Drury Lane production of the play in 1832, William C. McCready being the Hamlet, Helen Faucit acted Ophelia with marked success. Ellen Terry first appeared as Ophelia on May 3, 1879, to the Hamlet of Mr. Irving. When Charles Kemble appeared in America at the Park Theater, New York, in 1832, he acted Hamlet to the Ophelia of Miss Clara Fisher. In 1842 Sarah Hildreth (Mrs. Benjamin F. Butler), played Ophelia at the Park Theater to the Hamlet of George Vandenoef. Five years later Fanny Wallack was a very successful Ophelia. In 1861, when Charlotte Cushman did Hamlet at the Washington Theater, Ophelia was well played by Mary Shaw. At the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival in 1883, Marie Wainwright was a most successful Ophelia, Hamlet being played by James E. Murdock, the Ghost by John McCullough, Laertes by Louis James, the King by Edmund Collier, Horatio by Lawrence Barrett, Rosencrantz by Otis Skinner, and the First Grave Digger by Nat C. Goodwin. Miss Wainwright also played Ophelia in the Booth-Salvini production of "Hamlet" at the Academy of Music, New York, April 29, 1886. At the famous Wallack testimonial at the Metropol-

tan Opera House, May 21, 1888, Modjeska was the Ophelia to the Hamlet of Edwin Booth. Other famous actors in the cast were Lawrence Barrett, Frank Mayo, Eben Plympton, John Gilbert, Herbert Kelcey, Joseph Jefferson, William J. Florence, Joseph Wheelock, Frank Mordaunt, Charles Hanford and Rose Coghlan.



References representing gentlemen who gave Mr. Andrie commendatory letters; also opinions of the press.

*New York, February 14, 1892.*

THE LATE FRANK MAYO, Famous Actor and Author:

My dear Mr. Andrie, you are at liberty to use my name as a reference in any application, etc., you may have to make to managers. I freely and conscientiously recommend you as an actor, careful, observing and in all ways reliable. The evidence you have shown of ability in your profession makes it easy for me to offer you any advantage my recommendations may—to you—feeling assured you will more than fulfill them. Wishing you all success.

MR. HANNIBAL WILLIAMS, Eminent Shakespearian Reader,  
132 East 27th Street, New York City.

Mr. O. F. Andrie gave a performance of "Hamlet," worthy of more pretentious artists. The reflective vacillating Dane was strongly outlined by Mr. Andrie without rant or miasmatic mannerisms.

MR. JOHN H. MEECH, Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Andrie is an actor, studious, conscientious, and in all respects a gentleman. (To Charles Frohman, Klaw, Erlanger, etc.)

*Buffalo Express, January 27, 1894.*

Otto F. Andrie as Krupieve's spy acted his part in such a manner as to make a fine foil for the dignity of his associate. (Mr. Hudson's new play, "Heroic Remedy.")

*Buffalo Courier, Wednesday, December 28, 1887.*

Especially good was Otto F. Andrie's impersonation of the melancholy Dane; he has unmistakable talent, a strong dramatic face, and a good stage presence.

*Commercial Advertiser, December 28, 1887.*

It is just to say that Mr. Otto F. Andrie as Hamlet was especially successful.

*Cincinnati Enquirer, January 8, 1893.*

Otto F. Andrie gave a capital impersonation of "Myron," the father of Parthenia. (Ingomar.)

*Philadelphia Times, January 5, 1892.*

Old Bishopriggs, the bad Scotchman, was well played by Mr. Otto F. Andrie and drew forth the commendation of the audience. (Frank Mayo's new play, Man and Wife.)

*New York Dramatic News, December 12, 1891.*

Able support was rendered by Otto F. Andrie. (Prince Leo, in Nordeck.)

*Syracuse Herald, October 6, 1891.*

Mr. Andrie is very good as Casca. (Julius Caesar.)

*Buffalo Courier, May 31, 1900.*

Mr. Otto F. Andrie's Hamlet is an embodiment which attracts decided attention, his performance being very meritorious.

*St. Louis Globe-Democrat, November 30, 1891.*

There are two good character parts, in Dick Perry, the athlete's trainer, and Simpson, both of which fare well at the hands of Otto F. Andrie. (Frank Mayo's new play, The Athlete.)

*Louisville Courier-Journal, November 26, 1892.*

Many of the parts were well taken, notably that of Publius Casca. (Julius Caesar.)

*Transcript, Lexington, Kentucky, November 29, 1892.*

Mr. Andrie's Casca was splendidly portrayed. (Julius Caesar.)

*Sunday Truth, January 1, 1888.*

Mr. Otto F. Andrie, as Hamlet, was excellent, and showed true dramatic inspiration. Mr. Andrie in personal appearance and ability is better equipped to enact Hamlet than many more pretentious aspirants for histrionic honors.

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET, BY WILLIAM WINTER.

Hamlet is a poetic ideal, he is not an ancient Dane, fair, blue eyed, yellow haired, stout, and lymphatic; but he is the sombre, dreamy, mysterious hero of a melancholy poem. Interest in the prince of Denmark is not, to a very considerable extent, inspired by the circumstances that surround him, or by his proceedings; it depends upon the quality of the man, the interior spirit and fragrance of his character, and upon the words in which that spirit is expressed. There is an element in Hamlet no less elusive than beautiful. Hamlet fascinates by his personality, and the actor can only succeed in presenting him who possesses, in himself, this peculiar quality of fascination. Hamlet is a compound of spiritualized intellect, masculine strength, feminine softness, over-imaginative reason, lassitude of thought, autumnal gloom, lovable temperament, piteous tear-freighted humor, princely grace of condition, brooding melancholy, the philosophic mind, and the deep heart.

"In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

*Taming of The Shrew, . . . (Act I. Scene I)*



# WILSON BARRETT.

## The Childhood of Hard Work and Youthful Struggles.

His Six Weeks of Schooling — His First Drama, and the Way in Which it Was Presented.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21. — Mr. Wilson Barrett, lessee and manager of the Royal Princess' theatre, London, will soon arrive in America, and will appear in his favorite rôles in all our leading cities as far west as Chicago. A friend of the celebrated actor has furnished me many fresh details of his early life which will be read with interest at this time, when Mr. Barrett is about to land on our shores.

Wilson Barrett was a precocious boy. Between 12 and 13 he learned every word of Hamlet and the Merchant of Venice, while hard at work in the office of a wholesale corn merchant who paid the lad six shillings a week. Out of this sum his parents allowed him two shillings and sixpence, with which he was expected to clothe and feed himself. He had only a bed and supper at home. His hours of labor were from 7 in the morning until 10 or 11 at night, with a half hour's rest for breakfast and another half hour for lunch—the larger portion of which time he employed in reading whatever he could lay hands upon, especially anything about plays or the stage. Every cent that he could spare from his tiny weekly stipend or could gain in any extra way he spent on books. His duties at the corn merchant's were numerous and varied. He would carry money to the bank on foot and convey grain to a purchaser with a horse and cart, and more than once, when about 14, he actually lugged sacks of corn or flour for certain distances, the sacks often weighing two and a half hundred weight. About this time, when he used to have to go to the wharves for flour, the men, seeing him do men's work, put hindrances in his way, drove their teams into him and jeered at him. But he did not mind them. He kept on at his toil in all weathers, although sometimes so thinly clad that he had his hands frozen.



16  
in a back yard. Following in himself he stayed through the play, joined in the applause, pronounced it capital fun and went away convinced that Wilson Barrett was not the thief he was in quest of.

Three years before all this, when a lad of 12, he stood one night in a pouring rain storm, wrapped in an old sack from the corn dealer's and with his broken boots full of water, in front of the Princess' theatre, then in its best days under Keen's auspices, and quietly determined that he would manage that play house before he died. And he lived to do so. Then, too, it was that he would pay half a crown to the master carpenter to be admitted to the flies, much to the perplexity of the same master carpenter, who wondered why the queer boy didn't save the six pence and sit in the pit and hear the play. But Wilson Barrett early felt that great success in any profession depended upon a thorough mastery of every branch of that profession. In order to study the play free of charge, he learned the violin and got an engagement in the orchestra; and in order to get on the stage he took lessons in dancing whenever he could pay for it; and it was as a dancer that he made his first public appearance. He performed so well between acts that the comedian whose benefit he enlivened took a fancy to him and taught him broadsword combat, which Barrett practised in his own room on Sunday mornings, thinking it might be of some use to him sometime. That same comedian and his son are now members of Mr Barrett's traveling company.

Young Barrett had now decided in his own mind to abandon all other employments and make his living by acting. But a formidable obstacle lay in his way—his parents were opposed to the measure. His father felt terribly and prophesied utter failure, while the heads of the printing firm did their utmost to dissuade him. But Wilson Barrett stuck to his purpose and succeeded at once. In ten weeks' time he had passed from the smallest parts to playing the leading young men parts. His success has been steady from that day to this, and has always been attended by such conduct as to win for him the personal regard and artistic appreciation of the theatre going public. Mr. Barrett is not only a fine actor and an able manager, but also a good citizen and a perfect gentleman. His generosity, both in purse and sympathy, to the members of his own profession and to the needy in other walks of life has been too great and constant not to be well known, although he himself has always been silent about it. When he realized his boyhood's ambition and became master of the Princess' theatre, that house was at its lowest point. But in less than five years he knew how to bring it up in every department to the highest degree yet reached in any stage management. THEODORE STANTON.

trying his hand at little dramas, and on his way home from the store at night he frequently used to slip into the theatre and see the last part of whatever play was on. Then he would "shin up" the water pipe and into his low bed room and undress as quietly as possible so as not to awaken his parents, who, he knew, would not approve his conduct. But this growing love for the stage became stronger and stronger in him. One night he saw Henry Neville, then the leading actor at the Olympic, in "Camilla's Husband." It was a very warm evening. Young Barrett sat in the galleries and then ran all the way home after the play. He took a chill which resulted in inflammation of the lungs and pleurisy, and for a long time the poor child wavered between life and death. During this sickness, the sum of sixteen shillings, which he had been sent



# WILSON BARRETT.

## The Childhood of Hard Work and Youthful Struggles.

His Six Weeks' Schooling - His

Again, most of the conscientious Christians in the theatre then be a place for not the theatre then be a place for conscientious Christians to attend? The reverend gentleman says that the raff, rowdy element, the scum of society, bums, bullies, billiard sharpers, gamblers, the top set of a codfish aristocracy, frequent the playhouse, and that it is not elevating to be seen in such company. Is not this class of which to be found everywhere—in the streets, in the church, in the street when Mr. Barrett is a church, lest it be shores.

Wilson Barrett was a precocious boy. Between 12 and 13 he learned every word of Hamlet and the Merchant of Venice, while hard at work in the office of a wholesale corn merchant who paid the lad six shillings a week. Out of this sum his parents allowed him two shillings and sixpence, with which he was expected to clothe and feed himself. He had only a bed and supper at home. His hours of labor were from 7 in the morning until 10 or 11 at night, with a half hour's rest for breakfast and another half hour for lunch—the larger portion of which time he employed in reading whatever he could lay hands upon, especially anything about plays or the stage. Every cent that he could spare from his tiny weekly stipend or books. His duties at the corn merchant's were numerous and varied. He would carry money to the bank on foot and convey grain to a purchaser with a horse and cart, and more than once, when about 14, he actually lugged sacks of corn or flour for certain distances, the sacks often weighing two and a half hundred weight. About this time, when he used to have to go to the wharves for flour, the men, seeing him do men's work, put hindrances in his way, drove their teams into him and jeered at him. But he did not mind them. He kept on at his toil in all weathers, although sometimes so thinly clad that he had his hands frozen.



in a back yard. Following in himself he stayed through the play, joined in the applause, pronounced it capital fun and went away convinced that Wilson Barrett was not the thief he was in quest of.

Three years before all 13, he stood one night storm, wrapped in an of dealer's and with his water, in front of the in its best days under quietly determined th that play house before to do so. Then, too, it half a crown to the n

mitted to the lies, n the same master can by the queer boy did sit in the pit and son Barrett early any profession depe story of every brai order to study the and the violin and the orchestra; and stage he took lessons could pay for it; and he made his first pub formed so well betw dian whose benefit h to him and taught h which Barrett pract Sunday mornings, some use to him son dian and his son a Barrett's traveling Young Barrett h mind to abandon a make his living by obstacle lay in his posed to the measu and prophesied utt of the printing f suade him. But purpose and succes the he had passed playing the leadin success has been st and has always be as to win for him tistic appreciation Mr. Barrett is n able manager, but perfect gentleman, purse and sympat own profession walks of life has not to be well kn always been silen ized his boyhood ter of the Prince its lowest point. he knew how to ment to the high stage managem

trying his way home frequently use the last par he would his low be possible so he knew, But this stronger saw Henry the Olyn was a voi sat in the home aft resulted pleurisy, wavered this sick which h

when a lad of people pouring rain street cars, a corn the public show of railway or go to found in unelevating soc

"Another curious belief or is that the playing of villains wicked people corrupts the actor so engaged. Now it is notorious through-out stageland that he who plays the so-called villain is in private life usually the most pious of men. Why, I have had associated with my company an actor who has played nothing but bold, bad men all his life, yet a kinder hearted, better living man could not be found in the theatre, or out of it. He is a good Catholic, and attends mass regularly every Sunday, except when illness or occasionally the exigencies of travel, make it impos-

sible." "As for the costumes and dresses worn on the stage having an evil effect, Mr. Mantell was of the opinion that they had an educative value.

"You could not go on as Julius Caesar in a frock coat and top hat," said he, "You must dress the character in an historical manner, and this has an educative value, in that it gives the public an opportunity of seeing the costumes and atmosphere of different periods in history. What the reverend gentleman probably refers to by 'costumes and dress,' is the attire of the chorus in comic opera. Of course this is sometimes quite indefensible.

"I don't think that the stage needs any help from the Church. The latter has always been our implacable foe, it seems, and regards us as sinners. I believe my plays are as powerful sermons as any delivered from the pulpit, and as productive of good to humanity. The ministers are the cause of the chasm that exists between the Church and the stage. I am the last man to belittle the pulpit, as its power is the greatest for good in the world. I believe in children being brought up in the faith. I was reared a Presbyterian myself.

"Ministers, as a rule, condemn all theatrical performances indiscriminately, and most one-sidedly. If it is a clean show, and there are lots of them on the stage, Mr. Reid, notwithstanding, it brings a lot of pleasure into the life of the working man who takes his family and enjoys the show. People do not want to always sit with a prayer book under their arms, and look like a graveyard. I am afraid that unless the ministers and devout church-goers show a little more liberality in treating us, the efforts to bring about a state of good feeling between the pulpit and the stage will be abortive. An actor is seldom narrow-minded, but unfortunately, many ministers are. The actor, therefore, is the better judge of life, and I must say, that there is not more immorality among stage folks than there is among people outside the profession."

Mr. Mantell concluded by saying that there were more ministers who had become actors than there were actors who had taken to the cloth. This was a matter of historic fact, in England. "The pulpit and the stage," said he, "both have their duty to humanity, and their responsibility, and they should be faithful to each. There should not be any bigotry one way or the other, and Christians should attend both the theatre and the church."



throughout the disturbed districts were withdrawn today.

#### AN INSANE KOKO.

VIENNA, Sept. 29.—Herr Fischer, an actor, whose performance of *Koko* in the "Mikado" has been regarded as one of the best bits of burlesque acting ever seen here, has ruptured a blood vessel and is confined to the hospital. In addition to this he has become insane and imagines himself to be a veritable Koko.

#### REPRESENTING RUSSIA'S ACTION.

SORTA, Sept. 29.—The regency council have

throughout the last act to the end acting was all that could be desired. All times he made the most of the paraphernalia of pomp and show and ceremony attendant on court life. Amid all this he seemed physically, a small, almost frail and delicate Hamlet.

Miss Virginia Harned, as Ophelia, received a welcome equal in warmth and appreciation to that extended to Mr. Sothern. Her scenes with Polonius, with Hamlet and, when mad, before the king and queen were most pleasing. The pathos of the flower-scene was excellently drawn out. Borne on a bier she was very beautiful. First honors apart from Mr. Sothern and Miss Harned, easily go to Edwin Varney as a well-nigh perfect Polonius. It was a truly splendid portrayal. The company throughout was abundantly adequate. Charlotte Deane as Queen Gertrude and Arthur R. Laurence as King Claudius were very good. Henry Carvill was a gratifying Horatio. Rowland Buckstone added to his laurels by his impersonation of the First Grave Digger, better far than was Joe Jefferson in the Wallack testimonial in 1888. Two minor parts excellently filled were Osric, by Richard Lambert, and Marcellus, by George E. Bryant. Also the ghost by William Harris was an impressive figure, well handled as to appearance, walk and talk.

The audience was large, fashionable and appreciative, giving many curtain calls and being generous in its appreciative applause through the five acts of twelve scenes.

#### "Camille" at the Teck.

There was a fair-sized audience at the Teck last night to see the Neill Stock Company's presentation of Alexander Dumas's "Camille." The play has been seen here a number of times and usually is well received, though its story is morbid and its moral obscure.

Miss Edythe Chapman played the part of Camille very creditably, her work was much the best of the company, for the majority of the members failed to catch the spirit of the piece. James Neill was Armand and, though occasionally his work was agreeable, it always lacked life and color and was by no means his average performance. Outside the title part there is not much opportunity for remarkable acting in any of the parts, but any one of the company might have put more animation into his or her work. John W. Burton gave an automatic interpretation of Armand's father and Frank MacVicar made a disinterested Count deVarville. George Bloomquest had only a small part as Gaston Rieux, but he made the most of it, and Julia Dean, who is always the spritely member of the cast, did her best as Nanine. Lillian Andrews was a passable Mme. Prudence, though her humor never varies, whatever the character of the play.

The production will be given today at a special matinee and twice tomorrow.

#### NOT GUILTY.

reluctance on the part of the shown to naming a candidate for the throne of the deposed Prince Alexander.

#### THE SALVATION ARMY'S TREASURY.

LONDON, Sept. 29.—In spite of the scoffings of a large number of people and the ridicule of the ungodly newspapers, the Salvation self-denial fund, General Booth's latest dodge, is meeting with great favor and remarkable success. Of the £5,000 demanded £4,000 have already been received, and remittances are coming in to the custodian of the fund with no signs of abatement.

#### ANOTHER STRIKE.

The Men in the Great Sargent Lock Works Expect to go Out Tomorrow.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Sept. 29.—Notice has been posted in the lock factory of Sargent & Company in this city that during the month of October it is proposed to run the works only on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of each week. The day's work is to be of nine hours. The men think that forty hours a week should be the minimum working time, and have announced a strike. The result of the concern will be

closed from tonight till at least Tuesday next. From 1,000 to 1,500 men are affected.

#### The Times Always Ahead.

Last Sunday the TIMES published a list of all the polling places in the city. It was the only list published and was read by everybody, whether interested in politics or not. Instead of copying the list on Monday morning the other morning papers preferred to wait till Tuesday, thus giving the same news two days later than the TIMES. We are always in the head of the procession.

#### Home for the Friendless.

The annual donation for the Home for the Friendless, 1500 Main street, is appointed for today. It is hoped that the bountiful season of harvest will bear noble fruit within the walls of this complete and beautiful building. The larger accommodations necessarily involve greater outlay, and a generous public will doubtless see that the cruise of oil will not fail, or the barrel of meal waste, which sustains this great and noble charity. This is the only day in the year when the Home appeals to its friends for their sympathy and aid.

#### One Thousand Girls

Are employed in the manufacture of Duke Cameo Cigarettes with little holders, and with this army of workers the proprietors find themselves unable to supply the great demand. True worth is thus ever appreciated by the public.



statesman: "My desire is to make haste I may to be gone."

De Stael, Mme. (1766-1817), French authoress: "I have loved my God, my father and liberty."

Eliot, George (1820-1880), English novelist: "Tell them (the doctors) I have a great pain in the left side."

Franklin, Benjamin (1706-1790), American philosopher: "A dying man can do nothing easy."

Frederick the Great of Prussia (1712-1786): "We are over the hill. We shall go better now."

Gilbert, Sir Humphrey (1539-1583), English navigator: "We are as near heaven as our eyes can see."

Gladstone, William Ewart (1809-1898), British statesman: "Amen."

Goethe (1749-1832), German poet: "Open the shutters and let in more light."

Greeley, Horace (1811-1872), American journalist: "It is done."

Hale, Nathan (1755-1776), American patriot: "I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

Havelock, Henry (1795-1857), English general: "Tell my son to come and see how a Christian can die."

Henry, Patrick (1736-1810), American orator and patriot: "Here is a book (the Bible) worth more than all others ever printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have found time to read it. It is now too late. I trust in the mercy of God."

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (1809-1894), American poet and prose writer: "That is better, thank you." (To his son, who had just assisted him to his favorite chair.)

Humboldt, Frederick (1769-1859), German savant and traveller: "How grand these rays! They seem to beckon earth to heaven."

Jefferson, Thomas (1743-1826), American statesman: "I resign my spirit to God and my daughter to my country."

Josephine, Empress of France (1763-1814): "Isle of Elba! Napoleon!"

Julian (331-363), Roman Emperor: "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

Keats, John (1795-1821), English poet: "I feel the daisies growing over me."

Latimer, Hugh (1472-1555), English reformer: "Be of good cheer, brother; we shall this day kindle such a torch in England as I trust shall never be extinguished." (To Nicholas Ridley, who was burned with him.)

Lawrence, James (1781-1813), American naval officer: "Don't give up the ship."

Louis XIII. of France (1601-1643): "There come to me thoughts that torment me."

Louis XIV. of France (1638-1715): "I thought dying has been harder."

Louis XVIII. of France (1755-1824): "A king should die standing."

Louise of Prussia (1776-1810): "I am a Queen, but have not power to move my arms."

Marie Louise (1791-1847), Empress of France: "I will not sleep; I wish to meet death wide awake."

Marie Antoinette (1755-1793), Queen of France: "Farewell, my children, forever; I go to your father."

Marion, Francis (1732-1795), American general: "Thank God, I can lay my hand upon my heart and say that since I came to man's estate I have never intentionally done wrong to any one."

Moody, Dwight L. (1837-1899), American evangelist: "Earth is receding; heaven is approaching; God is calling me."

Napoleon (1769-1821), Emperor of France: "Head of the army."

Napoleon III. of France (1803-1873):

a. Farewell."

Wilton, Daniel (1778-1858), English theologian: "Sleep! I am asleep already; I am talking in my sleep."

W. M. James (1726-1759), English general: "What, do they run already?"

## RAILROAD

"Were you at Sedan?" (To Dr. Conneau.)

Nelson, Horatio (1758-1805), English admiral: "I thank God I have done my duty."

Palmer, John (1740-1798), English actor: "There is another and better world."

Pitt, William (1759-1806), English statesman: "Oh, my country, how I love thee!"

Raleigh, Sir Walter (1552-1618), English courtier and navigator: "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!" (To his executioner.)

Roland, Mme. (1754-1793), French lady: "O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Scott, Sir Walter (1771-1832), Scottish poet and novelist: "I feel as if I were to be myself again. God bless you all."

Scott, Winfield (1786-1866), American general: "James, take good care of the horse."

Sidney, Sir Philip (1622-1683), English patriot: "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world."

Thurlow, Edward (1732-1806), English lawyer: "I'll be shot if I don't believe I'm dying!"

Vane, Henry (1612-1662), English statesman: "Ten thousand deaths for



# HOW I MET EDWIN



URING a rehearsal in the old Jenny Lind Theatre, in San Francisco, Hattie Mace (Mrs. J. B. Booth, Jr.), eyeing some of the younger women who were members of the company as they were teasing our light comedian, turned to me and said: "The poor girls must have some one to flirt with, but wait till the arrival of the next mail steamer from the East, and all this gush will be bestowed upon another." I inquired who the fortunate individual might be who was expected to put out of joint the nose of our professional masquerader. "Why," said Hattie, "my young brother-in-law Edwin; here is his picture." She took from her pocket one of the daguerreotypes of that day. The picture was one of Edwin Booth seated, with his father, and was a perfect one of young Mr. Booth at that time. His figure was slight, and his face a study for an artist, being lighted with a pair of luminous black eyes. He was the most observed man in San Francisco at the age of nineteen.

As was the custom in those early days on the welcome arrival of a mail steamer from the East, it was announced by the arm of the telegraph on Telegraph Hill. When the great tragedian and his son arrived the actors as well as the townfolk hurried to Commercial Wharf to greet the newcomers. As the steamer approached the wharf Mr. Booth and the boy, who was destined to give the name he bore an additional lustre, were on deck. After the usual rest of a day or so we began to see that Edwin was not the straight-laced boy first impression was would cause you to think he was. There was abundant humor in him then, which was not seen in his later days.

He was very partial to a good story and overflowing with animal spirits. I speak of this because when he reached high manhood those who had not known him at that age would think he was of a moody disposition. In those golden days he was always a boy, whether riding a broncho down Montgomery street with his brother actors to rehearsal, from their colony at Pipesville or tramping over the Sierras, club in hand, knocking over the fat quail (which I have seen him do). Nothing could shake his friendship toward a man he once took to his heart. Old Dave Anderson and wife, Willmarth Waller and many others, not forgetting old Bill Barry, if alive, would all vouch that he was a true friend.

His week at the Jenny Lind Theatre gave us no evidence of the Edwin Booth of the seventies. He was proud of his great father's reputation, almost to the point of idolatry. The prophecy his sister-in-law made to me of his popularity among the fair sex was verified. Although he could not be considered a woman-hater, he preferred the society of a few chosen men companions. He, with Dave Anderson, Sam Dennis, Bill Barry and Stephen Cassett (Jeems Piper) purchased some building lots on the Mission road and erected cabins, where on Sundays the balance of the company would pay a visit and take pot luck with their associates. They would while away the day in pleasantries, such as story telling, chorus singing and an occasional

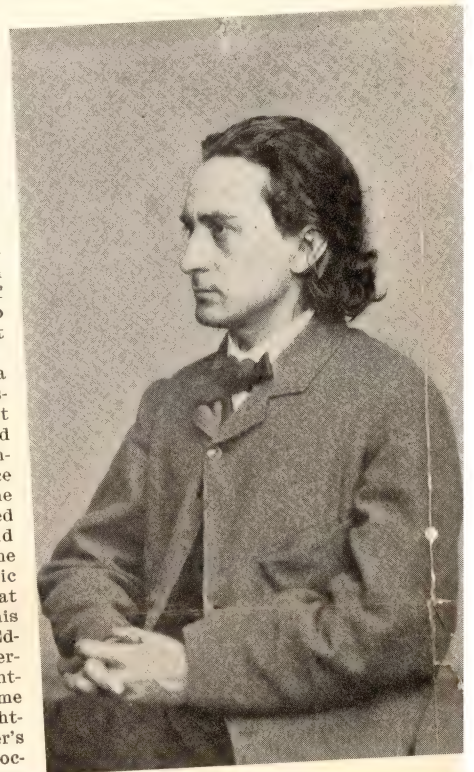
scarcely realize that the sombre man of tragedy was the same who had been in the old San Francisco Hall as the light comedian of the company. One of his favorite parts was James Jones Brownsmith, in the farce Little Toddler. While he was playing at the Hall Willmarth Waller and his wife paid a visit to California, on their way to Australia. Looking about for some one to play the opposite parts to himself, he thought of young Booth, but he (Waller) feared lest he could not meet the requirements. He needed a support who could play a Stukeley to his Beverly, Laertes to his Hamlet, and De Mauprat to his Richelieu, but he thought that the name of Booth among the miners would be an attraction sufficient to make them forget the acting. Little did Waller dream that what he supposed was an inexperienced boy in 1852 would be playing that same Richelieu in his own magnificent temple of the drama, Booth's Theatre, in New York city, in 1868, with Waller himself as stage manager. The whirligig of time brings about some strange changes. He studied and played the opposites to Waller during that disastrous season in the mines, and where heavy stowstorms overtook them, and Waller concluded to close his season in a mining camp called Red Dog, where, with Mrs. Waller and Paddy Tuttle, Irish comedian, they were anchored until the Spring. Booth, Spear, Denah and others concluded to walk to Marysville, which was nearly 60 miles away. One morning, while I was acting as stage manager in Marysville, the driver of the Red Dog stage called at the theatre and told us of the disastrous season of the Wallers in the mines, and added: "You fellows here that has got enough to eat and good beds to sleep in ought to have some feelin' for the showmen that's busted up in the mountains. They are footing it, and you'll see the lot in an hour or two. They are now near the Twelve Mile House." Our entire company, on their own horses (for every actor in those days owned his own mount), rode to the Twelve Mile House. Sure enough, there were all that were left of that famous troupe of Thespians who had set forth under the leadership of Willmarth Waller to captivate the honest miners.

As there is always a comical side to any disaster if we can view it that way, we could hardly keep from laughing at the appearance of old man Spear. The party had experienced sufferings that would have done credit to the survivors of an Arctic expedition. From that day to the end of his professional career Edwin Booth was a different person. The light-hearted boy had become a serious and thoughtful man. His father's death, which had oc-

I remained with the Th terminated to return to Ne Callao and Panama instead. Having engaged the celebrated Pantomimists for a Cal asked me to join him again after our successful season Theatre in San Francisco, played as advance agent, like to put on the sock an

At that time Edwin B. At the solicitation of Mrs. induced to become one of artists to captivate the people of Sacramento, which bling of the Legislature stronghold of the society State. San Francisco was trade. The company was Sinclair was a shining light; eccentric comedian, was Edith Booth was expected aggregation. The female manageress, Mrs. Sinclair play all the latest fashion in the history of the gentlemen were expected suits in modern comedy hustling to get them, the divy among the corner such an infinitesimal talk of our seeking fresh One morning, at the prompter, Jim Dowling, to Mr. Booth, with the and you will talk no more.

It was a play book Booth read it and pronounced same, and if ever a play Marco was to Mrs. Sinclair





A member of the late Richard Mansfield's company has told me that Mr. Mansfield's last appearance was not in Peer Gynt, an impression which I had recorded in this column. His engagement to play the Ibsen drama at Scranton was canceled, because of what proved his last and fatal illness. He played for the last time in New York, and it has been pointed out that it was a singular coincidence that he played last that character in which he achieved his first distinction, the Baron Cheyrial in A Parisian Romance.

There is a solemn significance in the last words about his profession by a man who had adorned it and striven to exalt it. I am glad to transfer, by his permission, some of these last utterances, which went far toward summing up his stage philosophy, a clipping from the notebook of one of the Mansfield company to this column:

The education of the ruler of one of the most enlightened kingdoms in the world will scarcely suffice for an actor. To satisfy every one, which he is assuredly expected to do, he must possess the commanding power of a Caesar, the eloquence of Demosthenes, the face and form of Adonis, the strength of Hercules, the patience of Job, and the wisdom of Solomon.

Imagination is necessary for an actor and imagination is dying out.

The art of acting is the crystallization of all arts. It is a jewel whose facets mirror all art.

If you want the best, if you love the art, foster it. It is worthy of your gentlest and your kindest, tenderest care.

What is commonly called acting is acting acting, and this is generally accepted as acting. A man speaks lines, moves his arms, wags his head, and does various other things. He may even shout and rant; some pull down their cuffs and inspect their finger nails; they work hard and perspire, and their skin acts. This is all easily comprehended by the masses and passes for acting and is applauded, but the man who is actually the embodiment of the character he is creating will often be misunderstood, be disliked and fail to attract.

Allow yourself to be convinced by the character you are portraying that you are the character. If you are to play Napoleon, and you are sincere and determined to be Napoleon, Napoleon will not permit you to be any one but Napoleon, or Richard III, Richard III, or Nero Nero. He would be a poor, miserable pretense of an actor who in the representation of any historical character were otherwise than firmly convinced after getting into the man's skin (which means the exhaustive study of all that was ever known about him) that he is living that very man for a few brief hours.

The real work of the stage lies in the creation of a character. A great character will live forever, when paint and canvas and silk and satins and goldfoils and tinsel shall have gone the way of all rags.

The student may well ask, "What are we to copy and whom are we to copy?" Don't copy any one. Don't copy any individual actor, nor his methods. In the art of acting, like the art of painting, we must study life and copy it. You will have before you the work of great masters, and you will learn much from them. No painting is perfect, and no acting is perfect. No actor ever played a part to absolute perfection. It is just as impossible for an actor to simulate nature completely upon the stage as it is impossible for the painter to portray on canvas the waves of the ocean, the raging storm clouds, or the horrors of a conflagration. The nearer an artist gets to nature the greater he is. We may admire Rubens, and Rembrandt, and Van Dyke, and Turner, but who shall dare say their work was perfect?

The most severe critic can never tell me more, nor scold me more, than I scold myself. I have never left the stage satisfied with myself.

The methods of the stage have completely changed and with them the tastes of the people. While we have discarded somewhat crude methods, we have, perhaps, allowed ourselves to wander too far in the other direction, and the critics are quite right in demanding in many cases greater virility and force. The simulation of repressed power is advisable, but when the fire bell rings the horses have got to come out and rattle and race down the street and rouse the town.

The long, lone hours, with our heads in our hands, the toll, the patient study.

## MR. MANTELL ENDS BRILLIANT ENGAGEMENT

The brilliant series of Shakespearean character impersonations by Mr. Mantell, at the Star Theater the past week, ended last evening, when Mr. Mantell repeated his strong portrayal of Macbeth in the tragedy of the same name. Thoroughly artistic and vividly realistic, the Mantell version is at once satisfying and must stand as the ideal conception of the role for the present and rising generations of present-day patrons of the theater. A large audience witnessed the play and applauded its many powerful scenes. Marie Booth Russell as Lady Macbeth and Francis McGinn as Macduff, shared in the honors of the production.

At the matinee the play was the third performance of the tragedy chronicle "Julius Caesar," with Mr. Mantell as Marcus Brutus, Mr. McGinn as Antony, Miss Russell as Portia and Mr. Cliffe as Cassius. Mr. Mantell's Brutus is a luminous, attrac-

tive and powerful enactment and Mr. McGinn makes a splendid Antony.

Certainly Mr. Mantell has largely added to his list of warm admirers in Buffalo by reason of his magnificent work here the past week. Besides the plays mentioned he appeared as Lear in "King Lear," in "Hamlet" as the melancholy prince and in one comedy character, that of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." By his brilliant interpretations and his wonderful exhibition of his mastery in stage-craft Mr. Mantell has clearly demonstrated here his peerless leadership in the classic drama.

All of the plays were handsomely and adequately staged and the costuming, too, reflects most creditably on the management of William A. Brady. Mr. Mantell goes to Chicago, where his repertoire will include his first appearance in "King John."

very soon in "The Spring Chicken," was once concerned in a serious play. He was a member of the original cast in "The Children of the Ghetto," playing the eccentric comedy part of Shoshi Smendrik, the carpenter. Mr. Carle had a genuine admirer in Israel Zangwill, the author of the play, who said that he sounded the real note of the Shakespearean clown. This was reported to Mr. Carle, and this was his comment:

"Zangwill may think I am Shakespearean, but I think I am something awful," and he gave up the part.

A day later Mr. Carle was engaged on a burlesque of the Zangwill play which was called "The Children of the Get-Dough."

John Sargeant, America's greatest artist, of Boston and Paris, has asked Mary Emerson (Maude Adams' double), to pose for him as a subject, "A Belle of '61," using the costumes of this period as used by her in "On Parole," Louis Evan Salpman's play in which she is appearing.

*Stage not  
historically  
set*



# Richard Mansfield, The "King Richard Of the Stage"

HOW THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN, NOW SERIOUSLY ILL, ROSE  
FROM DIREST POVERTY TO FAME AND WEALTH.

Deprived of His Mother's Riches Because He Was Determined to  
Be an Actor, He Was a London Starveling For Years, but  
Never Whimpered—A Genius Whose Ideal Has Al-  
ways Been Perfection In His Chosen Art.  
Sample of His Powerful Pathos.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

**R**ICHARD MANSFIELD is a prodigy. The word prodigy has two definitions. By one meaning it is a person so extraordinary as to excite wonder or astonishment. By the other meaning it is a monster. According to some of his enemies, Richard Mansfield perhaps fits the latter definition, but in truth he does not. That he is an extraordinary person who has excited both wonder and astonishment for years is strictly true. When the news was sent out a few days ago from the great north woods of New York state that the famous actor was lying seriously ill in a little cottage, broken in body and mind, pathetically calling for his stage costumes and mumbling over some of the lines of his chief triumphs, the thought occurred to more than one person that the life of a successful tragedian may be in itself a tragedy. In the world of artistic endeavor triumph and tragedy lie very close together. Very frequently, toward the final curtain, they overlap.

Since the death of Henry Irving, Mansfield has been recognized as the greatest living actor that speaks his lines in the English tongue. For a score of years he has been mounting steadily and surely toward that proud position. He was born to climb to the

and years when night came I have wandered about the streets of London, and if I had a penny I invested it in baked potatoes from the baked potato man on the corner. I would put those hot potatoes in my pocket, and after I had warmed my hands I would swallow the potatoes. That is the truth."

But Richard Mansfield did not use hot potatoes both for heat and food because he had to. He did it because he wanted to be an actor—perhaps because he had to be an actor. His mother, the noted singer Mme. Rudersdorff, desired him to be a painter. The youth tried painting, with fair success artistically. His mother was wealthy. She had gold in abundance for Richard the artist, but not a cent for Richard the actor. When the young man determined to be an actor the madame cut him off as to finances; hence the hot potatoes.

## Starveling For Years.

Millions of men may live on baked potatoes and restaurant smells without any particular privation. But it was different with young Richard Mansfield. He had been gently reared. His mother adored him, and he idolized his mother. She brought him with her to Boston when he was a boy

rebuffs he finally secured a comic opera job. W. S. Gilbert, that beloved librettist whose works gave Dwight D. Milliams, became interested in young Mansfield and put him a place in "Pirates." Mansfield played with the troupe in the British provinces for three years at \$15 a week. Then he determined to go up to London, for he felt himself fit for something better.

Richard Mansfield is practically an American actor, and America is proud to claim him. He was born, however, on the little island of Helgoland fifty years ago. His father was a British army officer and his mother a Russian opera singer.

## How He "Made Good."

Mansfield came to America to remain permanently about twenty-five years ago. He had achieved fair success on the London stage. He appeared here first in comic operas and comedies and won a considerable reputation. It was in his part of Prince Karl, in the play written by A. C. Gunter, who died only a few months ago, that Mansfield "made good" and started fairly on the road to his great reputation. But he had to struggle. "I am as determined as the tides of the ocean and as patient as the Catholic church," he once remarked when adverse criticism was encountered.

Mansfield's breakdown in his prime is due to overwork. That determination which has proved his strength first has undermined his health. He reached the private palace car and the Versailles dining room furniture only by the severest sort of labor—incessant, nerve destroying, plugging toil at the tasks he set for himself. Some men may spend their summers in idleness. Mansfield used to retire to his New London home and spend the warm months studying furiously. When he reached the rehearsals he was always letter perfect. He knew his lines. He knew his characters. And they were such characters—Shakespeare's, Schiller's, Moliere's, Ibsen's and those of lesser tragedians and comedians. Not only did he know his characters, but he became for the time. "When I play Richard the king," he has said, "I am Richard the king."

## Sample of His Pathos.

There is a powerful pathos in a letter which Mansfield wrote to the St. Louis Republic in reply to an attack upon him by that paper some years ago, when the actor, at the old Hagan Opera House in St. Louis, appeared before the footlights and



## BUFFALO

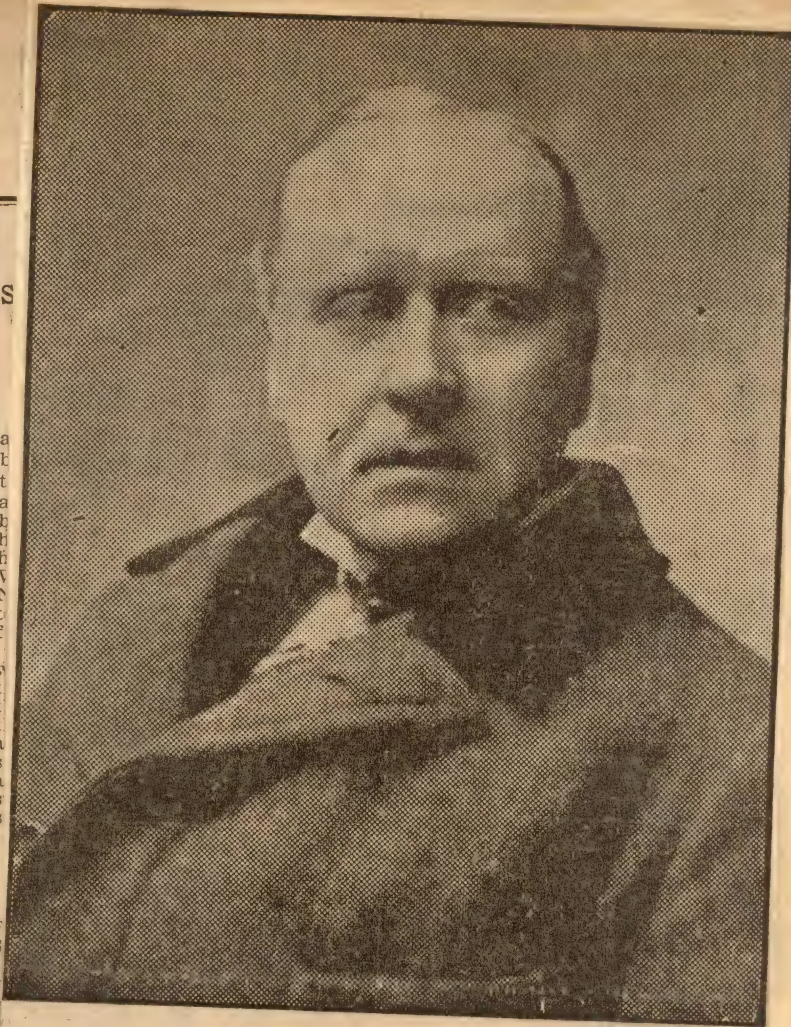
# SHAKESPEARE AND RUIN

William Winter States Some Facts That Will Surprise Some Glib Pessimists.

"... Any manager who staged it would be a candidate for the insane asylum; and all this for the same reason that Shakespeare's plays, with the best actors in the world, today, draw small audiences, at low prices," says "Jack" London in the Arcadian Postscript.

To which William Winter, the veteran critic, answers in the New York Tribune:

Edwin Booth's final repertory consisted of 16 plays, 11 of which were plays by Shakespeare, and with that repertory he made several fortunes; he died leaving about half a million dollars. Mary Anderson earned a fortune with "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It" and "A Winter's Tale." Henry Irving, who had a wider range and greater financial success than any other actor ever had, played all the leading Shakespearian parts, and he earned great profits with "Macbeth," "Hamlet" and "The Merchant"—the latter production was a highly profitable one, to the last. Augustin Daly received hundreds of thousands of dollars from presentations of "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," and "The Shrew." Richard Mansfield successfully acted "Richard III.," "The Merchant," "Julius Caesar" and "Henry V."—placing almost his sole dependence on the latter piece for an entire season. For years Louis James, Frederick Warde, Charles B. Hanford and Mme. Modjeska have appeared, with profit, in many of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe have recently proved the financial value of "Romeo and Juliet," "Twelfth Night" and "Much Ado." Last season Miss Annie Russell made a profitable tour of the country with "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Today Louis James is acting, with financial success, "The Merry Wives" and "The Comedy of Errors." Mr. Hanford, who acts in all the great plays of Shakespeare, has lately revived "Antony and Cleopatra." Robert Mantell, now the leader of our stage, is acting, with abundant success, a repertory that includes "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet." Mr. Sothorn, it is understood, will retain in his repertory "Twelfth Night" and "Hamlet." Miss Allen and Miss Marlowe have managed to worry along on the returns from productions of "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It." Signor Novelli, the Italian actor, acted in this country to crowded



BEERBOHM TREE

The noted English actor, from his very latest photograph.

### Driven to Divorce by Love.

After being married sixteen days, a Chicago musician now sues for divorce. Too much love is the plea he makes for disunion.

"You never saw anything like it," he said. "She would sit on my lap by the hour, and if I wanted to go across the street for a package of tobacco she would order me to stay where I was and do the errand herself, because she was afraid some girl might run off with me.

"She wanted to be kissed in the morning, and kissed at noon, and kissed at night. I could never get away from the passionate, despairing cry, 'Arthur, kiss me.'

"I was a prisoner in my wife's home. The week I was there I earned only four dollars, because she wouldn't let me go out to play. I had to be with her all the time getting loved.

"There was only one thing for me to do, and I did it—ran away. I wouldn't go back to her again for anything."





As Beau Brummel.

In "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

#### RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Yast, for his ideal always has been perfection in his chosen art.

#### Traveled Like a Monarch.

Among the laity it may have been popular of late years to envy Richard Mansfield. There he was, at the head of his profession, traveling in his own private car luxuriously furnished, occupying special suits at the finest hotels, owning a splendid home on Riverside drive in New York and another at New London, Conn. No monarch ever journeyed in more magnificent style than Richard Mansfield. No monarch ever appeared more haughty than he in his attitude toward the ordinary people. Europe has half a dozen kings more easy to approach than this King Richard of the stage.

That is one picture. Now for the other.

Less than thirty years ago a young man, this same Richard Mansfield, ex-

and put him in school. She took him to various European countries and put him in school. He grew up in an artistic atmosphere. He played the piano like an adept. He spoke several languages. He painted well. He had the key of admission to the politest social circles. Yet because he was determined to become an actor, and a great actor, he was a London starveling for years and years, and nobody ever heard him whimper.

You may not like Richard Mansfield. Many persons who do not know him dislike him. He seems to have cultivated the art of making enemies of strangers to the ultimate limit. But you must admire his nerve, his pluck, his British bulldog tenacity of purpose. He was going to get there, and he got there. After years and years he got there—got so far that instead of continuing to eat potatoes after using them for pocket stoves he was living

rate audience, declaring that that city could not appreciate art and otherwise expressing severe opinions against the Missouri metropolis.

"It is especially concerning the paragraph which suggests that an actor would be more successful if he enjoyed the reputation of being a good fellow that I write. It all depends upon what the definition of the words may be. I haven't the time or the inclination to be a good fellow in the sense in which it is generally accepted in this country, but I trust that I have at all times been a good friend and a hospitable host. \* \* \* Possibly few are aware that when I have played one of my trying roles I am utterly, totally exhausted. I ought then and there to be wrapped up in blankets and put to bed after having been fed. That's what they do for a good race horse after a race. If I hem and haw it is because I am exhausted and not because I am an idiot, as the polite gentleman on an afternoon paper is good enough to suggest. I give my whole life and soul to my work. \* \* \* The power for evil in this world is far greater than the power for good. Yet some day there will be a few violets blooming on the grave of your faithful servant, Richard Mansfield."

This was before he became the famous actor of his later years. Since then many newspapers have enjoyed remarks derogatory to Mansfield because of the actor's ebullitions of temper. Various and sundry have been the unkind cuts from the American press. There can be no question that a super or a common plug actor, having been guilty of outbreaks such as mar Mansfield's record, would have deserved severe censure. At least nine of Mansfield's leading women have quit his company in disgust because of his temper. Isabel Irving stayed in his support just two days. Lucille Flaven lasted one day. Katherine Grey, Margaret Anglin, Lettie Fairfax, Florence Kahn, Eleanor Barry and Roselle Knott were among the others who could not "stand for" the Mansfield manner—or manners.

#### Forgets Self When Acting.

"I suppose, sir," said an enthusiastic woman to the actor, "that when in the spirit of those great roles you forget your real self for days."

"Yes, madam," Mansfield replied, "for days as well as nights. It is then I do those dreadful things—trample on the upturned features of my leading lady and hurl tenderloin steaks at waiters."

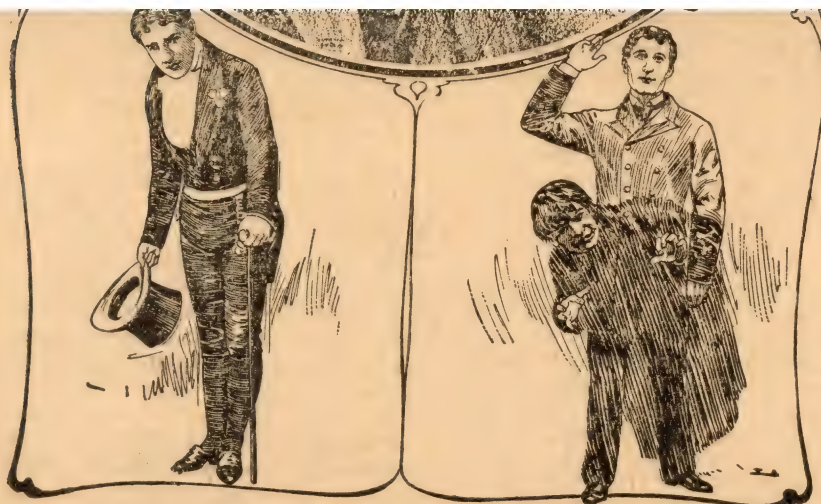
"And you do not know it at all?"

"Not a solitary thing, madam, until I read the papers next day."

One of his leading women, at any rate, Mansfield did not dismiss. Miss Beatrice Cameron, who was his support early in his career and a charming actress, is Mrs. Richard Mansfield. She is at her husband's bedside in the great north woods.

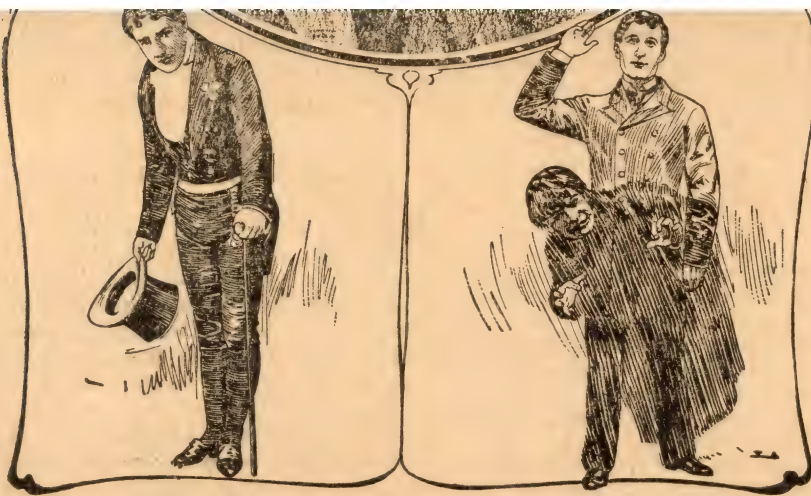
Let us now forget that a Philadelphia super sued Mansfield for assault and battery because the actor struck the super over the head with a spear





RICHARD MANSEFIELD.





As Beau Brummel.

In "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

# RICHARD MANSFIELD.

fast, for his ideal always has been perfection in his chosen art.

## Traveled Like a Monarch.

Among the laity it may have been popular of late years to envy Richard Mansfield. There he was, at the head of his profession, traveling in his own private car luxuriously furnished, occupying special suits at the finest hotels, owning a splendid home on Riverside drive in New York and another at New London, Conn. No monarch ever journeyed in more magnificent style than Richard Mansfield. No monarch ever appeared more haughty than he in his attitude toward the ordinary people. Europe has half a dozen kings more easy to approach than this King Richard of the stage.

That is one picture. Now for the other.

Less than thirty years ago a young man, this same Richard Mansfield, existed in London in the most pitiful poverty.

"For years and years," says Mansfield, "I went home to my little room, if I fortunately had one, and perhaps a tallow dip was stuck in the neck of a bottle, and I was fortunate if I had something to cook for myself over a fire. That was my life. For years

and put him in school. She took him to various European countries and put him in school. He grew up in an artistic atmosphere. He played the piano like an adept. He spoke several languages. He painted well. He had the key of admission to the politest social circles. Yet because he was determined to become an actor, and a great actor, he was a London starveling for years and years, and nobody ever heard him whimper.

You may not like Richard Mansfield. Many persons who do not know him dislike him. He seems to have cultivated the art of making enemies of strangers to the ultimate limit. But you must admire his nerve, his pluck, his British bulldog tenacity of purpose. He was going to get there, and he got there. After years and years he got there—got so far that instead of continuing to eat potatoes after using them for pocket stoves he was living in his own New York home by the time he reached the age of thirty-five and eating in a dining room furnished altogether with tables, chairs and sideboards from the royal palace at Versailles.

Truly, it was no primrose path of dalliance that Richard Mansfield traveled. After long struggling and many

This was before he became the famous actor of his later years. Since then many newspapers have enjoyed remarks derogatory to Mansfield because of the actor's ebullitions of temper. Various and sundry have been the unkind cuts from the American press. There can be no question that a super or a common plug actor, having been guilty of outbreaks such as mar Mansfield's record, would have deserved severe censure. At least nine of Mansfield's leading women have quit his company in disgust because of his temper. Isabel Irving stayed in his support just two days. Lucille Flaven lasted one day. Katherine Grey, Margaret Anglin, Lettie Fairfax, Florence Kahn, Eleanor Barry and Roselle Knott were among the others who could not "stand for" the Mansfield manner—or manners.

## Forgets Self When Acting.

"I suppose, sir," said an enthusiastic woman to the actor, "that when in the spirit of those great roles you forget your real self for days."

"Yes, madam," Mansfield replied, "for days as well as nights. It is then I do those dreadful things—trample on the upturned features of my leading lady and hurl tender steak at waiters."

"And you do not know it at all?"

"Not a solitary thing, madam, until I read the papers next day."

One of his leading women, at any rate, Mansfield did not dismiss. Miss Beatrice Cameron, who was his support early in his career and a charming actress, is Mrs. Richard Mansfield. She is at her husband's bedside in the great north woods.

Let us now forget that a Philadelphia super sued Mansfield for assault and battery because the actor struck the super over the head with a spear when he got out of line. Let us refuse to remember the mutton chop which Mansfield threw at the waiter in the Auditorium hotel at Chicago because the chop was frizzled. Let us remember rather the hot potato of the London days, the determination, the toil, the life and soul devotion to the art that overmastered the man—and the triumph he has achieved.

## A BUFFALO C

## AND

The Commandant's Quarters at Fort Boy, Who Was Born in It, Made a Nam

If, in what I have to say this week, I will raise public curiosity sufficient to take renewed interest in the picturesque little stone structure now used as the commandant's quarters at Fort Porter, and known as "the Castle," I will be more than compensated for my pains. We have much, in this town of ours, that we pass too lightly by, and I mourn the facile-like irreverence of the times.

It may seem to some a wild and senseless statement when I say that out of that castle such wondrous things have come in the ramifications of individual influence as have been exerted by no other creature born in a Buffalo house that still exists. I doubt if any other inhabitant ever went forth and dominated and marshaled the mental capacities of a great deal of the world quite so effectively and so valuably as did the man who was born in it just 64 years ago come Michaelmas. His name was Steele McKelmas. His name became Mackaye. You may not doubt me when I have had my say, and I suppose I must shout it between the four fingers you are lifting up in broad and unlightened disdain. "What about our Millard Fillmores and our Grover Cleverlands and our Benjamin Rathbuns, and a lot of those other fellows you have been writing about in the NEWS?" you ask; "are we to look back upon all these as simply undeclared and useless 'has beens,' while you constitute yourself as one of three wise men from the east and trot out a sort of Deisartian Prince for us to worship?" "Just as you choose, my Lord, I must reply, "all the other fellows you men-



# The Sun.

21  
*New York Friday Aug 30/07*  
*N.Y. Eve Sun*  
**NIGHT EDITION**

Partly cloudy to-night and to-morrow.  
Light, variable winds.

Printed by The Sun Printing and Publishing Association.

*New York Friday Aug 30/07* PRICE ONE CENT.

## EIGHT REPORTED DEAD IN CRASH

Head-On Collision Between  
Trolley Cars in Indiana.

30 PERSONS ARE INJURED

A Passenger Car Runs Into an Express Car on the Charleston & Mattoon Interurban Line Near Charleston, Ind.—The Number of Dead Is First Given Out as Sixteen, but Later Only Eight Are Believed to Be Dead—Many Persons Are Injured—On the Way to the Coler County Fair.

DANSVILLE, Ill., Aug. 30.—A long distance telephone message from Mattoon says that in a head-on collision between a passenger car and an express car on the Charleston & Mattoon interurban line, one and one-half miles from Charleston, eight persons were killed.

The number of injured is about thirty. The passenger car was crowded with

## GETS RICHEST HEIRESS

Prince George of Greece to Wed the Princess Bonaparte.

COPENHAGEN, Aug. 30.—The announcement of the betrothal of Prince George of Greece and the Princess Marie Bonaparte was officially announced to-day.

Prince George is a grandson of King George of Greece. The Princess, who is a relative of the United States Attorney-General, is said to be the richest unmarried woman in Europe. Her fortune is estimated at \$15,000,000. She inherited it from her maternal grandfather, Monte Carlo Blanc. She is 25 years old.

## REPULSE ARAB ATTACK.

French Again Hold Casablanca Against Tribesmen.

LONDON, Aug. 30.—A despatch from Tangier to the Exchange Telegraph Company says that on Wednesday the French troops outside of Casablanca were attacked by a large force of tribesmen. The engagement lasted from 3 to 6 o'clock. The Arabs fought with great bravery and made desperate efforts to come to close quarters with the French. They suffered severely.

The French loss was three killed and seven wounded. The French and Spanish warships fired about 1,000 shells during the fight.

It is reported that the Moorish forces at Casablanca now exceed 12,000 in number. Their front extends a distance of two miles.

TANGIER, Aug. 30.—The fight on Wednes-

# RICHARD MANSFIELD IS DEAD

End Comes Suddenly  
at His Home in  
New London.

HE HAD LONG BEEN ILL

Regarded by Many as Leading  
Actor of American Stage.

SOME OF HIS FAMOUS PARTS

Jekyll and Hyde, Baron Chevalier



## THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

Jan 1907

Solannio ..... O. Galeotti  
Lorenzo ..... N. Pescatori  
Tubal ..... G. Dal-Cortivo  
The Prince of Morocco ..... F. Bernini  
Lancillotto ..... F. Fossi  
Page ..... Miss E. Carini  
Usher of the Ten ..... V. Bartolotti  
Antonio's Servant ..... M. Serra

Novelli's Shylock, which he played first on Wednesday night and repeated Saturday afternoon, was so far removed from any recent, English or American, impersonation of the role that comparison would entail discussion of how Shakespeare intended the character to appear. Novelli makes him a Jew without dignity, fiercely vindictive, hypocritical, penurious, affectionate in an elemental sort of way, childishly emotional, altogether without a sympathy compelling trait. His Shylock is a partial reversion to the low comedy character of before Macklin's time. His performance has a certain strength and much theatrical value, but is uneven on the side of impersonation. Shylock's hatred of Antonio is simulated with a fine display of primal passion, but at the end of the scene when the bargain is made Shylock links arms with his Gentile enemies and goes away with them in evident good humor. The scene following the flight of Jessica he plays with vigor. He finds his door open and rushes into the house. Inside he is heard slamming chests about and shrieking his lamentations. He rushes back to the sympathy of Tubal, his turban and garbardine off, his hair and beard disheveled. He curses the Christians who have brought their abuse to the point of stealing his daughter, and practically overwhelms himself with his own passion.

In the later scene with Tubal he makes sudden transitions from raging grief at hearing stories of Jessica's flight to inordinate jubilation at the news of Antonio's misfortunes. In the trial scene he is cringing before the Duke, and Portia, vindictive toward Antonio and his friends, at first overcome by the decision of the judge, then cunningly contriving to take Bassanio's proffered money, then when sentenced by the Duke collapsing into whimpering self-pity, and finally triumphant in hatred. His exit at the close of the scene is particularly effective. He is left alone on one side of the stage. He totters toward the door, then turns, and, standing erect, hurls back a final curse of "Christians!"

The play is changed in many ways from the original. It is compressed into four scenes, each played as an act. The scene in Portia's garden is omitted, and, of course, the incident of the rings, at the end of the trial scene, is left out. The scene of choosing the caskets is made the

three scenes removed any doubt as to Novelli's right to his position on the stage.

Betrone made an excellent Nemours and was especially good in his scene with the King in the fourth act. Miss Rossi made a pleasing appearance as Maria, and Madame Giannini took good advantage of the comedy elements in the role of Martha. Miss E. Sanipoli was unsatisfactory as Charles the Dauphin. V. Servolini was good as Communes, and the Cortier of E. Piamonti was an intelligent impersonation. F. Bernini made a sinister Tristan. The Oliver LeDaim of A. Arista lacked the cunning usually associated with the character.

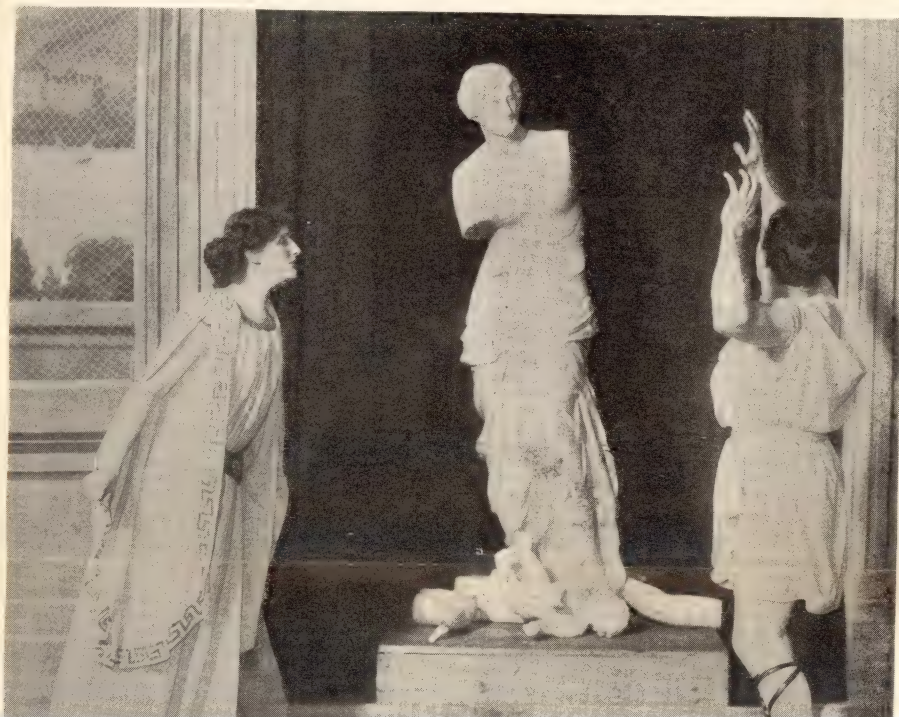
### La Monte Civile.

Corrado ..... Ermete Novelli  
Dr. Arrigo Palmieri ..... L. Ferrati  
Rosalia ..... Mme. O. Giannini  
Emma ..... Miss E. Sanipoli  
Monsieur Gioacchino Ruvo ..... E. Piamonti  
Don Ferdinando ..... N. Pescatori  
Don Gaetano ..... O. Galeotti  
Agata ..... Miss M. Fantoni

On Friday night Novelli presented Paolo Giacometti's four-act drama, The Civil Death, or as it was called when Salvini played it in this country, The Outlaw. Novelli appeared as the escaped convict, Corrado, who, after serving thirteen years for killing his brother-in-law, has come back to his old home in search of his wife and daughter. The daughter, Emma, has been adopted by Dr. Palmieri, and the wife, Rosalia, is living in the house as Emma's governess. Through the aid of a not too good bishop, Corrado discovers the couple and accuses his wife of living with the doctor as his mistress. The doctor explains how he has taken care of the woman and the girl, and Corrado then agrees to go away with Rosalia, leaving Emma in ignorance of his relation to her. The pain at losing the daughter for whom he had broken out of prison proves too great for him, and he dies.

The character resembles in a way that of Jean Valjean in the early chapters of "Les Misérables." Novelli made of Corrado a gross, dense, uncultured man, controlling his passion with difficulty, but easily dominated by a superior personality. His simulation of crude cunning, anger and animal-like affection was splendidly done, and the final death scene was horribly realistic.

Madame Giannini appeared to the best advantage in the role of Rosalia. Miss Sanipoli was girlish and unaffected as Emma, but did not display much ability in the more emotional scenes. Miss M. Fantoni was very good as Agata. E. Piamonti gave an extremely satisfactory performance as the Bishop, and L. Ferrati was praiseworthy as the Doctor.



OS-  
ing  
oke  
or made





Photo White, N. Y.  
Elizabeth Valentine.

# THE MALLET'S MASTERPIECE.

Edmund Breese.

second act, which ends with Bassanio receiving Antonio's letter and Portia sending her servant off to Padua. The character of Old Gobbo is dispensed with, and the low comedy of Launcelot is reduced to nothing. The verse has been changed to prose and the lines have been charged with colloquialisms.

Again the supporting company appeared to good advantage. The Portia of Madame Giannini was intelligent if uninspired, and in the casket scene was played with a delightful spirit of comedy. The "quality of mercy" speech, in prose, was delivered with dignity and purpose. However, Portia's constant references to a law book and her evidently unexpected discovery of Shylock's infraction of Venetian statutes made it appear that she had come to defend her lover's friend without making sufficient preparation. A. Betrone gave a well informed portrayal of Bassanio. Miss Rossi made a sweet Jessica, and Miss E. Servolini was adequate in the role of Nerissa. F. Bernini made a dignified Prince of Morocco and delivered his lines well. The Antonio of L. Ferrati was unimpressive. The other roles were played satisfactorily.

Il Bubero Benefico (The Beneficent Bear) which was played Saturday night, will be reviewed in next week's MIRROR. The attendance at all performances last week was very large, and on three nights every seat in the theatre was filled and nearly all the legal amount of standing room was occupied. The proportion of Italians in the audiences was about twenty-five to one.

The repertoire for this week is as follows: Monday, Othello; Tuesday, Alleluia; Wednesday, Edipus Rex; Thursday, La Morte Civile; Friday, Povera Gente (Poor People); Saturday matinee, Taming of the Shrew; Saturday night, La Morte Civile.

## Louis XI.

Louis XI .....	Ermette Novelli
Charles .....	E. Sanipoli
Duke of Nemours .....	A. Betrone
Communes .....	V. Servolini
Maria .....	Miss L. Rossi
Cortier .....	E. Piamonti
The Solitary of Ardenes .....	L. Ferrati
Le-Daim .....	A. Arista
Tristan L'Ermite .....	F. Bernini
Herald .....	O. Galeotti
Dreaux .....	V. Bartolotti
Richard .....	N. Pescatori
Martha .....	Mme. O. Giannini

Casimir Delavigne's old drama of Louis XI, familiar in various forms to every playgoer of a generation ago, gave Novelli the greatest opportunity he has had so far in his engagement. Novelli is primarily a physical actor, getting his effects by broad sweeps of gesture and facial and vocal changes. His methods are often more momentarily effectual than the subjective methods of the so-called psychological school of acting, and his interpretations generally have indicated much intelligence, surety of purpose and extensive experience. As Louis XI he was at his best. He made the character malevolent, cowardly, and gave it a sort of satanic humor, but he did not indicate the devilish craftiness with which Sir Henry Irving imbued the part. He gave little indication of the growing senility of the King, and during the first three acts the approaching paralysis was suggested by occasional twitchings of the lips and hands, and an uncertainty of gait. He showed the dread of death but not its approach. In his confession scene with Father Francis the simulation of abject fear was wonderfully done, and in the following scene with Nemours his acting became almost horrifying in its intensity. In the death scene, too, the terror reached across the footlights and held the audience immovable. These







**RICHARD MANSFIELD.**

## Beau Brummel—Peer His Last Character.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Aug. 30.—Richard Mansfield died at his home here at 1 o'clock this morning. He had been ill many months and only three weeks returned from Saranac after a fruitless stay there in his search for health. The end came suddenly and unexpectedly. Death was caused by liver trouble and complications. He was 50 years old on May 24 last.

Upon his return from Saranac Mr. Mansfield went to his new cottage, Seven Oaks, in the Sea Park section of the city, where the summer colony lives. At first he made a brave attempt to discredit the reports of the gravity of his illness and was frequently seen about his place, superintending its completion. For the last few days, however, little had been seen of him, and it was thought by his friends and neighbors that he had had another relapse and that his case was after all hopeless.

Dr. A. H. Allen, the local physician, who had been in charge of the case since Mr. Mansfield's arrival here, said to-day that the actor's death was not entirely unexpected, though its imminence had not been made public and was known only to the immediate family. The physician said that Mr. Mansfield stood the journey from Saranac Lake to New London very well and had been up and around his home up to three days ago. Then there came a change for the worse, and on Thursday Dr. McClellan of Pittsburg was summoned hurriedly.

Mr. Mansfield failed rapidly until the end. Just before this came he sank into a coma and was unable to recognize those gathered about his bedside. There were present when he died his wife, his brother Felix, his son, Gibbs Mansfield, and the physicians and nurses. His body has been given in charge of a local undertaker for preparation for burial.

During his stay at Saranac reports would occasionally come out to the effect that Mr. Mansfield was dead or at the point of death, but each time such rumors were denied and the additional statement was made that he was getting along nicely and would be able before long to take up active life again. The complicated arrangements made for his trip from the Adirondacks to this city, however, dispelled such hopes and it was seen that Mr. Mansfield would be unusually fortunate if he were ever able to return to the stage.

Mr. Mansfield gradually withdrew from even so much of the public as had been accustomed to see him in and around his home. Little had been seen of him for a week or more previous to his death.

### MR. MANSFIELD'S CAREER.

Richard Mansfield's first appearance

people from Mattoon and the neighborhood going to the Coles county fair at Charleston.

The cause of the collision has not been ascertained.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 30.—A report reached here at 1 o'clock this afternoon from Mattoon, Ill., that eight persons were killed and many injured in the wrecking of an interurban car. The accident happened on the Mattoon and Charleston Electric Railway. Later it was said that eight were killed.

Physicians and nurses have been hurried to Charleston to the scene and every precaution made in that city for the reception of the injured.

Details of the wreck had not been learned to the middle of the afternoon. It is believed by many that the extent of the accident had been exaggerated.

### HURT IN CRASH.

Cars Collide Near Alabama State Fair.

HAM, Ala., Aug. 30.—Six persons, five were passengers, were injured in a collision near the State fair between trolley cars on the South and North Bessemer lines to-day.

day at Casablanca is described as the most desperate since the French troops landed. It lasted throughout the day. The Moors once made a feint of retiring and the French, in pursuing, fell into an ambush and were quickly surrounded. Their position was, for a time, one of extreme danger. But they formed a square and held the enemy in check until reinforcements came up, when the Moors were repulsed with a terrible loss.

### SUBSIDY FOR COREA.

Japan Grants One Pending Readjustment of Finances.

TOKIO, Aug. 30.—The State Council adopted to-day, in principle, Marquis Ito's policy as to Corea, under which Japan will grant a subsidy of from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 annually, pending the readjustment of the Korean finances.

It was pointed out that the most urgent problem in Corea is the reform of the judicial system, by which would be insured the security of life and property. Furthermore, it is necessary that all legitimate enterprises should be encouraged and that the national resources should be built up. The Council did not look with favor upon a policy of annexation, which would involve an annual outlay of from \$10,000,000 to \$16,000,000.

### MUST GO TO PRISON







## ONE PHASE OF IBSEN'S INFLUENCE.

WHILE the German stage, in the remarkable verisimilitude of its acting, due to great care in the selection and casting of actors, is still admirable, there is evidence that it is degenerating in the matter of dramatic material.

One of the first of German dramatic critics, Dr. PAUL GOLDMAN, has assailed contemporary dramatists in a work entitled "Decline of the German Stage," alleging that during the past twenty years, with but few exceptions, there has been a succession of plays utterly devoid either of literary or dramatic merit. This he seeks to prove by the assertion that managers, in order to please their patrons, have been driven to the production of translated versions of foreign detective plays like Sherlock Holmes and Raffles. Dr. GOLDMAN says German dramatists have failed utterly to interpret contemporary life. "Modern German dramatists," says he, "proudly set up IBSEN as their model and ideal. Yet they have lacked either the understanding or the power to pattern after him. Their works manifest no comprehension whatever of the ideas and problems of the time," and he adds:

They know nothing of clericalism and anti-clericalism, nothing of the old unending war between free thought and the power of Church which lately has been rekindled. They know nothing of the struggle of individualisms against the tyranny of capital in the economic and intellectual life. They know nothing of the moral problems of our epoch. They know nothing of popular disappointment over the results of exact science. They know nothing of women's fight for their rights. They know nothing of the fact that in the hearts of our generation the sentiments of ROUSSEAU's generation are beginning to assert themselves—surfeit with culture and homesickness for nature.

And it would seem that all these things should be understood by authors who would pattern after IBSEN.

The trouble with most modern dramatists obsessed by IBSEN is that they mistake superficial things for essential things.

There can be but one IBSEN. Other dramatists may profitably study IBSEN's technique, and assimilate his general purpose; but to be successful and effective they must work from and upon their own individuality and with reference to their own environment, seizing immediate problems, of which there are many, for dramatic treatment.

IBSEN has powerfully influenced dramatists of every nationality. Unfortunately, however, he seems to have shown that sometimes great genius, acting on lesser genius, tends to destroy originality and hinder that individuality which, if left to act spontaneously, might worthily achieve.

In no State of the Union is the love of Shakespearean drama more deeply rooted than in Texas. Even in its early period of development, the famous tragic actors of the time could always depend upon great appreciation and profit.

*Shakespeare in Texas*

In 1881 John McCullough played "Othello" in a Texas city where the playhouse conditions were so primitive that he and the members of his company were compelled to dress for the performance in the hotel across the street from the theater. But the audience which packed the house to overflowing embraced many lovers of legitimate acting who had come from points a hundred miles and more distant.

When Mr. Mantell recently visited the same city, and appeared in the same role, he found a magnificent theater, with every modern convenience in his dressing-room. The last seat had been sold before his arrival. The local

dramatic field had become encumbered with many weeds of hasty growth within the intervening three decades, but the classic drama still survived like a grand old oak.

It is significant that wherever Mr. Mantell presents Shakespeare, he is sure of crowded balcony and gallery. Even if the "society" element, which flocks to musical comedy and erotic problem plays, should sometimes leave unoccupied seats upon the lower floor, and this has rarely happened in the

lives and public careers of America's great players.

Words of wisdom flow from Salvini whenever he is induced to talk of the dramatic art. To young actors he has recently said:

Before they go further young actors should read and re-read the play in which they are to appear. They should re-read it many times. Not for the mere sake of learning it or their own parts by heart, but in order to become thoroughly familiar with the purpose and the character of the work.

Next, they should read and re-read the parts with which they have been intrusted. Not once, but many times. If they should happen to be cast for historic roles, they should study their characters historically and thoughtfully in every detail. And they should study the lines and characters of the persons with whom they are supposed to have had dealings.

They should, above all, remember that their characters ought never to be detached or thought of as apart from their surroundings. By the time they have understood the play and fathomed their own roles, they will have learned their lines. That will come naturally and incidentally. To be letter perfect is, of course, a trifle compared with mastering a character.

Then they should devote their attention to what I may call the illustration of their characters. In other words, they should see what special points and effects they can bring out in their parts. For, after all, the best we can say for ourselves, we actors, is that we are illustrators. Yes; even though, as sometimes happens, we may be able to bring points into relief which our authors may not have dreamt of. Oh, it is not easy to act. It is a hard study. But in acting one must be thorough. To learn one's part by heart is only the first step toward a result.

To be an actor you must penetrate your character. You must live it. It is not enough only to speak the lines set down for you.

And this, followed faithfully, means thoroughness, which is so lacking on the American stage to-day.

*Salvini*

Feb 1908

23



## AUDIENCE ENJOYS "JULIUS CAESAR"

James O'Neill as "Marc Anthony" Scores Distinct Triumph.

### SUPPORTING COMPANY IS WELL CHOSEN

As if in refutation of the general impression that among theater patrons there is no longer any taste for Shakespeare the Lyric Theater was packed last night at the performance of Julius Caesar. Repeatedly the popular appreciation of the immortal tragedy was reflected by the generous applause. By his faithful interpretation of the character of Marc Antony, Mr. James O'Neill scored a distinct triumph and time and again he was recognized by curtain calls.

In the main the supporting company is fairly well chosen and Charles D. Herman as Brutus and Norman Hackett as Cassius are especially strong. The Portia of Alice Fleming was filled with thrilling pathos.

The play as staged by Mr. O'Neill is arranged in four acts, comprising seven tableaux. The first tableaux depicts the smoldering envy which leads to the conspiracy against Caesar's life and Cassius and Casca administer the first taint of poison to the mind of Brutus. The second tableaux reproduces the formation of the compact to slay Caesar which is made under the cover of night in Brutus' garden and ends with Portia's dramatic appeal for her husband's love and confidence.

The scene before Caesar's house in which he is persuaded to go to the senate chamber does not maintain the strength of the other portion of the production although James O'Neill, Jr., as Trebonius proves a strong emissary. The assassination of Caesar is well done except for his own fall from the sword of Brutus, which is rather too well studied.

In the remarkable funeral oration Mr. O'Neill realizes the full power of his dramatic art. It is highly probable that the orator sways his audience even as Antony did that day in the forum.

The tent scene in which Brutus and Cassius quarrel and become reconciled is one of the strongest features of the play and each of the Roman generals accomplishes his self destruction with great dramatic force after the defeat of the opposing army under the leadership of Antony and Octavius Caesar.

## BUFFALO BUSINESS HIGH TRIBUT

Writes Him in Praise of His Interpretation of the Character of Marc Antony in "Julius Caesar."

There is no more enthusiastic admirer and student of the works of Shakespeare than former Fire Commissioner John F. Malone, now president of the Empire Shipbuilding Company of this city. He misses no opportunity that presents itself for a comparison of the present with the past along those lines, and is as warm in his praise as he is sometimes caustic in his comment.

After witnessing the recent performance of "Julius Caesar" he wrote and sent the following letter to the popular actor, who will no doubt prize it as the opinion of one who knows whereof he writes and speaks.

My Dear Sir—I wish to take this opportunity of expressing to you my appreciation of your rendition of the character of Marc Antony, which I saw you in this week. It certainly is an innovation and a treat to see these great Shakespearean parts played as in the old days.

I believe, Mr. O'Neill, that I have seen you in all the leading parts that you have played. As a boy, I saw you support the great tragic actress, Charlotte Cushman, playing "Danny Dinmunt" in "Meg Merrilees," "Cardinal Wolsey" in "King Henry VIII." and "Macbeth" to Miss Cushman's "Lady Macbeth." I esteem this one of the greatest privileges and treats in my life to have seen this celebrated tragedienne. I saw you also in what I believe was called "The American King," "Dead Heart," "Three Guardsmen," and, of course, in "Monte Cristo," "Hamlet," etc.

I have also seen the great tragic stars: Forest, Booth, Barrett, E. L. Davenport, Barry Sullivan, Milnes Levick, F. C. Bangs, and others, in all their great characters, but never was so much impressed as I was with your delivery of Antony's address in "Julius Caesar." I believe today that you are the only real actor of the school, who is competent to portray these Shakespearean roles. We have some, strutting about the stage at the present time assuming these great parts, which, if they were not surrounded with the spectacular, would be scarcely noticed. I do hope that you will be able to continue in these legitimate parts, as the drama to my notion, is declining.

Wishing you the full measure of success and happiness, believe me to be

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN F. MALONE.

Many will agree with Mr. Malone that James O'Neill has a right to the high praise here given for his stirring delivery of the great oration.

## THEIR DEBUT WAS IN BUFFALO

How many know Today that Dan Shelby put the Irwin Sisters on the Stage.

### FIRST YEARS WERE HARD

Mr. Shelby called them Irwin because he didn't think Campbell a good Stage Name.

When May Irwin made her memorable excursion into vaudeville last season, she included Buffalo in her tour, and while here she confessed to an Express representative that she always had an especially warm feeling for this city, as it was here that she made her professional debut.

The other day the Matinee Girl of the New York Dramatic Mirror paid a visit to May Irwin at her summer home in the Thousand Islands, and during that visit she heard the story of the Irwin Sisters and how they came to adopt the stage as a profession, a story that will be read with particular interest by Buffalonians. Here it is:

In the cheerful cosy corner of the veranda of Irwin Castle, overlooking the Saint Lawrence River, a little woman dressed daintily in white told me the story of how and why May and Flo Irwin went on the stage. She was the best possible authority on the subject. No one could possibly know more than she about the matter, for she is their mother.

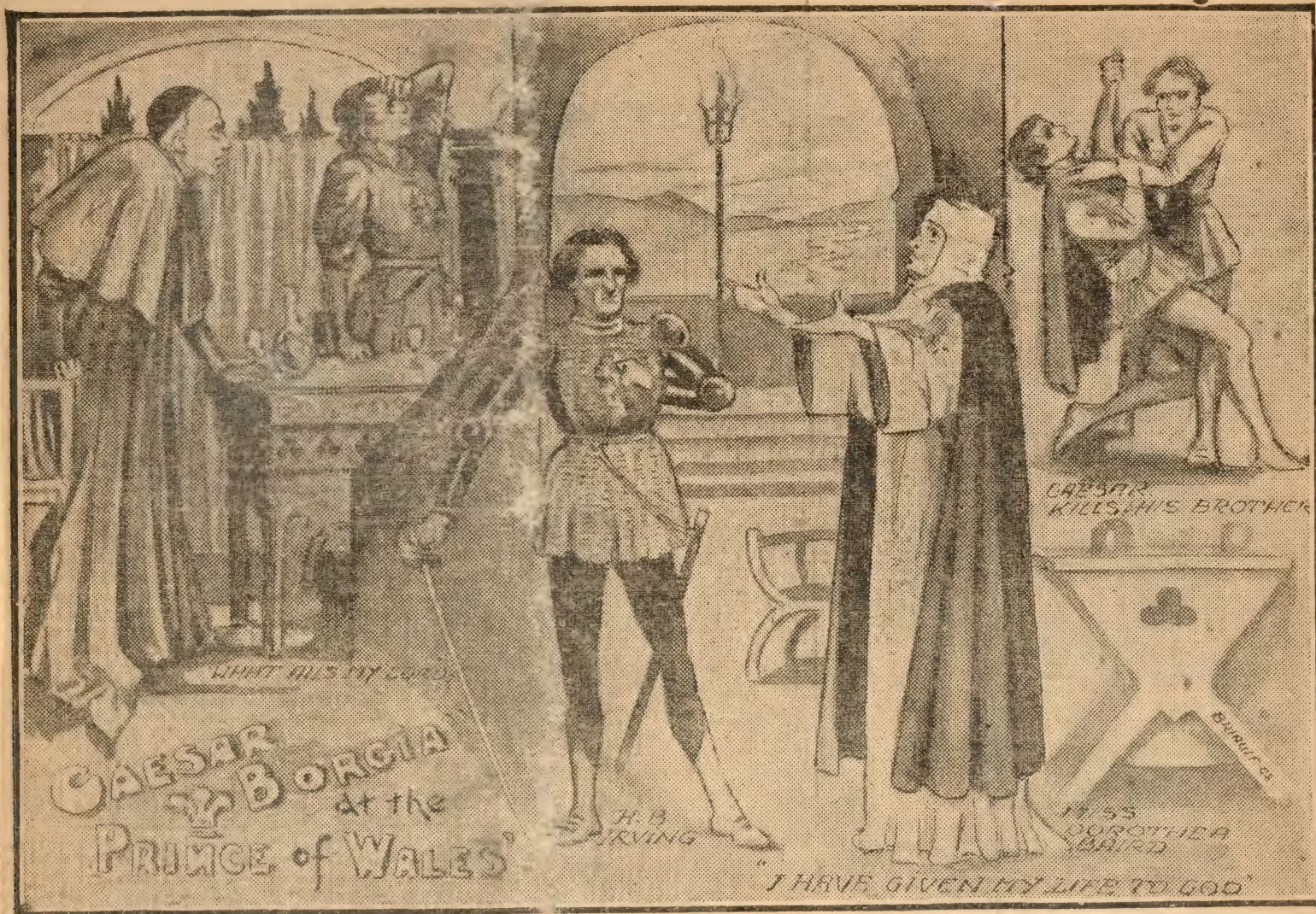
May Irwin always speaks of her mother with the same pride she showed at the time she went on the stage in her dolls. And with reason, for Mrs. Campbell is a living marvel in the art of perennial youth, and a model for women of any age in that art almost as difficult, of becoming dressing. Small, and of regular features and fair, pink-tinted complexion, with the air of being always perfectly gowned, she is of the type we describe as doll-like, yet she contains as many surprises as do many other so-called doll women. Tucked away under her fluffy, fair hair is a large quantity of working brains.

"The papers have never got it right about the start the girls had on the stage. They say that Tony Pastor put them on the stage. That isn't so.

"When they were little things, their father died, and there was trouble about a will. By a technicality of the law, he lost everything. In a village miles out of Toronto I then



"Caesar Borgia": Mr. H. B. Irving at the Prince of Wales Theatre.



The few plays we have from modern pens dealing with these stirring times of medieval Italy have been quite noteworthy, and Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's "Caesar Borgia," which Mr. H. B. Irving presented at the Prince of Wales Theatre on Monday night, is

in history—there is a dramatic love story worked out to a tragic end. Caesar, surfeited of noble dames, lays court in a scholar's guise to a "wonder jewel" he finds in a house of dreams. Thus he is seen immediately after having murdered his brother, breathing passionate love speeches in a moonlit garden to the maid who, all unknown to either of them, is

less piece of bronze, Caesar hands her over to her kinsmen again. The plot thickens at this period, and the story is carried rapidly to a tragic close in the murder of Caesar and the election to Papal supremacy of Cardinal Della Rovere, who, through a bravo's intervention, escapes the poisoned cup prepared for him by the Borgia.





The few plays we have from modern pens dealing with these stirring times of medieval Italy have been quite noteworthy, and Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's "Caesar Borgia," which Mr. H. B. Irving presented at the Prince of Wales Theatre on Monday night, is every way to rank with the best of them.

Mr. McCarthy has made liberal use of the license conceded to poets in dealing with historical events and personages. So while we are shown many of the sinister traits in the Empire-schemer's character, he is yet presented as a well-graced prince; a devout lover of the arts, and with a rich vein of romance in his nature. Side by side with the murderous schemes by which Caesar Borgia seeks to win his way to the throne of a united Italy—the stabbings and poisonings, for which the

in history—there is a dramatic love story worked out to a tragic end. Caesar, surfeited of noble dames, lays court in a scholar's guise to a "wonder jewel" he finds in a house of dreams. Thus he is seen immediately after having murdered his brother, breathing passionate love-speeches in a moonlit garden to the maid who, all unknown to either of them, is to be the instrument of his fate. Till then, unaware of her own identity, she is informed that she is Lavinella Orsini, and she is by a ruse to win her way to the unguarded presence of Caesar, and there with a stiletto to break the vengeance of her house upon the hated Borgia. In the guise of a wanton she is admitted to Caesar, ever on the lookout for some fresh toy. When the two come face to face Lavinella finds herself incapable of carrying out her mission and remains as a lover still, until, in exchange for a

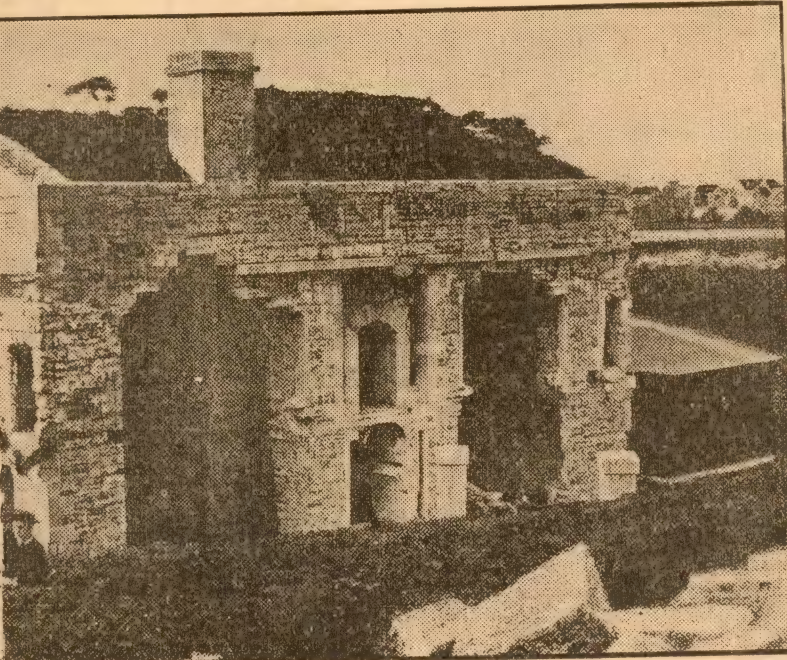
less piece of bronze, Caesar hands her over to her kinsmen again. The plot thickens at this period, and the story is carried rapidly to a tragic close in the murder of Caesar and the election to Papal supremacy of Cardinal Della Rovere, who, through a bravo's intervention, escapes the poisoned cup prepared for him by the Borgia.

Mr. McCarthy has succeeded in producing a well-knit and dignified story, set out in graceful language, and moving strongly and easily to its destined end.

Mr. Irving has added another to his growing list of triumphs. All through the scene he carried the play on his shoulders, picturing intelligently the varying phases of Caesar's character as the author has painted it. Miss Dorothea Baird moved through the scenes gracefully and appealingly, and contributed in no degree to the general success.



## RY OF A BUFFALO CASTLE.



had are Steele Mackaye, Destined to Become One of the World's  
James First Put His Histrionic Efforts Into Play.

tor in ~~the~~ the rate of the town  
Perhaps I am not disrespectful  
wrong in saying that at this period  
(1841) Col. McKay was in broad know

stand in front of it and gaze out on  
the inland sea and cry out from a heart  
full of longing for days that had fled:  
"Oh, I weep for the things undone—  
if I were but a boy again!"

The Castle still stands; it always  
should stand. If the barracks are ever  
surrendered to the greediness of city  
time, let that little stone house re-  
main as a public mark. The old ivy-  
grown fort has long since gone. Its  
destruction was first contemplated by  
Political Ogres in 1886, but a personal  
appeal to Secretary Endicott was made  
by Mr. Harry Barton, cousin of the  
once distinguished Buffalo actor, Bar-  
ton Hill, to have it preserved, and in  
spite of the Political Ogres who said  
it was in a "disgraceful condition,"  
the old moat and fort were preserved  
another four years. These are the  
people who would now demolish the  
Roman Coliseum under the same plea.

Of Steele Mackaye's family there  
still remains his wife, who frequently  
makes her home among beloved  
friends in Buffalo. Percy Mackaye,  
his son, is winning honors by his dra-  
matic and classic work, and recently  
lectured here before the Twentieth  
Century Club.

time more noted for a cataract and a  
canal than anything else! Sometime  
he kept a "Military Institute" and I  
think that was how he won his  
soubriquet. He was particularly ac-  
tive in the interest of the Young Men's  
Association which laid the founda-  
tion of our present Public Library.  
During the winter of '41 there  
was a course of lectures given and the  
colonel announced as his subjects:  
"The Men in Woolen Jupes Seen  
About the Baths of Mount d'Or." This  
caused considerable comment and (as  
my father used to tell me) not a little  
amusement as being an eccentric and  
pedantic pose. But the citizens did  
not appreciate all the man knew and  
how familiar he was with France.  
They did better when they heard him.  
He did more to establish his identity  
among his townspeople by building a  
beautiful little castle for a home on  
"Prospect Hill." He resided in this  
until he was forced by financial em-  
barrassment to move out of it. Like  
the remarkable child of which he was  
progenitor he was building too many  
castles in Spain! He went to Paris  
and there lived out the remainder of  
a notable life, and the castle was sold  
to the government to become part of  
the barracks, as it still is. He had  
married into one of the most promi-  
nent families of Buffalo—Miss Steele,  
sister of O. G. Steele, who was also a

the hill is full of fond remembrance  
to this blessed day.

It was, as I have already indicated,  
in 1844, that a boy was born there who  
was given his mother's family name.  
It is of this child that I have most  
now to do. I knew him very intimatel-  
ly in his latter days, and it has only  
been a decade that he is dead. He  
grew up with brainful guidance and as  
a child played around the ruins of old  
Fort Porter, then moss-grown and  
covered with Japan ivy, which the Col-  
onel always spoke of as "amplous  
vestchii." The boy Steele was con-  
sidered "pretty smart," and at school  
it was a dead knock-down for all the  
books placed in front of him. At six-  
teen years old he went to Paris to  
study the fine arts, but when the war  
broke out he became a Union soldier,  
and he could fight too—fight like the  
very Old Nick, it was said, and always  
stood his ground. Then he went back  
to Paris, having done his duty at  
home don't you see? He became in-  
terested in the effectiveness and  
beauties of dramatic art. He studied  
under Francois Delsarte and was a  
notable disciple. He returned to  
country in a glow of glorying  
hood and delivered two lect-  
ures in Boston, two in New York  
before Har-

A BUFFALO CASTLE  
AND ITS HISTORY

12 (Continued from Page 17.)

I saw a great deal of Steele Mackaye  
from that time forward. He produced  
another play called "Money Mad" that  
was a passing success, and then hoped  
to crown his whole career by the  
building of his "theatatorium" for the  
World's Fair in Chicago. It was mar-  
vellously planned, and had it ever  
been shown to the public, would have  
placed Steele Mackaye on a pedestal  
as the most remarkable theatrical  
manager in the world. But, alas, be-  
fore it could be finished in time, the  
money gave out. The blow was more  
than the now worn physical part of  
Steele Mackaye could bear, and he  
died in despair and grief. On his

DESHLER WELCH.



demey of Music on the night of . A carload of personal friends invited to go along, to be the sts of Mackaye for a whole week-- the Hotel Genesee. Among them were some of the most distinguished critics and "first nighters" of New York--Lawrence Jerome, Tom Ochiltree, Judges Brady and Daniels and Commodore Dickerson among the latter. During the week the social festivities included a "special" to Niagara Falls and a great banquet to the Meech Brothers, in whose theater the play was produced. There were "lunches" and "breakfasts" in the town square, and every member of the company became a hero, down to the last in the mob scene. On Monday May 30, the Academy contained the most substantial and brilliant in its existence. It was a exquisite weather, that was ked back upon by all work- ipants as a spring festival-- of Tadema dream. The cast rb--one that will always re- ble: Steele Mackaye, Eben Frederick de Belleville, John A. Lane, H. B. Brad- yder, Sidney Drew, B. T. erome Stevens, Julian

The n all the New York critics and "fir- at nighters" rushed out into the lobb- ies to talk it over, and enthusi- astic e dispatches were sent to the new spapers. It was a week of the- atrical excitement. Many Buffalonians saw the play seven times. It was subsequently produced in New York (Dec. 24 of the same year) under the title of "Paul Kauvar," and on its first night there, at the Standard The- ater, now the Manhattan, another "ban- quet premier" was given that was attended by "notable" people and a few others--among them General Horace Porter, Col. R. G. Ingersoll and General Sherman. Mackaye was his own toastmaster, and it was a never to be forgotten night by such a hum- ble participant as I. I am proud to re- member whom I sat with--and more proud to remember the man- ner and moment in which Steele Mac- kaye called upon me to address that table of fifty remarkable men. I felt for enough when Charles Cog- lan, who was next to me, dropped his monocle in a wine glass and said, when I sat down, sotto voce: "You're right!"

Continued on Page Twenty.

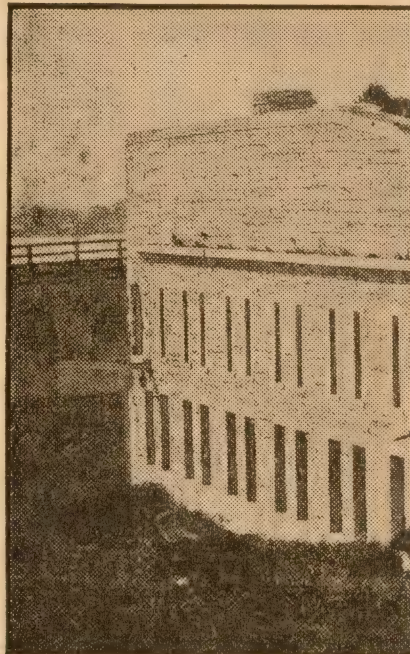
scullions in "Taming of the Shrew." In the early part of 1887 Mackaye completed a new play which he ten- tatively called "Anarchy." His en- thusiasm over it ran riot. Every man- ager on this side of the ocean went

rescue by Paul Kauvar and the le tableau itself was one of the t thrilling spectacles ever seen on stage. The audience gasped for th, and as the curtain came down e in a body with yells and screams.

special invitation from a committee composed of Henry W. Longfellow, Wm. C. Bryant, V. A. P. Barnard, D. D., Henry W. Bellows, Wm. R. Alger, Marshall O. Roberts, Edwin Booth, J. Q. A. Ward, Vincenzo Botta, Peter Cooper, Lawrence Barrett, James T. Fields, Lester Wallack, Henry W. Bellow and others! While he was giving these lectures Steele Mackaye (he had now thus changed his name to conform to his Scotch heraldry and better adapted for stage purposes) learned that his beloved master, Del- sarte, was lying in great pecuniary distress at Solesmes, and, to relieve him, devoted the entire proceeds of his lectures--some 14,000 francs. It enabled the old artist to return to Paris and live in every comfort until his death in 1871. We haven't many men in Buffalo doing this kind of thing today--have we?

Encouraged beyond measure of his fondest hopes and dreams, young Steele Mackaye opened a theater in 1872 in New York called the St. James. At the close of the first season he went to London and played "Ham- let" for several weeks at the Crystal Palace. While there he collaborated with Tom Taylor in two plays, "Ark- wright's Wife" and "Clancarty," pro- duced with great success. Next he wrote "Jealousy," a play, with Charles Reade, and again collaborated with George Elliot in a dramatization of "Silas Marner." He then returned to America and constructed two of the most beautiful and original theaters that New York ever had--the Lyceum and the Madison Square. In the build-

## THE STO.



The Old Ruins of Fort Porter, Wh



and Where He First Acquired

ell, Edward M. Hurd, Genevieve n, May Irwin, Marie Hartley, e Hosford and Alice Hamilton. end of the fourth act came the t situation of the play: the an- s, wild with excitement, have t in women to put to public among them the lovely Diane.



3 building," and now, this week, the pretty Madison Square is being done away with for the same purpose.

Which would you rather be—an office skyscraper builder or a great actor, dramatist and poet?

As a playwright Steele Mackaye achieved more positive success in the realms of actual art and stage values than any other American author. I am afraid to say "among the live or dead," for fear Clyde Fitch, who used to write poetry for me, will sic his pink-ribboned Angora kitty in my direction!

Let us think a few things. Mackaye's adaptation of "Rose Michel" ran 122 nights at the old Union Square Theater. "Won at Last," an original play, was one of the great successes of Wallack's, and "Hazel Kirke" ran 500 nights at the Madison Square. Other plays were "Queen and Woman," "Through the Dark," "An Iron Will," "Dakolar," "A Fool's Errand," "In Spite of All," "Rienzi," rewritten and reconstructed for Lawrence Barrett, "Anarchy" (or "Paul Kauvar") and "Money Mad."

These dramas were played before millions of people; they had their effect on careers in all lands. A good play alters countless circumstances in the life of a listener.

The most remarkable of Steele Mackaye's plays was "Paul Kauvar," and it is concerning its great and initial production, that took place in Buffalo, that this article has particularly to do.

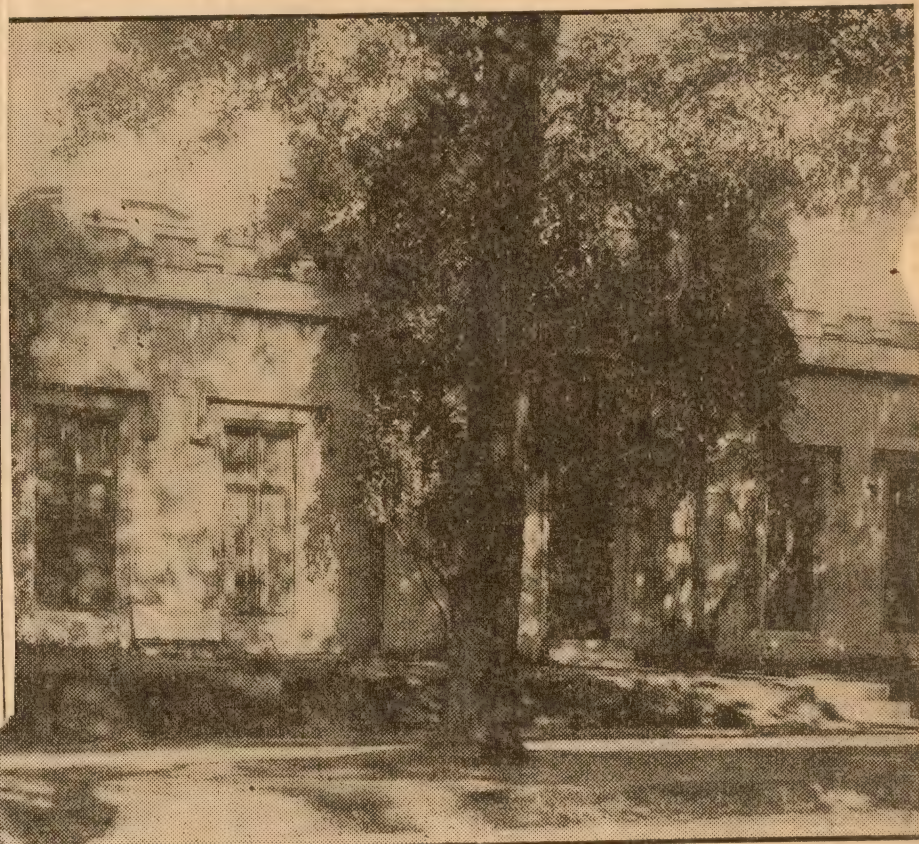
Steele Mackaye was a genius and a dreamer. When he had money it ran through his fingers with the ease of the sands of time. He had been born in a Castle and he continued to build castles in Spain all his life. He was generous to a fault that was more or less grave. He had a charming and brilliant wife and a young family children, and these he clothed alternately in ermine and cheese cloth. His future was most continuously mortgaged. When he wrote a play,

5 vival with the Ghost and Rosencrantz. He seldom made a statement that he couldn't back up, and he backed it up with such mental and physical endurance that his fellow friends fell over each other like the cooks and

8 Buffalo—that was your home once, Larry—and it's going to be my masterpiece!" Well, to make a long story short, a remarkable company was gotten together and rehearsed for weeks and taken up to Buffalo to open at

10 27  
The  
who  
mos  
the  
brea  
aros

## THE TALE OF A BUFFALO CASTLE.



Home of the Commandant of Fort Porter, in Which Steele Mackaye Was Born and His Aspirations for a Stage Career.

2 ing, decorating and harmony Mackaye was the all in all. He invented a double stage, an "ascenseur," practically used in both theaters, and a collapsible chair that was a feature of the old Lyceum. It was an unhappy day when this theater was pulled down to make way for "an office

4 sold it to the first bidder in order to get cash on the nail. His work made fortunes for others, while he went barefoot. His physical and mental endurance was wonderful. He was exceedingly companionable. While posing unconsciously as Hamlet himself most of the time, he was equally con-

7 to him shuffling on the knees, as it were. He got everybody in New York interested in it—politicians, diplomats, "angels" and scene shifters. Somebody backed him up with real money and Mackaye said one day, in talking with "Larry" Jerome: "I'm going to produce 'Anarchy' up in my old home,

10  
Mitch  
Lytto  
Maud  
At the  
great  
archi  
broug  
sham

## WITH THE DISCLOSURE OF THE SOUTH

the mo  
audience  
week of  
always loo  
ing partic  
a sort c  
was supe  
main nota  
Plympton,  
Henry Lee,  
ley, Matt S  
Ringgold, J



## A STUDY OF IAGO.

A FIGURE OF UNMOTIVATED AND YET UNWAVERING WICKEDNESS, A VILLAIN ABSOLUTE AND UNQUALIFIED.

Arthur Stringer Analyzes a Character Supreme in the Realms of Devilry—Milton's Satan, Shelley's Cenci, Hugo's Quasimodo, Balzac's Lisbeth, Thackeray's Becky, Browning's Caliban, and Other Types of Evil All Fade into Insignificance by Comparison.

The depicting of pure wickedness can scarcely be called the highest form of dramatic art. To preoccupy attention with a delineation of unrelieved villainy, however startling such a *tour de force* in the field of the abnormal may be, is never an exemplary pursuit and seldom a laudable end. It is not often, indeed, that serious drama busies itself with holding the mirror up to what Lombroso has called the *matto*. It is seldom that Shakespeare gives us a villain without some excuse for his villainy, some extenuation for his evil-doing. However self-seeking or malicious or revengeful this dramatist's wrong-workers may be, he usually shows that their traits and their transgressions are human traits and transgressions. In only one instance does he portray for us villainy that is absolute and unqualified. In only one drama has he drawn a figure of unmotivated and yet unwavering wickedness. And that figure is Iago.

This Iago, it is quite safe to say, is the greatest villain ever created. Milton's Satan, beside him, is a mild and sympathetic figure; Shelley's Count Cenci a weak-minded and much imposed-on father; Victor Hugo's Quasimodo an ill-natured pigmy; Balzac's Lisbeth a mere narrow-visioned egoist; Thackeray's Becky nothing more than a kittenish intriguer; Stevenson's Mr. Hyde a capricious shadow on the tapestry of allegory; Du Maurier's Svengali a pallid musician with the gift of the evil eye; Browning's Caliban a meditative beach-comber steeped in Calvinistic theology.

But this young ancient to the lofty-minded Moorish soldier of fortune is a finished artist in crime. There is something serpentine in his guile, something more than Satanic in his off-handed yet venomous and pertinacious hatred of all his fellows. He is no dullard; his mind has the nimble quickness of the adder's tongue. He is keen-witted, clear-headed, as light-hearted, when need be, as he is light-handed. His eye is veiled, but never dull. He can lie by and watch, as patient as a snake in the sun. But when he strikes, he does so with the quick and casual assurance of the reptile fortified with well-poisoned fangs.

He is almost of an age with Hamlet, twenty-eight years old, in the very prime of his restless and over-wise manhood as a wandering soldier of fortune. The world, apparently, has not used him badly. He has no ledger of actual ill-usage to balance. He has the honest esteem of every one about him. But his character at the core is rotten. He is an ingrate and a liar. He is utterly conscienceless. He is without any of those emotional affiliations which bind man to his own kind and make him one of a brotherhood, with the self-justifying social obligations which all such confraternity implies. This Iago travels as alone and segregated as a timber wolf. No dogmas weigh on him; he chafes, but never at principles. No past compels his reverence, as no future compels his concern. Neither creed nor fair-mindedness confines him. He is destitute of that spirit of fortitude which touches human effort with nobility even in defeat; he is without that trace of the visionary which at times makes suffering something to be gladly borne. He has not one aspiration, or one ideal, which could not be caught up contemptuously on the point of his rapier. Alert as are his intellectual faculties, he is without any definite conception of the ultimate trend of things. He stands well equipped to deal with the immediate, keen and prompt, compact and decisive in thought. But those faculties called into play in dealing with the remote—imagination, faith, upliftedness, reverence, abstract spiritual courage—he has none. Nor has he one consoling misapprehension of human motives, nor even one redeeming illusion as to life. He is passionless; he carries on his restless head the curse of the Laodicean. He is never heroic, even in his malignity. Never for a moment does he rise to the barbaric grandeur of a Macbeth in crime. He is a half-hearted grafter, not greatly in love with the game, and not greatly enamored of the graft. "Put money in thy purse" is the best advice this man who "knows his price" can give—yet it is plain enough that even money, one of the few actualities of life that he can understand, will never quite satisfy him. Crime is to him what his periodic drug is to the cocaine snuffer or the opium eater. He is a drunkard,

and hose. The more one thinks over this character the more one is left pondering just why Shakespeare bequeathed to us so dark and strange a study in abnormal psychology. We wonder what mood permitted so mature and normal an artist to leave purity and innocence confounded by what should have been a patient in a psychopathic ward.

Ibsen, doubtless, would have treated Iago as a sick man, as a degenerate in whom have centered the inherited taints of certain imponderable evils of society. But Shakespeare has here, apparently, clung to the older Æschylean conception of Fate as involving the individual in injustice of which he himself is not the author. His sense of the tragic seems to be still built on the belief of some unfathomable cruelty in the operations of destiny. He still bows, in Othello, before the incomprehensible; our fate, he would still say, rests in the lap of the gods. And it is the poignancy of this attitude as reflected in the tortured spirit of Othello, and the pitifulness of human reason humbled before the inscrutable, that has saved this work from being a problem play, on the one hand, or a wonderfully complete and yet a mere melodrama of intrigue on the other.

What has been called the modernity of the classics is due to the fact that every generation refashions these classics to its own shifting taste, draping the shoulder of the universal with the cloak of the moment. We are of too analytical and too self-conscious an era to accept Othello as a mere *crime passionnel*. It is more than a bald recital of jealousy and murder and suicide. An interpretation such as Novelli's teaches us that it can be accepted only as a tragedy and never as a melodrama. Yet it carries all the machinery of melodrama, and the main-wheel of that melodramatic machinery is the figure of Iago.

Too imminently and too often is this snake-like figure the "god from the machine" to let us accept the inevitableness of the tragedy's action without question. His conquests are too facile; those about him too continuously harp on his "honesty." He escapes detection for too long and too easily. The sheer fortuitousness of his intrigues' outcome is too great a strain on credulity; the long arm of coincidence is almost wrenched from its socket. He is too lucky in crime, in that wrongdoing which the modern mind must regard as consciously or unconsciously sowing the seed of its own destruction. We see him carrying on no less than four intrigues; that against the foolish and lascivious Roderigo, to bleed him of his money and jewels; that against the position of Cassio, which he seems to wish to fill; that against Cassio's life, when it is convenient to have him out of the way; and that against Othello, to awaken the jealous rage of the Moor against the innocent and too flower-like Desdemona.

These are the movements of melodrama, wherein, until the psychological moment, unconfounded malignity harries and frustrates bewildered innocence. Yet the directness and the simplicity of the drama's construction; the unity and equilibrium from which arise its triumphant theatrical values, combined with the nobility and exotic grandeur with which Shakespeare has invested the character of Othello, carry the play above melodrama, in the end, into the plane of pure tragedy.

Iago, strangely enough, is both the strength and the weakness of Othello. While his character and the persistence of its influence will always keep this play from being the supremest or most cherished of Shakespeare's tragedies, his very villainy serves to accelerate the action and to unify the otherwise complex structure. He precipitates the dormant Moorish rage of Othello, sets loose the turbulent Mauritanian blood of the lion-like general whom the Venetian Roderigo has contemptuously called "the thick-lips," and promptly brings to the issue the almost angelic womanhood, the over-sensitive and over-earthly refinement of Desdemona. Whether or not, in this, Iago is merely anticipating the inevitable is a question not lightly to be disposed of. If it was Shakespeare's intention to show these lovers, like Romeo and Juliet, as being "ill-starred," through over-contradictory environment and through too divergent lives and temperaments then it can be reasonably claimed that he is forcing himself from the more antique conception of Fate which the persistence and potency of Iago's wickedness seemed to countenance. Iago's wickedness seemed to countenance marriage, which, we know, broke Brabantio's heart, was as unnatural a mating as self has argued, then the flaw which about the tragic break rests in our two themselves, and they can no longer be regarded as innocent natures crushed under the capricious heel of evil. Othello, in that case, was his victim, and not the victim of Fate. This, of course, does not altogether mitigate the tragedy of his end. To die through injustice of which he himself is the author is quite as lamentable as to die through the injustice of another. It is the mere transference of the tragic spirit from the individual to society. It is simply a matter of which cloak we are ready to drape over the shoulder of the eternal problem.



to balance. He has the honest esteem of every one about him. But his character at the core is rotten. He is an ingrate and a liar. He is utterly conscienceless. He is without any of those emotional affiliations which bind man to his own kind and make him one of a brotherhood, with the self-justifying social obligations which all such confraternity implies. This Iago travels as alone and segregated as a timber wolf. No dogmas weigh on him; he chafes, but never at principles. No past compels his reverence, as no future compels his concern. Neither creed nor fair-mindedness confines him. He is destitute of that spirit of fortitude which touches human effort with nobility even in defeat; he is without that trace of the visionary which at times makes suffering something to be gladly borne. He has not one aspiration, or one ideal, which could not be caught up contemptuously on the point of his rapier. Alert as are his intellectual faculties, he is without any definite conception of the ultimate trend of things. He stands well equipped to deal with the immediate, keen and prompt, compact and decisive in thought. But those faculties called into play in dealing with the remote—imagination, faith, upliftedness, reverence, abstract spiritual courage—he has none. Nor has he one consoling misappreciation of human motives, nor even one redeeming illusion as to life. He is passionless; he carries on his restless head the curse of the Laodicean. He is never heroic, even in his malignity. Never for a moment does he rise to the barbaric grandeur of a Macbeth in crime. He is a half-hearted grafter, not greatly in love with the game, and not greatly enamored of the graft. "Put money in thy purse" is the best advice this man who "knows his price" can give—yet it is plain enough that even money, one of the few actualities of life that he can understand, will never quite satisfy him. Crime is to him what his periodic drug is to the cocaine snuffer or the opium eater. He is a drunkard, with wickedness as his wine. He is a furtive and febrile buccaneer on the high seas of intrigue, knowing no law and acknowledging none. He finds nothing in particular against which to centralize his self-corroding activity. His very creation seems to point to some cankering suspicion in his creator's mind as to whether earth cannot claim its occasional disinterested devotion to evil, for evil's sake alone, as consistently as its occasional passion of impersonal goodness.

This ancient, who has traveled from Syria to England—and the dramatic irony of making such a man a standard-bearer is worthy of note—moves with the indifference of the true skeptic. He is as cool as he is cynical, with the stagnating calmness of the egotist whose universe is bounded by his own hungry body and his own domineering appetites. The world is his oyster—and a fool of an oyster at that! Othello, the "sooty-bosomed," little more than a mad bull, in "this poor trash of Venice," to "be led by the nose as asses are"; Roderigo is a "sick fool" and "a snipe"; Cassio is sometimes an "honest fool" and sometimes a venal and voluble knave; Othello's followers at Cyprus, are nothing more than "this flock of drunkards"; a faithful servant is merely an "honest knave" who ought to be whipped; love is little better than "unbitted lusts"; a deserving woman is a wight "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer"; reputation is "an idle and most false imposition"; conscience is "not to leave undone but keep unknown"; companions are mostly "credulous fools," to be trapped; his wife is a "fool" and a "wench" and a "villainous whore."

So this honest, honest Iago sneers and scoffs his way through the world, where he can calmly say "every way makes my game." And so we find him, a scoundrel without cause, a cold-blooded blackguard without extenuation, an innate villain rejoicing in his savageries as spontaneously as a child rejoices in its games, and through it all sitting as unmoved and as heartlessly aloof as though he were a spectator watching an indifferent play. Even among the darkest villains of Shakespeare, and Shakespeare has many, he stands out as a wolf among lambs. He knows nothing of love and duty, honor and virtue—a fig's end for such abstractions! He is a venomous Machiavelian trickster, toying with profundities of life which are incomprehensible to him, a Judas of deceit and hypocrisy, rejoicing in the sight of two noble lovers and an over-noble love turned from a momentary paradise of happiness to a timeless hell of ruin. He is evil incarnate; a human devil, aimless and arbitrary and motiveless in his malevolence.

In so far as this villainy of Iago's transcends that of all his rivals, in so far as he always seemed to me a strangely "humoresque" and un-Shakespearean figure. He is, rather, a recrudescence to the mere personified wickedness of the earlier miracle plays. He stands more in a class with Jonson's creatures with a "humor." He has so little of that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin that his portrait might be taken for that of a barrack-caloused guerilla, a camp-hardened mercenary, who has indeed exchanged humanity with a baboon. He appears before us, not so much as a living and breathing man, as a forked Malignity in doublet

melodrama, in the end, into the plane of pure tragedy.

Iago, strangely enough, is both the strength and the weakness of Othello. While his character and the persistence of its influence will always keep this play from being the supremest or most cherished of Shakespeare's tragedies, his very villainy serves to accelerate the action and to unify the otherwise complex structure. He precipitates the dormant Moorish rage of Othello, sets loose the turbulent Mauritanian blood of the lion-like general whom the Venetian Roderigo has contemptuously called "the thick-lips," and promptly brings to the issue the almost angelic womanhood, the over-sensitive and over-earthly refinement of Desdemona. Whether or not, in this, Iago is merely anticipating the inevitable is a question not lightly to be disposed of. If it was Shakespeare's intention to show these lovers, like Romeo and Juliet, as being "ill-starred," through over-contradictory environment and through too divergent lives and temperaments then it can be reasonably claimed that he is forcing himself from the more antique conception of Fate which the persistence and potency of Iago's wickedness seemed to countenance. His marriage, which, we know, broke Brabantio's heart, was as unnatural a mating as self has argued, then the flaw which about the tragic break rests in our two themselves, and they can no longer be regarded as innocent natures crushed under the capricious heel of evil. Othello, in that case, was his victim, and not the victim of Fate. This, of course, does not altogether mitigate the tragedy of his end. To die through injustice of which he himself is the author is quite as lamentable as to die through the injustice of another. It is the mere transference of the tragic spirit from the individual to society. It is simply a matter of which cloak we are ready to drape over the shoulder of the eternal problem.

But this neither augments nor detracts from the villainy of Iago. He remains the subtlest of all studies of the intellectual criminal. His hypocrisy and his heartlessness have no equal. In the First Folio he was billed as "Iago, a Villaine," and well he deserved the denomination. The habitual criminal, we have been taught to believe, is a mentally defective creature, a pervert, a being of abnormal make-up. Yet Shakespeare keeps Iago far above anything like a maddoid. Outside his villainy he is, as has already been said, quick-acting, clear-thinking, sane, living enough. He at once wins the confidence and the affection of those about him. He is brutally honest with himself, if not with others, for he is no sentimentalist. His one deviation from the ways of straight thinking is his vague and foundationless suspicion of his wife's former association with Othello. This is no adequate motive for his actions. It is the criminal's soul-satisfying vocation of slandering human nature down to his own level. It is a feeble effort at self-justification, a motiveless groping about for the unctious of imaginary excuses. It is as much a pose as the self-assuaging pretense of this most consummate liar ever created that he hungers for the lieutenantcy given to Cassio. He did not want Cassio's place; he permitted caprice to come between him and that end; he promptly went off on the side issues of other and more willful intrigues. He shows no stubborn concentration to achieve what he has at first wrangled and fretted about before Roderigo. In fact, material advancement can mean nothing to a man like Iago. The world is already his oyster. A mere lieutenantcy is a bagatelle to what he has been and can be. He moves casually about, like a drunken god, tampering with the future of blinded enemies and friends, making and marring lives with a snap of the finger, toying with destiny as lightly as he toys with truth. This is a better game than soldiering. To be a lieutenant to a thick-lipped Moor is nothing beside being the supreme monarch in a world of malice, while that world still lasts.

ARTHUR SPRINGER.

## HOME FOR DRAMA AND ART.

Francis Wilson, representing dramatic art; Richard Watson Gilder, representing literature; Jules Guerin, representing painting, and Herbert Lucas, the architect, representing "frozen music," and Charles H. Lee, of the United States Leather Company, representing commerce, have formed a corporation to build an artistic apartment house at 24 Gramercy Park. They will occupy some of the apartments themselves and rent the remainder to selected tenants to pay expenses.

## LONG RUN FOR FARCE.

The military farce, *Tire au Flanc*, that has been running in Paris for four years, closed on Oct. 10, after 1,594 performances. During its run the soubrette was married and has two children, and the juvenile comedian served three years of military service and returned to the cast. The only interruption of the run was in 1907, when the theatre was closed for 43 days for renovation.



... motives and an interpolated catastrophe, which affords a natural but unexpected ending. The principal motive of the play is the exposition of a bad woman's influence over three men, none very nice. Thus it is basically disagreeable, but the suggested nastiness is artfully concealed and there is nothing offensive in the lines or scenes, or in the entire presentation nothing to shock the sensibilities of anyone. The splendid acting of Mr. Skinner and his company conceal some of the palpable blemishes and inconsistencies. Although Col. Bridau is a Napoleonic hero, the time of the play is 1824, when the Bourbons ruled France with a strong hand. Jean-Jacques Rouget, a semi-senile sexagenarian bachelor, is enamored of his lovely housekeeper, Flora Brazier (Percy Haswell), who is the actual head of the peculiar household. He abjectly worships her and her love is shared with a gay officer of the guard, Max Gilet. Max takes up his abode in Rouget's home and this triangular arrangement is upset by the arrival, at the close of the first act, of Rouget's nephew, Col. Philippe, just acquitted of a charge of treason. Rouget has previously refused to aid his sister (mother of Philippe) in the financial succor of the alleged conspirator. Philippe, with his strident voice and brusque style, quickly wins the deadly enmity of Flora, and Max Philippe, seeing the state of affairs in his uncle's household, and himself coveting the woman, tells Flora that he means to kill Max, that she must then marry Rouget, that they will both outlive the uncle-husband and that he (Philippe) will then marry Flora and share the old fellow's fortune. In the novel Philippe does just as he had planned, but in the Potter play, after Max is slain in a duel with Philippe, Flora hires his Corsican servant to assassinate her undesirable lover. This plot is thwarted. Orsanto, the servant, is ruthlessly stabbed almost in sight of the waiting woman. After this exciting duel to the death, the cattish Flora is expelled like a wanton, from the Rouget home and Philippe, a second Pettruchio or D'Artagnan in make-up, calmly assumes mastery of the establishment.

Mr. Skinner portrays the fire-eating, blustering, dare-devil Philippe in his usual clever manner, a veritable beau-ideal of the character, achieving the fullest measure of success in every line and scene and situation. His make-up is about the most effective mask Mr. Skinner has been seen in for several seasons.

Percy Haswell, a former favorite in stock companies in Buffalo, deserves high praise for the excellence of her portrayal of Flora. She was last seen here as the Japanese heroine in "The Darling of the Gods," and has become one of the foremost leading women of the stage. She reveals her full dramatic intensity in the scene following the death of Max, and her expression of revengeful hate is about as fine a manifestation of concentrative emotion as could be desired. Her simulation of love for Philippe, in the third act, was finely wrought. Other roles are capably handled. "The Honor of the Family" is without doubt the best dramatic entertainment vouchsafed Buffalo theatergoers in the last two seasons. Mr. Skinner and Miss Haswell were repeatedly called before the curtain, and Mr. Skinner made a characteristic speech.

lems, or various multiple appeal to one of any you would be shunned as a bore.

#### Says Women Are Empty Shells.

"The women of wealth are merely selfish and piggish, and are utterly content with comfortable living quarters, a good dinner, a little polo or bridge, or a rapid automobile or two. They are empty shells and perfectly meaningless and useless to the country."

"If a plague were to wipe out the entire society element of New York the city would be none the worse for it, nor would they be missed. They accomplish nothing and give nothing to the world."

Miss Barrymore hastened to add that, in declaring that American women were not intellectually equipped for noblemen's wives, she did not refer to the great middle class, the working or the accomplishing class, but only to the society girls.

"If the lords and dukes and marquises would only choose their brides from the interesting middle class they would not be disappointed, for these women are the finest types that are made, but alas, they need the money too badly, poor things!"

"Oh, Lord, forgive me, no," Miss Barrymore exclaimed with disgust when the name of a certain son of a New York capitalist was mentioned as being her shadow, following her about the country.

"Never, never will I marry the son of a millionaire. The millionaire would be bad enough, but the son of one—no."

#### Sons of Millionaires Lack Brains.

"Why, the average young son of a millionaire hasn't enough brains to interest a playful kitten, much less a woman who has lived any life or developed her mind and seen the world. He hasn't any purpose in his existence. He never enters the world of affairs, the political arena, that of science or art, or a career of any kind. As English gentlemen consider it their duty to do."

"All the rich young American cares for is to lie around in a luxurious club, talk polo or golf, and bask in the glory of his father's dollars, with infinite leisure at his disposal."

"Then are we to take it that the English gentleman is The One?" Miss Barrymore was asked.

"No, no, no," she answered. "I'm fond of American men. It's only fobs I despise."

"I will marry none other than a poor man, one who has the ability to make his own dollars, and when I make up my mind to marry him I will be willing to give up my career, admiration and everything, if he is worth while. Certainly I wouldn't marry a real man and expect him to carry my grips from place to place."

#### RIVAL CANDIDATES FOR SENATE SPEND FORTUNES



Mr. Mantell, who is reported to be meeting with success, will make his first appearance in the role of Louis XI, in the familiar play of like name, when, on November 8th, he begins his annual engagement in Chicago. The title role of Delavigne's play has long been popular with actors in repertoire, and the late Richard Mansfield planned to act the part. It was next to Shylock, the most popular character in the late Henry Irving's repertoire, although the play gave no opportunity to Miss Ellen Terry, who, on the nights when "Louise XI" was the bill, generally acted in a short piece, like "Nance Oldfield," given as a curtain-raiser. When Signor Ermete Novelli, the Italian tragedian, was in this country last year he frequently appeared as Louise. It was regarded as the best medium for the late W. E. Sheridan, a tragedian of immense vogue in the West 25 years ago. Louis

XI figures as a character in Theodor de Banville's one-act play of "Gringoire," known in this country under the various titles of "The Ballad-Monger," as acted by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, "A Royal Revenge," by the late Lawrence Barrett; and "The King's Pleasure," by N. C. Goodwin. Another very popular play with Louise as an important character is Mr. Just Huntley McCarthy's "If I Were King."

## OTIS SKINNER'S BALZACIAN DRAMA IS INTERESTING

"The Honor of the Family" Is a Most Remarkable Play, and as Witnessed at the Star Theater Is Brilliantly Acted.

## PERCY HASWELL HAS A PROMINENT ROLE

Otis Skinner, justly regarded as one of our most painstaking, studious, ambitious and popular actors, began a brief half-week's engagement at the Star Theater last evening, receiving a very flattering reception at the hands of a large audience and giving his admirers one of the most delightful and strongest characterizations of recent years. Indeed, the role of Col. Philippe Bridau of the French army during the Napoleonic era is about as powerfully dramatic as anything Mr. Skinner has essayed in several seasons and widely different from that of the Abbe in "The Duel," in which he was seen here two seasons ago. He certainly adds to his laurels by his finished and truly admirable impersonation of the swaggering, domineering and intriguing Balzacian hero, a most picturesque as well as unusual type of hero. The production is one of Frohman's and the cast and staging are adequate as well as praiseworthy.

Mr. Skinner's latest tragic-comedy drama is rather inaptly named "The Honor of the Family," for there is little or no honor among the entire lot of principals in the story. It has for its basis a novel entitled "Menage de Garcon," by Balzac, from one of his best analytical studies of human passion and character. From this M. Emile Fabre constructed the play called "La Rabouilleuse," and it had nearly a year's run in Paris. From the French drama Paul M. Potter has woven a somewhat modified version of Balzac's story, adhering closely to the salient traits, but offering a dramatic

## SOCIETY WOMEN ARE PIGGISH, SAYS MISS BARRYMORE

Actress Declares Members of "Smart Set" Are "Most Useless, Brainless and Selfish Beings in World."

## "WOMEN OF WEALTH ARE EMPTY SHELLS"

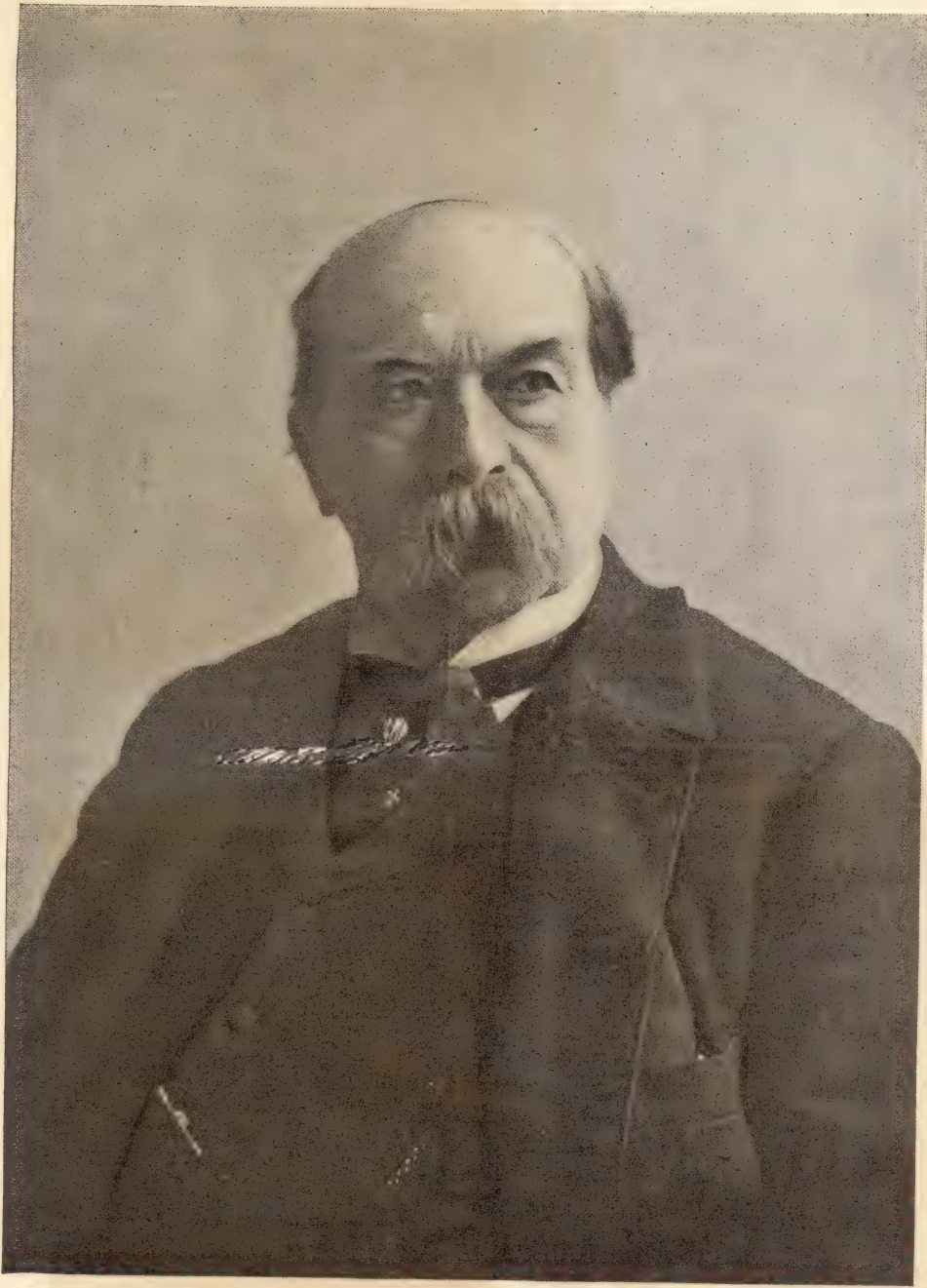
Stage Beauty Denounces Sons of Millionaires as Lacking "Enough Brains to Interest a Kitten, Much Less a Cultured Woman."

St. Louis, Oct. 1.—Etiel Barrymore, whose entree into the best of American and English society is unquestioned, declared last night in a remarkable interview at the theater where she is playing here that the most useless, brainless, selfish and purposeless order of beings in the world constitute the elite society in this country, and especially in New York.

She expressed the opinion that the reason that international marriages with American society girls have proved a failure is because the latter have not enough mentality, culture, education and serious purpose to interest for very long the foreign nobleman, or to meet the requirements of the situation she finds there.

"There is no occasion for brains in our society," she said, "at least not in that of New York, which I have seen, and consequently girls don't prepare themselves or cultivate their capacities. They have enough for what is demanded of them and they don't attempt anything more difficult. If you are in the inanities of a table, you'll pass for a judge of what should happen to the real men."





Tomaso Jalvini' Great



## AMONG THE VICTIMS

OF THE

### "HENRY CLAY DISASTER,"

(Steamboat destroyed by fire on the Hudson River during the fall of 1853), was **Stephen Allen, Esq.**, an aged man of the purest character, formerly **MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. In his pocket-book was found a printed slip, apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a true copy. *Peruse it carefully.*

Keep good company or none. Never be idle.  
If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.  
Always speak the truth. Make few promises.  
Live up to your engagements.  
Keep your own secrets, if you have any.  
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.  
Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.  
Good character is above all things else.  
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.  
If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.  
**Do not drink no kind of intoxicating liquor.**  
Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.  
When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.  
Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.  
Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.  
Never play at any game of chance.  
Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.  
Earn money before you spend it.  
Never run into debt, unless you see plainly a way to get out again.  
Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.  
Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.  
Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous.  
Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.  
Save when you are young to spend when you are old.  
Read over the above maxims, at least, once a week.

### Epigrams Wise and Witty.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance.  
The way to have a true friend is to be one.  
When in the midst of adversity—be strong.  
Successful men are not only born, but made.  
Cheerfulness is one of the great miracle workers.  
Save a little money, much time, and all your soul.  
To encourage honesty in others be honest yourself.  
If you're afraid of work, you have to brave poverty.  
Don't wait for something to turn up—go and turn it up.  
The most ignorant of people are those who "know-it-all."  
Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.  
Do your best—then you can gain your own approbation.  
There are many religions, but there is only one morality.  
If you can't get rid of trouble, cover it—make the best of it.  
Better find one of your own faults than ten of another's.  
Like what you are doing now, if you would do something better.  
Spend not your moments in looking afar off; do what's wanted now.  
He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare, and he who has one enemy shall meet him everywhere.

### Epigrams Wise and Witty.

The idle man stands outside God's plan.  
If you would create a future, make a present.  
Nothing is so powerful as truth—or so strange.  
Every man is really a self-made success or failure.  
Many a runner has lost his race through looking back.  
Misunderstanding goes on like a fallen stitch in a stocking.  
Power itself has not one-half the might of gentleness.—Leigh Hunt.  
From the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.—Carlyle.  
Happiness quite unshared can scarcely be called happiness; it has no taste.—Charlotte Bronte.  
A good offer should never be refused, unless we have a better one at the same time.—Lord Beaconsfield.  
The essence of poetry is beauty, and the principal value of it is the refining influence it has on men's lives.  
The time spent in reading books that do not make us think is worse than useless. One good book, however, is food for a life-time.  
To feel strongly that you are right, and to act on that feeling, is better than to seek the advice of a philosopher, even if you make a mistake.  
There must be a way of taking worry rightly so that it shall do us good and not harm. Worry, rightly taken, should train to quietness, humility, patience, gentleness, sympathy.—A. H. K. Boyd.  
Time is thou hast, see thou that employ;  
Time past is gone you cannot that enjoy;  
Time future is not, and may never be;  
Time present is the only time for thee.

### ROBERT B. MANTELL IN TWO FINE PLAYS

As Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons," and "Hamlet" He Is Brilliant.

Robert B. Mantell as the melancholy Dane, in the title role of Shakespeare's great mythical tragedy-drama, "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," entertained a large audience at the Star Theater last evening, his interpretation of the role measuring up to his genius and high reputation as the foremost tragedian and Shakespearean exponent on the American stage.

Mr. Mantell uses the Edwin Booth version of this play and not since Booth's time has the local stage viewed a superior Hamlet than Mr. Mantell presents. His Hamlet is that of a prince mad enough and sane enough to craftily plot to avenge the fearful murder of his kingly father.

Mr. Mantell's support was good throughout, Miss Russell as Ophelia, Mr. Hale as Claudius, Mr. Turner as Polonius, Mr. Leiber as Laertes and others playing their respective roles creditably.

At the matinee performance Mr. Mantell delighted a large audience, mostly feminine, with his fine impersonation of Claude Melnotte, in a splendid production of Sir Bulwer-Lytton's "The Lady of Lyons."

This evening Mr. Mantell appears as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," one of his finest and most popular characterizations.





ROBERT MANTELL.  
as King John  
NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE.

32

*World Times March 9th 1899*

## "KING JOHN" ACTED, AFTER LONG NEGLECT.

Robert Mantell as England's  
Sombre Tyrant Begins An-  
nual Engagement.

The historical tragedy of "King John," which, almost since the time of Edwin Booth, has been absent from the repertoires of Shakespearean actors, not only in this country, but in England, was given a lavish revival by William A. Brady last night at the New Amsterdam Theatre, where it inaugurated Robert Mantell's annual engagement in New York.

To a great majority of the audience which saw the long panorama of impressive scenes, in which the sinister story of the most cruel, hypocritical, crafty and weak of the early English tyrants was told in the majesty of Shakespearean verse, the tragedy was a novelty. The production received encouragement and is likely to attract attention during its limited run.

Mr. Mantell, now the only native actor who devotes himself exclusively to the classic drama, gave an impressive performance of the treacherous king, emphasizing his gloomily superstitious character, the monstrous cruelty of his nature, his subtle cunning in the devious ways of hypocrisy and his vacillating weakness.

The showier role of the chivalrous soldier of fortune, Phillip Faulconbridge, was impersonated with fine spirit by Fritz Leiber. Miss Mary Booth Russell, who still continues as Mr. Mantell's leading actress, denoted her power in the vicissitudes of a turbulent, unhappy life, which is the keynote of the character of Constance. The lesser role of Queen Elinor fell to Miss Lillian Kingsbury.

The version of the tragedy used by Mr. Mantell is his own.

The division of the tragedy is in seven acts and eleven scenes. Particularly spirited was the third, in which the rival English and French kings demand entrance to the city of Angiers. In their more sombre aspects the settings of the King's room of State and the interior of Swinestead Abbey were also very effective.



## STAR THEATER— MRS. LESLIE CARTER

A NEW American play is always bound to excite interest by itself. When its performance, however, is undertaken by so eminent an actress as Mrs. Leslie Carter the interest naturally becomes much intensified.

No prominent American actress is better known to Buffalo than this lady. She has always been identified with pieces of great sumptuousness and of positive success, and it was in Washington on Thursday night that she brought forth her new play, "Kassa," for the first time on any stage.

She will be seen at the Star Theater in "Kassa" the first half of this week. For reasons unnecessarily to narrate here it is now three or four years since Mrs. Carter has been seen in anything new. She has traveled prosperously through various sections of the country, but has been content to rely upon the plays that had already become so well known, such as "Zaza," "Adrea," "Du Barry," etc. For this reason, if for no other, her appearance here in her new play will be a welcome treat to her many admirers in this city. Mrs. Carter has conquered a position on the American stage that is second to nobody's. In her line she has obtained a supreme position and her hold upon the public has always been unquestioned.

In "Kassa" she is said to possess the strongest play of her career. She put forth the present vehicle as her own individual choice, written for her and to a great extent under her own dictation by John Luther Long, the well-known author of "The Darling of the Gods," "Madam Butterfly" and "Adrea." His task was to fit Mrs. Carter with a part that should, above all, embody an intense story of passion, worked up to by a stronger climax in every act, and this she is said to have obtained.

Mrs. Carter directed her own rehearsals in New York and paid attention to every detail of the production, not alone engaging the company of principals, but rehearsed every one of them in their lines, their demeanor and their action. She also taught the large number of supernumeraries who are so necessary to a performance of this play, and besides all this she saw to the multitudinous costumes that were made by Dazian of New York and designed by Mucha, the celebrated designer and decorator. This gentleman also conceived the drawings and models of the massive scenery that is employed in this play of old Hungary.

Needless to say, therefore, that it is a production of supreme skill and beauty. Money has been generously lavished on every point where it could be made to effectually tell.

The engagement is limited to four performances, with a matinee on Wed-

## MR. MANTELL'S GREATEST ROLES

Robert B. Mantell closed his successful week's engagement at the Star Theater last evening, appearing in his greatest characterization, that of the terrible royal murderer, in Shakespeare's great historical tragedy drama, "Richard III." During the week Mr. Mantell has given Buffalo theatergoers a brilliant and beneficial round of plays, a wonderful demonstration of his great intellectual capacity, his genius, his versatility and his acknowledged histrionic art, the repertoire including King Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet, Claude Melotte, Shylock and Louis XI, concluding yesterday with Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet," and his unexcelled Richard. William A. Brady, Mr. Mantell's manager, provided sumptuous settings for all of the plays of the week and Shakespearean students and lovers of the classic drama have certainly enjoyed a great theatrical treat in Mr. Mantell's visit and America's foremost tragedian has largely increased his number of friends and admirers here by his brilliant work during the engagement just concluded.

A large audience witnessed the fine production of the erotic and tragic "Romeo and Juliet" at yesterday's matinee. Mr. Mantell and his charming and talented wife, Marie Booth Russell, taking the titular roles, Miss Russell certainly made a sweet Juliet, one of the fairest ever seen and, although Mr. Mantell is a somewhat matured lover, his impersonation of the buoyant and strenuous Romeo was a rich dramatic treat.

For his farewell play Mr. Mantell gave a powerful and satisfying performance of "Richard III.," using the Colley Cibber version which is the one most admired by the theater-going public. Mr. Mantell gave a vivid, almost terrifying impersonation of Cibber's exaggerated picture of Richard, crooked-back, blood-lust, tyrannical, cruel and almost terrifying in manner and make-up. His comedy scene in the first act was almost sardonic and in the wooing scene with Anne, and also in the scenes with Buckingham and with the prayerbooks, he was truly admirable. But his finest characterization, his keenest and most subtle impersonation was impressively manifest in the vision scene. The finale was tragic enough to suit the most lurid taste and was powerfully acted.

The support accorded the star was adequate in every respect, although the company generally is not up to the one seen here with Mr. Mantell in October, 1907. Miss Russell was pleasing as Lady Anne. Mr. Mantell received many curtain calls and his success was very gratifying.

## STAR THEATER— ROBERT MANTELL

THE engagement of that distinguished player, Robert Mantell, at the Star will be of intense interest to all classes of playgoers and carries a special appeal to students and serious lovers of the drama. It is on Mr. Mantell that the public must largely depend for stage representation of the classic poets.

The broadest division of the aims of public education gives us two—cultural and vocational. To this division of aims correspond a like division of the subjects of study, some being properly cultural, others properly vocational. To it, again, corresponds a division of kinds of study; for cultural study, as a rule, is general and broad, while vocational study, as a rule, is special and minute. Vocational studies train to produce; cultural studies, to appreciate. The proper result of vocational study is skill; of cultural study, taste.

The cultural courses of today, on the other hand, do not give true, vital taste. They talk too much about scientific methods and exactness of knowledge. Analysis may furnish taste a reason (though only the pedagogue cares what it is), but it cannot give taste birth. Taste depends upon liking. To have taste in a matter is, first, to have taste for it. It is, indeed, commonly claimed that study of a subject at school will awaken a love for it. This is the common cant of education. It is indulged in by school boards, by hobby-riding pedagogians, by teachers on parade. But everybody knows it is prate and the schoolboy most of all. He does not learn to love anything because he studies it in school, but, if he does love anything he studies there it is because of his own natural instinct for it and distinctly in spite of what he is made to do with it in school.

The scientific, minute study of Shakespeare, the use of his plays as material for grammatical analysis, philological investigation, historical research—as now common in the high school—belongs only to the last year of the college and to graduate school. The proper study of Shakespeare in the high school is to feel; to read Shakespeare, see Shakespeare, play Shakespeare. This might awaken love. It would certainly result, in the high school, in a truer, broader acquaintance; in the college, in a truer, sounder criticism; on the stage, in a truer and more frequent presentation.

And this is true not only of Shakespeare, nor of all literature alone, but of all cultural subjects—that taste, being the one thing to hit, is not even aimed at; that the love the school should wake it does but kill.

The repertoire for the week is as follows: Monday, "King Lear"; Tuesday, "Macbeth"; Wednesday matinee, "The Lady of Lyons"; Wednesday night, "Hamlet"; Thursday, "The Merchant of Venice"; Friday, "Louis XI"; Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet"; Saturday night, "Richard III."



The distinctive position occupied by Mr. Robert Mantell, the tragedian, is worthy of passing comment. His career is rather unique in the annals of the stage, for no tragedian of reputation may be recalled who has undertaken or achieved distinction in so many roles and accomplished so much work. His dogged determination and splendid ideals are a striking tribute and example not only for the young actor but for any aspirant in other lines of artistic or commercial endeavor. The revival of Shakespearean and classic plays at this time is most opportune, especially as the affairs of the stage are at an ebb and solely occupied by ephemeral productions of the lightest character. With this class of material largely occupying the stage, naturally the art of acting has sunk to a low level, and few if any historians with any metier may be named. All honor then to Mr. Mantell, to whom the public must look for acting in its first and last analysis, for in the repertoire exploited by him may be only exemplified a perfect interpretation of the passions. The scope and character of Mr. Mantell's work and the length and variety of his work have been discussed elsewhere. Suffice it to say that this season his magnificent rendition of the crafty monarch, Louis XI, which has been stamped with critical approval everywhere; his revival of "Romeo and Juliet," together with other parts played by him during his recent Chicago and western engagements, indicate that this distinguished tragedian does not let time drag on his hands. But is ever youthful and aspiring and his work has been so fused and meliorated that greater things may be expected. His repertoire this season includes, besides the plays already mentioned, "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Richelieu." Later on he will appear in New York in a revival of "King John," and his manager, Mr. William A. Brady, is already mapping out an itinerary which may include a world tour for Mr. Mantell, the tragedian appearing in a cycle of Shakespearean plays at Covent Garden Theater, London. After a tour of the English provinces, he will sail for Australia, returning to America after an absence of two years.

The repertoire for the week is as follows: Monday "King Lear," Tuesday "Macbeth," Wednesday matinee "The Lady of Lyons," Wednesday night "Hamlet," Thursday "The Merchant of Venice," "Friday "Louis XI," Saturday matinee "Romeo and Juliet," and Saturday night "Richard III."

soiled; and he comes to more modern examples in elaboration of his argument. There is throughout his essay much matter of pith and moment that for want of space cannot even be indexed here.

Some time ago in London, Martin Harvey was impelled to make certain declarations that reflected honor upon him with reference to "Character and the Actor," and he has elaborated upon this subject in *The Mask* (Florence, Italy).

Mr. Harvey, after ruminating his subject, considers that really it relates generally to art. Although the declaration has been disputed, he takes it for granted that acting is an art. "I know of no definition of art," he says, "which is not essentially the definition of great acting. It would be as useless to deny that in much acting there is little art as that there is little art in much painting and sculpture."

Mr. Harvey pays brief but essential attention to Augustine Birrell, who, in his essay on actors, has characterized acting as "sham," a plain attempt to belittle the art. The word "sham," Mr. Harvey points out, is synonymous with "imitation," which Shakespeare uses with sympathy and understanding to characterize the art. Yet as Mr. Harvey says, "All art is imitation—a representation of nature; or, if Mr. Birrell still prefers the expression, all art is a sham."

Quoting Rodin, who deprecated the idea that he "created" and declared that his effort was to re-present, "above all, the form of man, which is the highest, most perfect of architectural constructions," Mr. Harvey asks: "If Rodin thinks thus highly of the representation of man's body, what does he think of the re-presentation of man's soul, the province of the actor?" And Mr. Harvey brings forward that definition of the art of acting found in Hamlet's second soliloquy, where he wonders at the effect of the player's speech upon the aspect of the player himself; and this is submitted as the most subtle and accurate description of the actor's mental and psychical process at the moment of exercising his art that has been expressed.

In elaborating his theory, Mr. Harvey holds that the actor is not only dual-minded, as Irving said, but myriad-minded, and that the greater number of egos he can express and the more completely he can express the complex nature of each of these egos, the greater actor he is.

"'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus."

"The dramatist would seem to possess the same capacity for self-identification with other beings," adds Mr. Harvey, "and in this light Shakespeare is the greatest of all artists, because he could express an almost infinite number of egos and so completely that the man Shakespeare himself can only be found by inference."

The assumption by Mr. Walkley, the critic of the London *Times*, whose long attendance upon plays and study of actors should give him exceptional judgment as to the theatre and its art, that the actor "is something less than a man," and that there is "something unmanly in the actor's making capital out of his physical advantages," spurs Mr. Harvey to this:

What physical advantage did they possess which made such unmanly creatures of Kean, of Garrick, of Robson, of Burbage, of Betterton, of Dillon? If physical advantage enter into the question at all, and the great French actor, Le Kain, does not even mention this as a requisite for the actor, the eminence which these men attained is a direct proof that physical advantages are not the actor's capital, for they triumphed in spite of the fact that they possessed none. The veriest tyro of theatrical history knows that most of the great men and great women have succeeded on the stage in spite of their lack of physical advantages. But if they had possessed physical advantages why would it have been unmanly to use them? If this infantile argument held good, the "heavenly choir" of an Adeline Patti would be a subject for scorn, and the thunders of Demosthenes himself would have been unmanly because he used the physical advantage of the voice which God had given him.

Mr. Harvey, coming more directly to the question of character in actors, cites the testimony of stage historians as to the exemplary lives of Betterton, Mistress Bracegirdle, Mistress Saunderson (later Mrs. Betterton) and other players who spoke the lines in plays of the Restoration—an incredibly corrupt drama—as artists, yet themselves went un-



## HOW TO GET ALONG.

Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.  
 If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.  
 No man can get rich sitting 'round stores and saloons.  
 "Never fool" in business matters.  
 Have order, system, regularity, liberality and promptness.  
 Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.  
 Never buy an article you do not need simply because it is cheap,  
 and the man who sells it will take it out in trade.  
 Trade in money.  
 Strive to avoid hard words and personalities.  
 Do not kick every stone in the path. More miles can be made in a  
 day by going steadily on than stopping.  
 Pay as you go.  
 A man of honor respects his word as his bond.  
 Aid, but never beg.  
 Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford  
 simply because it's fashionable.  
 Learn to say "no." No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion,  
 but say it firmly and respectfully.  
 Have but few confidants; the fewer the better.  
 Use your own brains rather than those of others.  
 Learn to think and act for yourself.  
 Be vigilant.  
 Keep ahead rather than behind the times.  
 Young men, reflect on this, and if there be a flaw in the argument  
 let us know.

## TO GENTLEMEN.

"It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme,  
 Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme;  
 Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,  
 To swear is neither brave, polite or wise.  
 You would not swear upon a bed of DEATH!  
 Reflect! your Maker now may stop your breath.



EDWIN BOOTH AS "RICHELIEU."

The character has never been "fully manifested," says William Winter, since Booth left the stage.



*from A. Evans England*

2, Harrison, 15 High Street, Warwick.

Ann Hathaways Cottage, Stratford on Avon

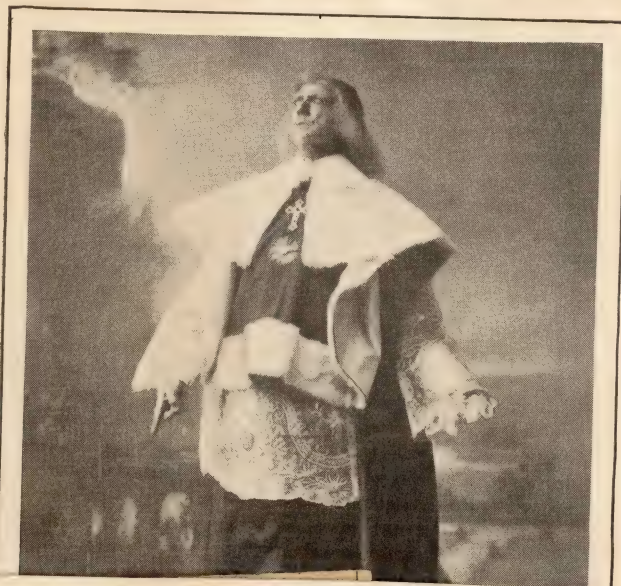
A 277123



Mr. Winter, who is always interesting when reminiscent, thinks <sup>36</sup>



EDWARD H. SOTHERN, THE LATEST TO ASSUME THE R



"The comedy of 'Richelieu,' which has held the stage for seventy years, contains action, story, character, situation, suspense, contrast, and picture, and it blends humor and pathos. The central character—unique, sympathetic, essentially human, and continuously interesting—is a great man, whose inspiring motive is patriotic devotion. No actor since Edwin Booth left the stage has fully manifested *Richelieu*. Macready, the first representative of the part, was long considered supreme and incomparable in it; but the veteran John Ryder—who came to America with him, and acted with him, and idolized him—said to Edwin Booth, after seeing Booth's *Richelieu*. 'You have overthrown my idol.' Forrest was, of course, effective in it; John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, and Henry Irving gave admirable performances of it—that of Irving being notable for an artful infusion of the French temperament and quality; but no one of those performances rose to the grandeur which invested the embodiment of the *Cardinal* given by Edwin Booth. That performance was perfect; it enthralled every beholder, and it will dwell forever in the annals of great acting. The best representative of *Richelieu* now on our stage is Robert Mantell—the best, because he possesses the deep heart, the large experience of life, the philosophy, the repose, and the power that are imperatively essential. That statement is not made in disparagement of Mr. Sothorn—but only in explanation of judgment. It is inevitable, when two prominent actors appear at the same time in the same character, that a comparison of their performances will glide into the observer's thoughts. In one particular Mr. Sothorn has the advantage: in his performance of the *Cardinal* there is a little—tho very little—more of that deliberation and that attention to detail which are vitally essential to the effect of the part; but he has only recently assumed *Richelieu*, and his personation, not yet developed, lacks that inherent majesty of soul, that simplicity of demeanor, and that overwhelming power which are so prominent and so right in the performance given by Mr. Mantell."

## RICHELIEU AND THE GHOS

HOSTS of an earlier theatrical generation are evoked to walk with Mr. Sothorn and Mr. Mantell in the play of "Richelieu." Our older critics sigh, "Ah, what a day!" then go on to tell their rosaries—Booth, Macready, McCullough, Barrett, etc. It is nothing to the players of our day can please in a musty old part. Mr. Sothorn's first performance and found to his regret that the audience were apparently well pleased, but—coldly probably is that the enthusiasts were mostly young theatergoers who had never seen the piece enacted amid more favorable conditions." If the piece draws applauding audiences to the New Amsterdam theaters, it seems to indicate something for our modern actors. The writer in *The Sun* (New York) says that the part of the *Cardinal* is "one of the best acting parts in all the range of English drama," but also says that drama it is as hopeless as some of Shakespeare:

"Yet, despite it all, the *Cardinal* is a great acting part. Mr. Sothorn never does anything badly. He has too many gifts and too great intelligence for that. He has moments in 'Richelieu.' Yet it would be misleading to say that the part of the soldier priest is one of his very best. The brated son of a famous sire is a little too much himself in the part."

So often we hear leveled against our players the charge that they are thoroughly incompetent to assume parts in the romantic drama that *The Sun* writer's assurance that Mr. Sothorn's company is "competent" is grateful news. Mr. Sothorn, he says, "is luckily not one of those stars who believe that their own brilliancy shines the more resplendent from being surrounded with incompetent players in subordinate parts." But the writer in *The Evening Post* snatches this comforting solace away from us. Mixt with a

rotten Co. Bad



# STUDY OF THE INNER MIND

Mr. Griggs characterizes Hamlet as a psychological Tragedy.

## TYPES IN CONTRAST

Scholarly Lecture before Women Teachers' Association.

Hamlet was the subject for the lecture given last evening at the Lafayette High School by Edward Howard Griggs, under the auspices of the Women Teachers' Association. This was the fourth in the series of six talks on The Humanity of Shakespeare.

"As appealing to the mind and ideas of today, Hamlet is the greatest of all Shakespeare's dramas," said Mr. Griggs in his introduction. "Our own efforts respond directly to the turn of mind represented in Hamlet, the inner mind of which we are gradually learning. Shakespeare almost anticipates the attitude of today in his conception of the baffling mystery of the inner mind."

The Elizabethan age was not one which dealt with psychological problems, Mr. Griggs explained. It was objective rather than subjective and in 1602, the year in which Hamlet was probably produced, England was not a land of psychological, but rather of scientific research.

"Take the soliloquies in Hamlet," said Mr. Griggs, "and string them all together and you will have as dramatic a dialogue as Browning would have written. Shakespeare wrote this masterpiece when he was in his full manhood and at the height of his ability as a dramatist.

"Hamlet is a man who dwells in a world of ideas and can't get out," Mr. Griggs continued, "the play deals with the mystery of personality and yet it is one of the best acting plays that Shakespeare ever wrote."

The reason for this is that it contains the workings of four great tragedies, tragedies so great that any one is big enough to be the center of a work of art. The most important of the four is that of Hamlet, the man whose inner personality was so involved. Then comes the tragedy of the king, the tragedy of guilt. The tragedy of the queen is that of weakness. Mr. Griggs thinks that the queen was not as wicked as she was weak and pliable in the hands of a stronger will. Last and most appealing of all is the tragedy of Ophelia, the tragedy of fate.

"Ophelia's tragedy," said Mr. Griggs, "is the same as Shakespeare portrays in Desdemona and Cordelia. It is the surrender to circumstances beyond one's control. The contrast of character in this play is wonderfully keen and lends a human interest to the wonderful combination of tragic and mystic ideas."

Hamlet and Horatio are well contrasted, each having an ardent admiration for the qualities which the other possesses. This is the keynote of their affection, they marvel at each other. Horatio, a man of action, and Hamlet, a man of thought, while equally antithetical are the minds of Laertes and Hamlet. Hamlet, whose honor is so keenly sensitive, and Laertes, who wears his honor so lightly on his sleeve that he commits most dishonorable acts.

Again, Polonius and Hamlet are placed in direct contradiction. Polonius is a wise old sage, whose best days of judgment are past, yet who sees and realizes the ways of the world and whose advice is good.

Mr. Griggs read several passages from the play to emphasize his points of argument and gave excellent interpretations of the soliloquies and of the rise and fall of action in the plot. Next Monday evening the subject will be The Tragedy of Ambition, Macbeth.

"ACTORS do more than act," says Otis Skinner, "whether they know it or not. It is conceivable that two actors rehearsed together in the same part might say the lines with the same interpretation, with the same tones and use the same gestures, but for all that what the men themselves are will show through, and make one man's performance differ from another's. Just as in life, intelligence, knowledge, breeding, character and charm make a man effective so they do the actor in the theater. The actor, instead of being the unreliable artistic vagabond of tradition, should be before all other craftsmen, a man of principle, a close student, and possessed of a broad and humane culture. For these things or their lack will shine through his performance. The actor's personality is to the actor's work what the decoration on a piece of architecture is to the building itself. It makes it either charming and successful or cold, colorless, unattractive and merely utilitarian."

## BEN GREET AT THE GARDEN.

Ben Greet has announced his intention of giving a ten weeks' season at the Garden Theatre, beginning Feb. 14. She Stoops to Conquer will be the first production, followed by several Shakespearean plays. On Feb. 10 Mr. Greet will present The Tempest at Carnegie Hall. Everyman, Macbeth, The Rivals, Merchant of Venice, Marlowe's Doctor Faustus, Gilbert's The Palace of Truth, Bulwer Lytton's Money, Hawthorne's Wonder Book, and Julius Caesar are among the plays to be produced. The final week will be devoted entirely to Shakespearean reviv-

## SPRING FESTIVAL AT THE TEACHERS TRAINING SCHOOL

A spring festival will be given at the Teachers Training School on Friday afternoon and evening, April 22, under the direction of Principal Charles P. Alvord and the faculty of the school, assisted by Miss Alta Wiggins and Miss Hadada.

In the evening the teachers in training will produce a play entitled "Persephone," written by Margaret Sherwood of Wellesley College. This drama the students have prepared in connection with their special study of Greek education. The caste is as follows:

Persephone.... Mercita Clarice Andrie  
Demeter..... Jane T. McMahon  
Aidoneus..... Beatrice Ingram  
Thaleia..... Marie G. Wechter  
Doris..... Helen C. Nagle  
The Woodcutter..... Hannah Aarum  
Prato..... Grace Ballard  
Greek Women.....  
Jessie Kelley, Clara Winspear,  
Mary Oakes.

During the play characteristic Greek dance by sea nymphs will be given.

The ninth grade pupils will appear in a lively Greek drama "Arachne" with the following parts:

Athena..... Norma Zwickey  
Arachne..... Helen Nagel  
Danaus..... George Hull  
Pasiclea..... Emma Blackman

In the afternoon pupils from all the grades of School No. 10 will present folk dances. Appropriate songs will accompany these festivities, and the young performers will be clad in the gay costumes of the olden time. The entire pageant will be traditionally correct in its portrayal of life in other countries and other times.



# Great Actor Wonderfully Portrays Weaknesses of Craven

By WALTER ANTHONY

Don't listen to the man who tells you that "Sheridan used to play Louis XI," nor to the other who says: "I remember Irving when he was here in that role 17 years ago." If you were not at the New Columbia theater last night what you need do is to pray that Mantell will play the crafty French monarch once more before he leaves so that you, too, may witness the inexorable doom that compasses the vicious Louis X. Neither Sheridan nor Irving will ever play Louis again, but there is lively room for hope that Mantell will. Therefore, hope!

The traditions of the classic art of the drama are not submerged, it would seem. Nobility and bigness still float on the somewhat troubled theatrical sea. In these times when hectic dramas, bouyed up on windy preservers sink in sight of alarmed "producers," and when girls from Rectors and soul kisses and problems—sex problems, of course—float by in ghastly company, it is cheering indeed to observe that Mantell survives and thrives with a goodly crew and many passengers. The New Columbia was nearly filled downstairs last night. That it was not quite crowded is more a misfortune to us than to the box office.

## PRODUCTION WORK OF ART

The play was H. R. Maxwell's adaptation of Casimer Delavigne's historical drama, "Louis XI." Children have become men and women since Irving played it last in San Francisco, and yet it sufficed to draw a throng. The deduction is not a dim Delphic mystery. We wanted to see heroic drama played heroically. So, we went. Nobody left until the end. The play—old fashioned some may say to shake off the spell of it—held us like the grip of a primitive truth, or the force of an axiom, and Mantell was the shrunken, miserable monarch to the life—or to the death, I should say. He was like Mansfield in "The Parisian Romance," his makeup was a work of art, fit to rank with that master of makeup. His portraiture, however, was but an outward symbol of that inner sophistry, craftiness, hypocrisy and cruelty that has made Louis the contemptible creature of France.

The temptation to sermonize on the subject of Mantell's success last night is almost irresistible and would be indulged if the theme could be developed within a couple of columns. Reasons to do with time and space forbid, however. These, though, would be the heads of the discourse: Firstly, Mantell's wonderful presentation of the character—if he had a character—Louis XI; secondly, the perfection of the production, scenically and historically; thirdly, the ethical message that the play forced home last night, with a peroration built on the fact that the drama is from France, where what is not ethical, is usually artistic.

## MANTELL AT HIS BEST

Mantell was at his best in many scenes last night; but the most profound was his death scene in the last act. Still monarch, still king, still

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

In Casimer's Historical Drama,

### "Louis XI"

Adapted by H. R. Maxwell.

Louis XI	Robert Mantell
Tristan l'Ermite	Frederick Baldwin
Richard	Hugh Jeffrey
Officer	Charles Clarke
Philip de Commynes	Guy Lindsley
Jacques Coitier	Henry Fearing
Francois de Paule	Alfred Hastings
The dauphin	George Stillwell
Marcel	Edward Lewers
Duke de Nemours	Fritz Leiber
Count de Dreux	Casson Ferguson
Oliver de Dain	Edward Lewers
Golden Fleece	Thomas Lear
First guard	Henry James
Cardinal d'Alby	Cyril Tlapa
Marie	Marie Booth Russell
Martha	Genevieve Reynolds
Jeanne	Virginia Bronson

hypocrite and still unrepentant, he says to his courtiers, "Pray for me; pray for me. I beg you to pray for me; I command you to pray for me!" Then he dies with one act of mercy to his credit. He pardons Nemours and gives him into the arms of Marie. Or, when he makes half confession to the monk Francois, he is superb. Seeking to condone his crimes—he who had killed a father and a brother and who had waded about and to his throne through the blood of his friends—he shrinks from making remission for his sins and seeks solace at the hands of his physician whom he begs to give him 10 more years of life. Or, again, when Nemours seeks his side to revenge his father's death, Mantell as Louis is a splendid picture of abject, shuddering fear. A craven, he crawls to the feet of the man who holds the dagger. Nemours bids him live and suffer the fears of death that possess him, and leaves the room, while the king, late, abject, becomes a rat of snarling rage. The pictures suggested here in weakest fashion are vivid, lifelike and clear as painted by the art of Mantell.

## STAR IS CONSCIENTIOUS

It has been said that Mantell is studious and trained and conscientious. In "Louis XI" he shows he has been touched by the breezes that fanned his tragic predecessors who toiled up Parnassus' sides.

The setting given to the play and the characters that surround Mantell are worthy. Some of the principals might be better, but the cast is long and no one is poor. Marie Booth Russell, as Marie, is sweetly womanly. Though her duties are slight in the play, she shows an elocutionary skill and a sympathy for her lines that argue well for forthcoming productions wherein her talents will be subjected to greater demands.

## AUDIENCE WELL PLEASED

The audience left the theater last night congratulating themselves that they had witnessed such a play. The bigness of the theme and the excellence of its presentation were more of account than the historic associations which the drama suggested. It was not a play founded on history, but a play based on common consciousness.

# MANTELL VIVID IN 38 POWERFUL LOUIS XI

Great Actor Gives Masterly Representation of an Aged, Tottering Ruler.

In choosing "Louis XI" as the opening play for his season of classical productions at the Columbia Theatre, Robert Mantell chose wisely and well. Those there are, perhaps, who, finding greater appeal in the objective than the subjective, would have preferred the great actor in one of his famous romantic roles. But "Louis XI" affords Mantell opportunity for acting so intense, so vivid, so gripping, that even these must rejoice at the opportunity of seeing him in such a part.

It is doubtful if any greater praise can be bestowed upon his work last night than to say that in its terrific strength, its subtlety and its art, it equals his own great performance of "King Lear," which theatrogoers will recall from his visit here two years ago.

"Louis XI" has not been presented in San Francisco since the memorable visit here of Sir Henry Irving in 1892. The critic of the present generation can therefore rely for comparison solely upon the opinion of his elders, who were loud in their praises of Mantell in the lobbies of the Columbia last night.

There is romance in the story of "Louis XI," but it is merely incidental to the character sketching of King Louis himself. One's sympathies naturally go out to the fair Marie and her lover, the Duke de Nemours. One loves the gentle little Dauphin, and hates the blood-greedy Tristram.

But one is fascinated all the time with the awful figure of King Louis, palsied, tottering on the edge of the grave, fearing death with the fear of a man whose sins must be hard to answer for, and yet plotting fresh villainies even while he stands with bared head and utters his matins at the ringing of the Angelus.

Mantell is aided by a remarkable makeup, which gives him the wrinkles of age, the burnt-out eyes, with their underhanging pouches, the heavy leering lips, the hollow cheeks, the scrawny neck. But it is the actor's own art that is responsible for the cruelty and craftiness that show in the very smile, for the varying emotions of fear, hate, superstition, awe, hypocrisy, reverence and horror that play upon his features and that carry themselves over the footlights.

Miss Marie Booth Russell has small opportunity in "Louis XI," but she gave ample evidence of her artistry that holds rich promise for the balance of the engagement.

Fritz Reiber does fine work as Nemours, while Guy Lindsley shows the finish brought by long experience by his acting of the role of Philip de Commynes. Others whose work was noticeable last night were Henry Fearing as Coitier and George Stillwell as the Dauphin.

The play is magnificently staged, and the army of supernumeraries is handled well. To-night the bill will be "Macbeth," with Mantell as Macbeth and Miss Russell as Lady Macbeth.

Florence Roberts Opens To-Night.



# ROBERT MANTELL

—IN—

## "LOUIS XI."

### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Louis XI.....	Robert Mantell
Tristan L'Ermite.....	Frederick Baldwin
Richard.....	Hugh Jeffrey
Officer.....	Charles Clarke
Philip de Commines.....	Guy Lindsley
Jacques Coitier.....	Henry Fearing
Francoise de Paule.....	Alfred Hastings
The Dauphin.....	George Stillwell
Marcel.....	Edward Lewers
Duk de Nemours.....	Fritz Leiber
Count de Dreux.....	Casson Ferguson
Oliver de Dain.....	Edward Lewers
Golden Fleece.....	Thomas Lear
First Guard.....	Henry James
Cardinal D'Alby.....	Cyril Tiapa
Marie.....	Marie Booth Russell
Martha.....	Genevieve Reynolds
Jeanne.....	Virginia Bronson

By RALPH E. RENAUD.

SIXTEEN years ago in this city, the Louis XI of Sir Henry Irving lay back among the cushions of agony and uttered the awful words: "I feel my life blood thicken. Pray for me, Father; all pomp I cast aside!" Since then no man of equal stature, girth and mental grasp has arisen on our stage to speak them again until Robert Mantell made the wicked King live in blood and die in shame again at the Columbia last night.

It is difficult to write of Mantell's performance in a temperate spirit. The whole force of his genius is directed toward an agitation of the emotions, and a critic who endeavors to be anything more than flippant cannot help but feel shaken, with the rest of the audience. On me his horrid portraiture made an impression unparalleled since the nightmares of my childhood, but re-enforced with all the detail of consummate art. It was the first time I had seen the harrowing classic. It must have been interesting to have remembered the interpretations of Irving, Tom Keene and Sheridan, as did the old timers. But it could scarcely have been illuminating, for surely Mantell's conception is too vivid, direct and gripping to leave much room for comparative recollections and reflections over a long lapse of years.

His Louis is a pathological monster in whom evil impulses are only equalled by a hideous fear of death. The Richard III that Mantell gave us last year is an engaging personality by contrast. The character is so consistently wicked, without one relieving touch of humanity or grace, that the progress of his soul's corruption and his body's decay might seem monotonous. But Mantell has given his interpretation on infinite variety. The senile sovereign is cringing, ghastly gay, sanctimonious, crazily superstitious, groveling, furious, treacherous—everything but blasphemous, and that only because he feared the punishment of God. He covers the entire range of the uglier emotions and there is even a doddering salaciousness to add the last sickening touch.

Even in a study of such physical weakness Mantell forces home his characteristic impression of power. His whisper grips one more poignantly than the rotund denunciation of his accuser, as everyone plainly felt in the two widely different scenes with de Nemours, who was played by an extremely capable actor, Fritz Leiber.

Yet the customary criticism launched against Mantell—that he is too robust—will not hold against his Louis XI. It was skillful, to be sure, but also subtle, and delicately shaded with the utmost nicety of distinction. There was a whole scale of changing and significant tones, even in his cackle, and in the magnificent dying scene, properly bereft of pathos but invested most creepily with the solemn fact of death, each little word or gasp had its carefully weighed meaning, which still seemed to creep spontaneously to the pallid, blue lips. The entire last act was inexpressibly moving. One seemed to experience the very flicker of this cowardly spirit, made almost indomitable by its own fear, and at the very end, despite the intrinsic falsity of a situation that called for a final act of mercy, there seemed to be a certain sense of triumph and achievement in the miserable death.

One point which must be emphasized is the remarkable physical detail of Mantell's performance. His make-up was extraordinary, and utterly repulsive. His face, growing paler as dissolution approached from act to act, was veritably blood-spotted, and the loose, shapeless red mouth, sinking inward and losing its color, as the flabby flesh seemed to shrink, was not more horrible than the sinister black eyebrows, that might have been bands of mourning for the victims of his lust. All of his members were eloquent, his shambling feet, his crooked legs, his painfully curved back, and his hovering, impatient, clutching hands. I cannot think of a figure, in all my stage experience, so thoroughly repellent.

Mantell understands that he need not fear to surround himself with the best available company. He has done so, and his support is highly superior. His beautiful wife, Miss Marie Booth Russell, was of course entirely overshadowed in the role of Marie, but analyzed within itself her performance was charmingly excellent. I looked in vain for a flaw in the cast, and all I could find was a certain Irish accent in the discourse of the priest.

The production was sumptuous in the extreme and the ensemble work marked a high record of stage achievement.



# Actors of Yesterday

A Series of Forty Articles, of Which "The Stage One Hundred Years Ago" Was the First, "David Garrick" the Second, "Edwin Forrest" the Third, and "Sol Smith" the Fourth

## JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH

By FRANK WINCH.

*From the  
James  
in Car*

From the day that Booth applied for the position as lighthouse keeper at Cape Hatteras with a salary of \$300 a year until his death, he gave vent to a series of eccentricities that stamp him as the wonder of all time.

There seemed never a minute of astute sanity in his life—he ran the gamut of alcoholic hallucination, he was violently idiosyncratic. And that is treating it most kindly. Roth in his periods of inebriation sank below the level of a brute—his drunken brawls were horrifying to friend and foe alike, but the moment that he would sober up and give the public some assurance of the fact, that very public which a minute before turned away in disgust, would rush to pay homage at the throne of his talent. Others of his time believed the man irresponsible, in no small degree aberrated and to substantiate the belief cited many curious episodes.

One night in Charleston, after playing Othello he went to his room which he shared with Tom Flynn, and fancying himself Iago began rehearsing the scene. Finally he became so violent that is self-defense Flynn struck Booth over

The sweetness of a settled melancholy was in his face, while his large, lustrous eye was full of gentle tenderness. But I was destined to see that face and eye in a different light, and to realize a very different feeling from that of quiet admiration.

"On the morning of the rehearsal I found the great tragedian pleasant, and communicative, and, as I was anxious to learn the business of the scene, and to execute it to the satisfaction of my superior, I was attentive and deeply interested.

"My readers will call to mind the relations of Sir Edward Mortimer and his young secretary. The latter was taken from an inferior position in life and elevated to the confidence and friendship of his patron, over whom hung—that fascination to the young—a profound mystery. With that mystery was connected an iron chest which Sir Edward was known to visit often, and always alone, returning from such visits with evident marks of the deepest agitation.

"One day Wilford, being engaged in the secluded apartment where the chest was kept,

the nose with a stove poker. Another instance is related that when he was playing Richard he was seized with a fit of lunacy and sword in hand drove an actor playing Richmond from the theatre. Then another interesting episode is related by Murdock: "I remember the first time I was brought into direct contact with the magnetic influence by which he ruled the dramatic scene and swayed his audience. I was quite a lad, and had not been on the stage more than a year or two, when I was selected to play Wilford to his Sir Edward Mortimer for the first time. Booth's face, before he met with the accident which disfigured his nose, was of surprising beauty, and, speaking in the spirit of enthusiasm, to my mind's eye it always realized the ideal grandeur represented in Hamlet's lines.

"See what a grace was seated on this brow: Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself: An eye like Mars, to threaten and command."

"Such was the impression made on my youthful mind in gazing for the first time on Booth's features when dressed for Sir Edward Mortimer.

with surprise observed that the key was in the lock. After overcoming honest scruples in a long struggle with fatal curiosity, he knelt before the mysterious chest and turned the key; then, hesitating for a moment, he searched the apartment in order to be satisfied that he was secure of observation. Now the stage business which Mr. Booth was so particular in teaching me was this: I was enjoined to take time, and after a careful survey of the premises to kneel on one knee, place my left hand on the lid of the chest, then, gently raising it, to hold it back, and, looking closely in, to place my right hand on the papers which it contained, turning them over as if seeking for something hidden beneath. The strictest injunction was given to pay no attention to what was to follow on the part of Sir Edward, no matter how long the suspense might last, but when I felt his hand upon my shoulder to turn abruptly, letting the lid of the chest fall with a slam, and, still on my knee, hold a firm attitude till

(Continued on page 29.)

reality of acting. The fury of that passion-blinded face and the magnetism of the rigid clutch upon my arm paralyzed my muscles, while the scintillating gleam of the terrible eyes, like the green and red dashes of an enraged serpent, fascinated and fixed me spell-bound to the spot. A sudden revision of feeling caused me to spring from my knees, but, bewildered with fright and choking sensation of undefined dread, I fell heavily to the stage, tripping Mr. Booth, who still clutched my shoulder. I brought him down with me, and for a moment we lay prostrate. But suddenly recovering himself, he sprang to his feet, with almost superhuman strength dragging me up, as I clung to his arm in terror.

"Shaking himself free of my grasp, I sank down again stunned and helpless. I was aroused to consciousness, however, by a voice calling on me, in suppressed accents, to rise and then became aware that Mr. Booth was kneeling at my side. He helped me to my feet, whispering in my ear a few encouraging words, and then dexterously managed, in spite of the accident and my total inability to speak, to continue the scene to its close.

"Thus was I, an unfortunate tyro, saved from disgrace by the coolness and kindness of one who had every reason to be moved by a very different state of mind; for it was evident that, but for the actor's readiness and skill in improvising the business of the stage, one of the most important and interesting scenes of the play would have proved a mortifying failure. The kindness of the act was its own reward, for my present recollection is that the audience never evinced the slightest indication of the presence of a disturbing element, but on the contrary, gave evidence of their satisfaction by applause at the critical moment to which I have alluded."

So it seems that drunk or sober, Booth was a queerly constructed genius.

Contrast the above with the statement of his daughter who avers that all "forms of religion and all temples of devotion were sacred to him," and in passing churches he never failed to reverently bare his head.

Junius Brutus Booth was born in London, May 1, 1796. At the time Booth was playing leading parts with some degree of success at Covent Garden Theatre, Edmund Kean had set the Londoners aglow with his own fine acting at Drury Lane. The astute managerial eye saw the beginning of competition for Booth's popularity increased each day. An offer to share stellar honors with Kean lured Booth to Drury Lane. The experiment failed in as much as Kean overshadowed Booth. The latter returned to Covent Garden and was coolly received. Then to the provinces but word had preceded him that he merely imitated Kean. He became thoroughly disgusted with English audiences and came to America. His first engagement was at Richmond, Va., on July 6, 1821, under the management of Mr. Giles.

Physically he hadn't much to boast of, being medium in size and bowlegged. His face was handsome to a remarkable degree, with eyes trained like puppets to do a bidding of kindness or flashing fire.

For years Booth knew no equal in Richard, Shylock, Iago, Lear, Sir Giles, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Pescara. His Hamlet and Romeo were specimens of art. Hamlet by the way was his favorite part. Macbeth, Othello and Brutus were included in his faultless artistry.

Many are there who have written of Booth's skill, probably the following written by one who knew him well is as authentic and bias free as any:

"The acting of Booth was characterized by a strictly austere method, so far as it related to the requirements of vocal delineation, to which the mere physical qualities were always subordinated. His author never suffered at his hands, but, on the contrary, the soul of language, it might be said, poured forth with an affluent richness, reminding one of the pictured ideal of eloquence expressed by the painter in ancient times, where streams of amber were portrayed as flowing from the mouth of the orator into the delighted ears of the entranced listeners. The most irregular forms of verse in obedience to Booth's elocutionary skill became smooth and musical as the hum of the bees of Hymettus. In this respect he may be said to have been vastly superior to the elder Kean, whose utterances, aside from those of a purely pathetic nature, were too often marked by a ruggedness of quality and an apparently intentional rapidity, more especially in that portion of his lines which he deemed of an unimportant character, and which he purposely subordinated to the brilliant flashes of an almost magical intensity in the outbursts of favorite points.

"By such prepared and masterly effects, carefully considered and skillfully executed, did Kean carry the feelings of his auditors by storm, and, as it has been said by his contemporaries, 'by volcanic eruptions of frenzied passion hold them spellbound in rage or revenge, or overwhelmed with floods of pathos and tenderness.' After such an histrionic triumph the impassioned actor would subside into an almost reckless state of slovenly indifference until again aroused to another point-making effort.

## ACTORS OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY.

(Continued from page 15.)

I was warned by a sudden pressure of Mr. Booth's hand to rise to my feet and stand before him.

"On the night of the performance I was nervous and ill at ease from the want of a firm and assured hold upon the words of my part, which I had mastered at short notice and with more attention to the sense than to special expression. However, I contrived to keep up with the action of the play. At length I found myself in the presence of the mysterious chest. I was almost breathless with excitement and from anxiety consequent on my strong desire to execute Mr. Booth's orders to the very letter. I had proceeded so far as to open the chest, and stooping over the papers, awaited trembling, on my knee, the appointed signal for action. The time seemed an eternity, but it came at last. The heavy hand fell on my shoulder. I turned, and there, with the pistol held to my head, stood Booth, glaring like an infuriated demon. Then for the first time I comprehended the

Kean's admirers, as his great and distinctive excellence. The manner of Booth was noted for a consistent and beautifully graduated order of vocal effects, where the most brilliant and startling results were attained in a perfectly legitimate method of treating the co-considered subordinate parts of the language with a just regard to their proper value, while employing them as the "sullen and base ground" upon which to exhibit those sublime culminations of speech which have won for the actor and the orator in all times the honors paid to genius and perfected art.

"While possessing and wielding the greatest intellectual power in dramatic actions, there was, as I have before said, a total absence of mere stage-effect or professional trickery in Booth's acting. His was 'the art which concealed the art.' His acting, while exciting the most thrilling sensations of sympathetic fervor and delight, never suggested a thought of the manner in which the actor produced them, and yet he left the impression of artistic excellence in all the requirements of soul and intellect."

Booth died December 1, 1852.



## LOUIS JAMES DEAD

## EMINENT ACTOR SUCCUMBS TO HEART FAILURE AT HELENA, MONT.

Was 68 Years Old and Became an Actor in Louisville After Serving During a Period of the Civil War—Knew Wilkes Booth and Played with All the Leading Actors of the Past Fifty Years—Played with Lawrence Barrett in London—Long with Mrs. John Drew and Augustin Daly.



A brief message to THE MIRROR from its Helena, Mont., correspondent, Will A. Howell, on Saturday, March 5, announced the death in that city Saturday morning of the eminent actor, Louis James, from heart failure.

He was sixty-eight years old, and prior to his starring tour—first in conjunction with Frederick Warde and in recent years by himself—had been prominent in the casts supporting nearly all the famous American actors of the past fifty years, including Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, and Mary Anderson.

His death will be generally mourned, not only in the ranks of the profession which Mr. James so long adorned, but outside of them, for he was one of the most genial actors on the stage, and to the last preserved an air of youth and good-nature that made him welcome among old and young.

Mr. James was born at Tremont, Ill., Oct. 3, 1842, but the family moved when he was a very young man to Washington where his father, B. F. James, was a judge of the Appeal Board in the Patent Office. The war breaking out soon afterward, young James' martial spirit was aroused and he enlisted at the national capital in the New York battery. At first he was attached to the Army of the Potomac, but was later assigned to the Quartermaster's Department, in which service he was sent to Clarksburg and then to Munfordsville, Ky. Mr. James saw some very active service. Morgan cut their line by his raid in the vicinity of Elizabethtown, interrupting their communications for about ten days, during which, as Mr. James said, they had "the devil's own time."

At this period Barney Macauley, brother of Colonel John T. Macauley, and the founder of Macauley's Theatre, was conducting the Louisville Theatre. Young James, who had a predilection for the stage, decided to take a flier at it. Through the influence of Captain Huntington, a friend of the family, he secured his discharge from the army early in 1864. He immediately applied in writing to Mr. Macauley for a position in his company and was promptly accepted.

The seasons of 1864-5-6 were spent in Louisville, after which he went to the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he was associated in stock with Mrs. John Drew. He regarded that as his Alma Mater.

The drama flourished in Louisville during the war. The city was full of soldiers and the theatre was the popular place of amusement. The usual engagement there now is for a half week. Mazeppa at that time was played for four weeks and to good business.

Mr. James remembered well Wilkes Booth. He played at the rival theatre at Fourth and Jefferson, called Duffield and Flynn's, only the season before the assassination of President Lincoln. Sneaking of him, Mr. James once said: "Wilkes is believed to have had the genius of the Booth family, but of this I am not sure. He was cut off in the early promise of his career and never came to maturity like his brother Edwin."

Six years under the training of that accomplished lady, Mrs. Drew, made Louis James a solid, substantial stock actor.

In the following year, 1871, August Daly, who had watched his work, engaged him to play the role of Captain Lynde Dwyer in *The Divorcee* at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre. New York, and James made a modest success with critics and public. The New York success gave him further openings, such as *Joseph Surface*, which he played convincingly. He also played at Daly's the hero of

ick's Love, a play afterward almost sacrosanct to the late Lawrence Barrett. Following his Metropolitan experience, for a short time in 1879, he was the leading man at M. J. Vicker's Theatre in Chicago, and then he joined John Maguire at the Baldwin Theatre in San Francisco. John Ford had joined for two seasons in his stock company, Baltimore, and then came a call to the Boston theatre. Following this, James joined the company at the Union Square Theatre in New York. When he left this position, he was to spend five years as a foremost member of Lawrence Barrett's company.

When he severed his connection with Brett, Mr. James played at the Lyceum Theatre in New York with Helen Dauvray. One of our Girls, and then he decided become a star. He began at the Wind Theatre in New York on Dec. 6, 1886. Engagement ensued the following Spring the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, Virginia, Othello, and Much Ado About Nothing, and again in Othello and Ingomar at the Academy of Music.

With Barrett he appeared at the Lyceum Theatre, London, on April 12, 1884, as Master Heywood in *Yorick's Love*.

In 1893 he joined forces with Frederic Warde and they continued in partners until 1903 in standard and Shakespear plays. In 1904 he played Jacques in the star cast of *The Two Orphans*; at the 1895 Amsterdam, April 17, 1905, he played *Hamlet* in *She Stoops to Conquer* in a star cast with Eleanor Robson as the feature part of Kate Hardcastle. Subsequently he played *Virginia*, *Richelieu*, *Ingotar*, etc. In 1906 he added *Faust* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* to his roles. During 1907 he appeared as the two *Dromios* in *Comedy of Errors* and *Shylock* in *The Merchant of Venice*.

He was married to Marie Wainwright, whom he supported as leading man from 1886 to 1889, but a separation took place. His second wife is Aphie James, who has been a regular member of his company and with whom he lived in happy companionship. For many years Mr. James made his home in a beautiful, large cottage on Ocean Avenue, Monmouth Beach, N. J.

Mr. James' manager, Branch O'Brien, telegraphed THE MIRROR on Monday from St. Paul that the body would be cremated in that city and the interment take place in Kansas City, the company returning direct to New York. It is believed that Mr. James' only daughter, formerly a well-known actress but retired since her marriage, is living in St. Paul.

MONMOUTH, N. J., Sept. 2, 1909.

Dear Little Girl:

I fancy that will hold you till I can give you a fond embrace. "Gee," if the above were to get into print, what would you do?

We were both much disappointed that you were unable to share "pot luck" with us. Ye gods! Why don't other people let you alone? There is such a thing as being too popular. You could have had a restful time here, undisturbed by any one, but me. Ha! Ha!

Aphie enjoyed that lunch. Shame on you to exclude Adam from the garden of pleasure. Just wait. I'll startle you with a Texas yell.

VIII. It's simply awful to think of pulling out for the road again, but such is life in our business.

Good luck to you, and may all good things hit you between the gate and the front door!

Thine, till we meet,  
LOUIS JAMES.



As HAMLET IN HAMLET



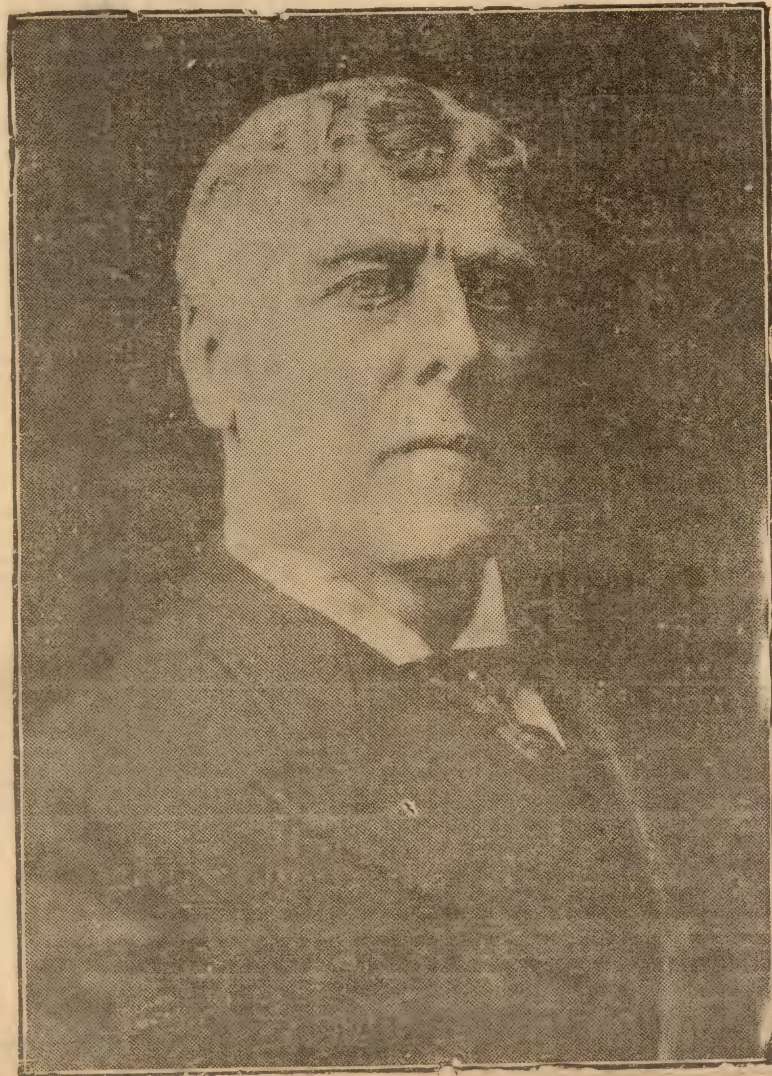
42

HELENA, MONTANA.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1910.

# LOUIS JAMES, NOTED ACTOR DIES IN HELENA TODAY

Taken Ill Last Night Just Before He Was to  
Appear at the Helena Theater---Suffered  
Another Attack of Heart Trouble This  
Morning---Story of a Busy Life



LOUIS JAMES.

Louis James, the noted actor, died at  
eight thirty this morning in his apart-  
ments at the Grandon hotel, following a

During the subsequent year he played in  
Augustin Daly's theater in New York  
with such noted stars as Barrett, Booth  
and others. After leaving New York he



is at Flaherty's undertaking establishment where it is being embalmed, preparatory to shipment tomorrow to Kansas City. The James company will cancel future engagements, and the members of the company will leave tomorrow for New York.

Last evening Mr. James appeared at the Helena theater and with the remark that he was feeling fine, walked down the aisle of the theater and took one of the divan seats, where he sat for a few moments listening to the orchestra rehearsal. Suddenly he toppled over and lapsed into semi-consciousness. Attaches of the theater assisted him to the stage and placed him on a couch. Dr. Treacy was summoned and worked over the sick man for some time. Later Mr. James was removed to his apartments in the Gfandon, where Dr. Treacy remained with him for more than an hour. At nine o'clock, Mrs. James announced that her husband was resting easily and appeared to be out of danger. The actor continued to rest easily during the night and upon awakening this morning felt no distress whatever. He attempted to move about in his bed, and as he did so, had another attack and expired almost immediately. Mrs. James, who was at his bedside, is almost prostrate with grief.

#### Walked About the City.

Mr. James and his company arrived in Helena Thursday evening, but were prevented from presenting "Henry VIII" at the Helena theater as scheduled on account of the late arrival of the train. The company, however, decided to remain in Helena and present the play here last evening and cancel the engagement at Great Falls. Mr. James arose early yesterday morning and with Mrs. James spent the greater part of the day walking about the city and visiting with friends. Late in the afternoon Mr. James repaired to the hotel and partook of a hearty meal. He rested a short time after dinner and walked slowly to the theater. As he entered the building he looked refreshed and remarked to the few persons who were in the theater that he had not felt better for many days. It is said his sudden illness was caused by an acute attack of indigestion which affected his heart.

Few actors were more popular with the people of Helena than Louis James and the news of his death was received with genuine regret.

#### Native of Illinois.

Mr. James was sixty-eight years of age and was born in Tremont, Ill., 1842, the son of Benjamin F. and Elmira H. James. He received his early education in the schools of that city and when a youth took an active part in amateur theatricals. In the days of his young manhood he became a soldier in the Union army and served two years fighting for the preservation of this government. After the war he joined the Louisville or the McAuley Stock company playing a leading part in the plays produced under the auspices of this troupe. Later he played a leading role with Mrs. John Drew, and it was while with this company that he won enviable laurels in the Arch Street theater in Philadelphia where he played from 1875 to 1879.

Joined the San Francisco company played for some time in Ford's theater in Baltimore, and later at the Boston theater in Boston, where he played as leading man with Lawrence Barrett for five years and established the reputation which is so familiar to the play lovers of America. He starred with Frederick Warde from 1892 to 1895, and from then until 1904 starred with Wagenhals and Kemper in the "Two Orphans" and "She Stoops to Conquer." Since he has been starring in "The Virginian," "Merchant of Venice," "Merry Wives of Windsor," and others including his present play, "Henry VIII." In this play, wherein he takes the part of Cardinal Wolsey, he has scored an immense success in every city he has visited. Many of the critics who have watched his career, agree that his great talents were never shown to better advantage than in this character.

#### Twice Married.

In 1871 Mr. James was married to Miss Lillian Scanlan in Philadelphia, his bride dying five years afterwards. On the 24th day of December, 1892, he was again joined in marriage to Miss Aphie Hendricks of Kansas City, and in connection with his second betrothal there is an interesting romance. Two years previous to the second marriage the company in which Mr. James was playing the leading role, stopped in Kansas City, the home of Aphie Hendricks, who was then one of the popular belles of the city. It so happened that one of the leading ladies with the James company was taken ill, and there was no one to take her place unless some local person could be found who could learn the part and would be willing to volunteer her services for the engagement in that city. The suggestion was made to Miss Hendricks by her friends that she appear in the place of the sick girl. Reluctant at first, she at last yielded, and difficult as the part was, she mastered it and not only surprised her friends, but won the admiration of the star. This admiration was not long in ripening into love, and two years later the charming Aphie Hendricks became Mrs. Aphie James.

"A more loyal or better friend I never had," declared Mr. E. F. Garrison, one of the members of the Louis James company, who has been with James for the last eleven years. "He was a good man and true, genial, kindly and endowed with all the qualities which make and hold acquaintances, as lasting friends. Big hearted and broad-minded, I loved him as a father, for such he has been to me as well as the other young men of this company."

Other members of the company joined in paying tribute to their leading man, and all were visibly affected by his sudden demise.



# Lack of Ambition

There's many a man who works with the wrench  
If he had but a spark of ambition,  
Would bid farewell to his tools and the bench  
And rise to a better position.

And many there are engaged night and day,  
With little they get for their labor;  
Whose talents, if used in a different way,  
Would make them the peer of their neighbor.

It's lack of ambition that keeps a man down,  
And makes him a servant forever,  
While others will smile, he only can frown,  
That some of his fellows are clever.

While seldom success will come to the man  
Who is lacking in honest ambition,  
Yet he who in life has a definite plan  
Is bound to improve his condition.

For plenty of push, with good common sense,  
Will crown with success an endeavor;  
But lack of ambition brings only expense  
To its victims who suffer forever.

rd.

ne life-spark  
the electric  
nity hospital  
s how at the  
efore it has  
to the lungs,  
, spasmodic  
d rigid, and,  
tion of the



J. E. DODSON, THE EMINENT ENGLISH ACTOR NOW APPEARING IN AMERICA AS "RICHELIEU."

The left hand expresses determination, the right hand uneasiness.  
From a Photograph by Falk, New York.



# REAL NEED IS ACTORS

Rose Coghlan of the New Theater  
Co. talks common Sense.

## PURITY OF SPEECH

Learn to enunciate properly and  
we will not hear Acoustics.

"There is only one spoken English language. It has no dialects, no American accent, no English accent, no Southern accent, or Western or New England accent. If it has, it is not the English language." So spoke Rose Coghlan of the velvet voice yesterday.

Yes, she is the same Rose we all remember in Forget Me Not and Diplomacy and London Assurance, and all those other things—the same today and in daylight as on those golden nights of the long ago. She is really the same, figure and all, for, as she said with that laugh everyone will remember, "I always was rather well set up." One sees the old dimple, the impudent nose and the clean jaw that fetches up in perhaps as beautiful a chin as ever was—a chin which force and tenderness and mirth and love and petulance and pity and all the other dear human qualities seem to have had a hand in modeling. The beautiful teeth, the straight, sturdy shoulders, the vim and gusto, they are all to be found in the Rose Coghlan of today.

There has been a lot of talk about the acoustics of the New Theater. People wrote to the newspaper complaining that they couldn't hear half what the actors said on the stage of the \$3,000,000 house. The actors laid it to faulty work on the part of the architects; the architects said it was the fault of the ventilator men; the ventilator men blamed it on the upholsterer, and so it went until the New Theater people put on a play with Rose Coghlan in it, when lo! you could hear all over the house every line she spoke.

Then the row started up again. Actor people said, "Oh, well, certainly, if you want to go back to the old-fashioned methods of stage elocution, of course, we can get our lines across, but if modern natural acting is to be encouraged, the acoustics must be improved."

Now, of course, there was only one way to find out about all this, and that was to ask Miss Coghlan herself. Which, being done, brought forth the rather uncompromising remark just quoted.

Continuing, she said: "There is no natural method of speaking one's lines on the stage. There is a method, if anyone wishes to call it that, of speaking one's lines so that they appear to the audience to be spoken naturally, but that method is the art of acting itself. It is neither elocution nor naturalness; it is art backed up by training, intelligence, talent and natural gifts. What would you think of a painter who glued real grass into a landscape painting be-

cause it was natural? No, the play must be art, artifice, make-believe, if you will. Did you ever see a play from the wings? Did it look natural? Of course, it didn't. There wasn't a natural move made. It was played and spoken only to be seen and heard from in front, and to create through the art of stagecraft only the illusion of naturalness for the audience.

"Now, isn't it absurd?" Miss Coghlan went on in her rapid contralto, "to suppose you can create the illusion of reality in a play if you speak your words so naturally that the audience can't make out what you are saying? The first and foremost thing is to make the author's words understood—to get them across. And you can't do this until you have learned to speak the English language in its purity.

"I am not, of course, referring to character and dialect parts. There are, mostly, specialties, whose function is to form a background for the leading roles. And even character parts will be better played and understood if the actor knows how to speak the language correctly when he so chooses. But for the main fine art of acting, the artist must have a knowledge of and a reverence for the spoken language—the Queen's, the King's English. If he has this, and a voice, he will, with talent and intelligence, come to speak his lines with every consonant propelling its vowel over the footlights and to every part of the house.

"I said there was only one spoken English language. What I mean is that the speech of the cultivated Englishman and the speech of the cultivated American are practically identical. The cockney or down-Easter, the negro, have a speech, but it is not the English language. English, properly spoken, is recognized everywhere, even by those who are not accustomed to the accent of their own locality. In a language correctly spoken, accents and dialects are not missed even by the very auditors who use them."

"But about the consonant propelling the vowels—more about that?" the speaker was asked.

"Why," said Miss Coghlan, "don't you see that if you know how a word should sound and appreciate the meaning and value of it, you will, if you are an artist at heart, take a sort of joy in enunciating it distinctly, in making your audience see the meaning and the value of the word as you do. And after a while it will become a habit. And not that only, but the constant practice of that habit will strengthen your speaking apparatus. Especially is this true if you were trained, as I was, to play all sorts of parts on short notice and in all sorts of theaters, big and little, built before most people knew the meaning of the word acoustics.

"Another thing, audiences are growing too tolerant of poor enunciation. I suppose they've heard so little else of late years that they don't remember the pleasure of not having to strain their ears. But in my earlier days, especially in England, if the audience wasn't getting its money's worth of the lines, the offending actor wouldn't have to wait for the stage manager's reprimand after

the performance—he'd get a soft orange over the footlights. We just had to get our lines over, acoustics or no acoustics."

"Well, then, what is the matter with the new generation of players? Have you a message for them?"

Rose Coghlan put her chin in her hands and looked hard at a picture of her dead brother Charles, which stood on a cabinet. "Pshaw!" she burst out presently. "Let's be brave—I can afford to if you can—let's be brave and say once for all that what the stage needs today is more cultivated people in it, more people whose mothers and fathers spoke the language in its purity, who as children at home read the real English tongue and were promptly corrected if they didn't speak it even on the most ordinary occasions.

"I learned my English from my father, who was not an actor, but a literary man, and from my mother, who would not tolerate slang and colloquial phrases and slovenly speech generally any more than she would have tolerated profanity.

"It is my opinion that the stage of today is being recruited from the wrong kind of people to encourage, a right standard of pronunciation and inflection, and I want to say, too, that if we had enough of the right kind of managers—managers who really knew their business—badly spoken English would not be tolerated as it is in so many otherwise delightful plays.

"The art of the actor is founded on his correct speech. You cannot have actors without it. And if the New Theater is to become and continue to be a national institution, it won't be so much the plays that will make it so. There are plenty of good plays. It will be because it has trained up actors—actors—actors."

"What the stage needs is actors."



E. H. Latham  
1901



RAOUL D'ARTAGNAN IN THE A. FRANCOIS VILLON IN  
HIS MUSKETEERS. IF I WERE KING.

# Why Are the Antis, Anyway?

Editor People's Column:  
People frequently ask "Why are the antis? If some women do not want to vote, they need not do so." Which is certainly a very superficial view to take of this grave question of woman's relationship to the State.

If women claim "equal rights" they must be prepared at once to renounce all privileges and accept "equal hardships." This condition would react directly on the children of the nation and cost us a heavy price. We cannot afford to impose more hardships on active and potential motherhood than those with which it is already burdened.

According to the abstract of the last census, which may be found in all public libraries, only 18.5 per cent. of the females in the United States of 20 years of age and over are single. When we enfranchise women, therefore, the vast majority of the increased electorate will consist of married women. The laws of our country demand that the husband support the wife. Is this equality? Not at all. In the eyes of the law, woman has always been regarded as weaker than man.

There is another aspect of this question which suffragists never consider. If the vast majority of the women's electorate vote like the husbands, we gain nothing. We have merely doubled the electorate and spent money handling the useless increase which might better be used on our roads, schools and sanitation. If, and the other hand, the vote of the wives falls indifferently from that of the husbands, then the wife has disfranchised the husband. One vote merely counteracts the other and such families are not represented at the polls at all.

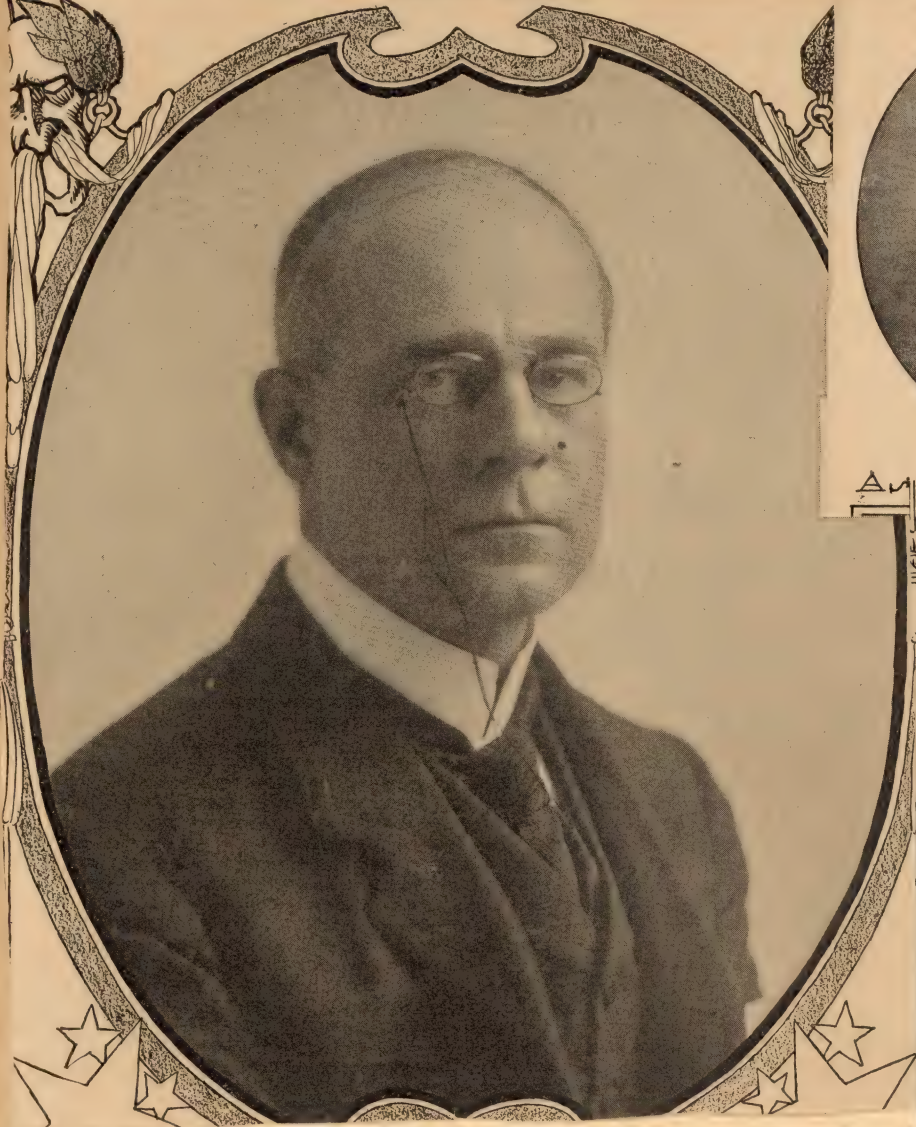
Molly Elliot Seawell, the novelist and well known anti has this to say in "The Ladies' Battle" on this point: "No voter can claim maintenance from another voter. All voters must stand on the same level. This is a fundamental of representative government. It is based upon the principle that no voter shall be compelled to maintain any person who has a vote which may be cast against his benefactor, thereby impairing or destroying the capacity of the benefactor to maintain the beneficiary. The proposition is entirely just and relentlessly logical. On attaining his majority a man loses all claim to maintenance as long as he is a voter. The right of maintenance is what a man gives up for a vote. If should become a pauper he at once loses his vote. The suffragists claim that a wife renders services to her husband which entitle her to maintenance is not sound. It is true there is a fiction of the English common law which declares a husband to be entitled to his wife's services. But every method of enforcing this is carefully penalized by statute law in the United States and so far, no man has been found ingenious enough to compel a wife's services against her will.

"A wife's maintenance is her equivalent for a vote. But if she acquires a vote, she must give up her right to maintenance because there is a direct conflict between a vote and maintenance and also all her property privileges. It operates between man and man and being a basic principle must in the end operate between man and woman."

MARJORIE DORMAN.



AS ALCESTE IN THE  
PHOTO BY BYRON.



Norm  
Jenn

AS BEAU BRUMMEL.

ANFIELD'S



# "BY" NEWTON TO SPEAK HERE NEXT THURSDAY

Popular Collector of Port of New York to Take Part in Patriotic Rally.

Hon. Byron R. Newton, a former well known and popular newspaper man of Buffalo and formerly a mem-



ber of the editorial staff of THE TIMES has accepted an invitation to participate in the grand patriotic rally to be conducted by the congregation of St. Joseph's

Cathedral on Independence Day, July 4th. Mr. Newton is the indefatigable and highly patriotic collector of the Port of New York and his splendid work in protecting our great seaport from the Huns and from attacks by alien foes has won the admiration of the American public. After leaving Buffalo Mr. Newton for a number of years was the brilliant political writer for the New York Herald and when Hon. William G. McAdoo became a member of President Wilson's Cabinet, as Secretary of the Treasury, he appointed Mr. Newton one of his chief assistants. A year ago he succeeded Dudley Field Malone as collector of the Port of New York and his work in that important office has attracted na-

tion-wide attention, and international admiration. Mr. Newton—he will always be "By" to the fellows of the Fourth Estate—is a noted wit, a poet of scholarly attainments and can make a most excellent speech.

## Will Entertain Newton.

A series of entertainments will be arranged in honor of Mr. Newton, including a luncheon; probably a reception by the Buffalo Press Club and members of the press generally; a visit to the rally at Fillmore Park, etc. A reception committee has been appointed by Rev. James F. McGloin, D.D., rector of the cathedral, consisting of William J. Conners, chairman; Oliver Cabana, Jr., John H. Lascelles, Norman E. Mack, George Davidson, Jr., collector of the Port of Buffalo; George J. Meyer, Postmaster of Buffalo; John T. Ryan, U. S. appraiser; Joseph E. Gavin and Harry Yates.

Congressman Charles Bennett Smith will come from Washington for the purpose of attending this patriotic rally and will make an interesting speech. Other speakers will include Hon. James M. Mead, City Clerk Daniel J. Sweeney, Councilmen Kreinheder, Heald and Malone, Superintendent of Police Henry F. Girvin and others. Hon. John J. Hynes will preside and a beautiful flag, to be unfurled high up between the lofty spires of the splendid cathedral, will be presented by Norman E. Mack.

There will be gymkana races for boys at 2 P. M., and following the flag raising, Otto F. Andrie, formerly leading man with Robert Mantell, and well known as the leading man with the St. Louis Dramatic Circle of this city for many years, will recite "The Star Spangled Banner," and "The American Flag." Mr. Andrie officiated in a similar manner at the historic ceremonies at Lafayette Square, July 4, 1901—Pan-American year.

Following the platform ceremonies the distinguished guests will be escorted to the honor tables at the great "Victory Supper" arranged as the big feature of this notable patriotic celebration. Miss Vanderwater is chairman of the supper committee and covers will be laid for 700 at the outset. The "Victory Supper" will be served continuously from 5 to 10 P. M. Everybody is invited and everybody will be welcome. At 9 A. M. there will be grand illumination of the spacious church grounds at West Utica Street, Delaware and Linwood Avenues.

In conformity with the wishes of President Wilson that part of the day be devoted to a religious service, a solemn high mass will be celebrated in the Cathedral at 9 A. M. for the benefit of all the soldiers and sailors who have answered the call of their country. The Rev. James F. McGloin, pastor of the parish, will be the celebrant. All relatives and friends of those in service are requested to assist at



**Hon. Byron R. Newton,  
Collector of the Port of New York  
To Speak in Buffalo July 4th**



**HON. BYRON R. NEWTON,  
Collector of the Port of New York.**

Mr. Newton is a former newspaper man of this city and now holds one of the biggest and most important



federal positions in the United States, that of Collector of the Port of New York, the world's greatest seaport. His work in protecting our mighty seaport from a resourceful and frightful foe and from alien plotters and conspirators, has attracted international attention and the admiration of all friends of Democracy. Mr. Newton, before assuming his present office, was an assistant secretary of the Treasury Department under Secretary William G. McAdoo.

Mr. Newton is coming to Buffalo to speak at the flag-raising at St. Joseph's Cathedral and the grand patriotic rally to be held there tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. Mr. Newton is a non-Catholic and the flag-raising and rally should attract the largest crowd of the day, for the list of speakers is a notable one, and the special features most attractive, as well as patriotic and interesting.

Hon. Charles Bennett Smith, our Representative in Congress, is coming home for the purpose of addressing this rally and other speakers will include Hon. James M. Mead, City Clerk Daniel J. Sweeney, Councilman John

F. Malone, Councilman Arthur W. Kreinheder and Hon. John J. Hynes, who will preside. The flag will be presented by Hon. Norman E. Mack.

As the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner," the flag will be unfurled and hoisted to a commanding position between two lofty spires of the magnificent cathedral. Then Mr. Otto F. Andrele will recite "The American Flag" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

The rally will be held on the Cathedral grounds, corner of West Utica Street, Delaware and Linwood avenues. At 2 P. M. there will be gymnastics games for boys and girls, and following the band concert and flag-raising there will be a "Victory Supper" served by the ladies of the parish, the committee being headed by Miss Vandewater. The supper will be served from 5 to 10 P. M., and everybody in Buffalo and vicinity will be welcome. A grand illumination and sparkler display will conclude the event of the day.

At nine o'clock in the morning of Independence Day there will be a solemn high mass for the benefit of the soldiers and sailors "Over There" and all relatives and friends of such are urgently asked to attend. All soldiers and sailors in Buffalo the 4th of July will be welcome guests of the congregation, and are cordially invited to attend.



## Man's Best Friend.

Editor People's Column:

About this time of the year, Christmas-tide, we hear much of good will on earth and peace to man. While our hearts are open to broadening sympathies, let us not forget man's most faithful friend, the dog. Here is a eulogy pronounced on him by the late Senator George V. Vest of Missouri:

Senator Vest made the speech in the course of the trial of a man who had wantonly shot a dog belonging to a neighbor. The jury convicted the defendant. The full text of the speech follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury: The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads, that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

"Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open, alert watchfulness, faithful and even to death."

P. J.

*Dr. Clark of Kansas*

Here they are:  
 "Autobiograph of Benjamin Franklin."  
 "Journal of John Woolman."  
 "Fruits of Solitude," by William Penn.  
 Bacon's "Essays" and "New Atlantis."  
 Milton's "Areopagitica" and "Tractate on Education."  
 Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medico."  
 Plato's "Apology," "Phaedo" and "Crito."  
 "Golden Sayings" of Epictetus.  
 "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius."  
 Emerson's "Essays."  
 Emerson's "English Traits."  
 The complete poems of Milton.  
 Johnson's "Velpone."  
 Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Maid's Tragedy."  
 Webster's "Duchess of Malfi."  
 Middleton's "The Changeling."  
 Dryden's "All for Love."  
 Shelly's "Cenci."  
 Browning's "Blot on the Scutcheon."  
 Tennyson's "Becket."  
 Goethe's "Faust."  
 Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus."  
 Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations."  
 "Letters" of Cicero and Pliny.  
 Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."  
 Burns' "Tam O'Shanter."  
 Walton's "Complete Angler" and "Lives of Donne and Herbert."  
 "Autobiography of St. Augustine."  
 Plutarch's "Lives."  
 Dryden's "Aeneid."  
 Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."  
 "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas a Kempis.  
 Dante's "Divine Comedy."  
 Darwin's "Origin of Species."  
 "Arabian Nights."

Truth is hidden in this, indeed!





*John McCullough.*  
"His physique suited Roman parts—or our acceptance of the sturdy Roman—ideally."



LOUIS  
JAMES  
Assisted by  
APHIE JAMES  
AND HIS OWN COMPANY PRESENTING  
SUMPTUOUS REVIVALS OF  
SHAKESPEARE'S  
Henry VIII  
AND  
COLMAN'S  
The Jealous Wife

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE U. S. LITHOGRAPH CO. - RUSSELL WELSH PHOTO, CHICAGO, ILL.

MR.  
LOUIS  
JAMES



Assisted  
By

MISS  
APHIE  
JAMES



COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE U. S. LITHOGRAPH CO. - RUSSELL WELSH PHOTO, CHICAGO, ILL.





Louis  
James  
as  
Cardinal  
Wolsey

**A**N event which can not fail to appeal to the intellectual and cultured clientele of Theatregoers, is the coming engagement of the distinguished actor Louis James, assisted by Aphie James, in imposing and sumptuous presentations of Shakespeare's Henry VIII; with Mr. James as Cardinal Wolsey and Aphie James as Queen Katharine, and Colman's deliciously unique and vivacious comedy "The Jealous Wife."



Aphie  
James  
as  
Queen  
Katharine

Many of the finest traditions of the drama, as well as some of the most brilliant achievements of the American Stage, cluster around the name of this eminent player, who for half a century has contributed to the lovers of the drama the choicest brain-creations of the world's greatest dramatists, and one who has at all times remained true to the classic traditions of the stage by presenting his offerings in a manner commensurate with the dignity of



Louis  
James  
as  
Mr.  
Oakley

the author, and his own reputation as a player.

This season's contribution is undoubtedly the most ambitious and masterly he has ever attempted and will fully sustain the distinction bestowed upon him as "America's most representative Actor."

An exceptionally large and well selected cast of players will aid in giving life and vitality to these literary gems.

The scenic investiture is upon a scale of



50

EDWIN BOOTH began a week's engagement at the Academy last night, appearing in his favorite role of Hamlet. The audience was most appreciative. W. H. Leak, an old Buffalo boy, took the part of the ghost, Ben Rogers was Polonius, Fred Wren, also from this city, was the grave-digger. Miss Rachel Noah made a most acceptable Ophelia.—Francis Anderle, long a member of the Union Cornet Band, died on Saturday at his home in Washington Street. The funeral cortege yesterday was led by the Germania, Miller's, Kehr's and Young's bands.—Walter T. Chester of the Spirit of the Times, New York, is in town for a brief visit to friends.—At the shipyard of George H. Notter on the canal at the foot of Virginia Street, a new ferry boat to ply the Niagara River between Fort Erie and Black Rock, is now being built. She will be substituted when finished for the W. H. Thomson.—President Hayes' message is out today.—Company B, Spaulding Guards, will hold a reception at the North William Street Armory (Elmwood Avenue and Virginia Street) on the 7th. A promenading concert will be a feature of the entertainment.—The Rev. Frederick Frothingham, former pastor of the Unitarian Church, is in town on a visit and preached yesterday to his old congregation.

FUNERAL of Ethan Allen, lifelong resident of this county, from his home this afternoon. Burial in Forest Lawn.—St. Louis Dramatic Circle has scored a two-night remarkable success in "Hamlet," the leading role being played by Otto Anderle.—The Electric Light Company is now at work placing poles in upper Franklin Street.—A series of fine plays and light opera will soon be presented to Buffalo theatergoers by H. R. Jacobs, new manager of the Grand Opera House.—Calvin Dunnell, who by the breaking of the key in the lock of the Blocher mausoleum now being constructed in Forest Lawn Cemetery, was held prisoner for more than four hours, is at his home suffering from gas fumes and cold exposure. Mr. Dunnell is the locksmith employed.

DECEMBER 29, 1907—TWENTY YEARS AGO.

THE rush for "Erminie" was so great that the Academy of Music was forced to put the S. R. O. sign out early and later to turn people from its doors.—Ethan Allen, lifelong resident of Erie County, died last evening at his home, 679 Ellicott Street. He leaves a widow and one daughter, Miss Frances Allen.—The St. Louis Dramatic Circle will present "Hamlet" this evening at St. Louis Hall. Otto F. Anderle will play the melancholy Dane, Edward Mischka takes the part of Laertes, Charles M. Weyand and John P. Mayer are respectively Polonius and Claudius. Frank L. Mayer has the difficult role of the Ghost. Mrs. Emily O'Neil will take Ophelia and Miss Annie Beutler and Bohumila Anderle are Gertrude and Player Queen. This very talented young company will give a fine performance it goes without saying.

FUNERAL of Ethan Allen, lifelong resident of this county, from his late home this afternoon. Burial in Forest Lawn.—St. Louis Dramatic Circle has scored a two-night remarkable success in "Hamlet," the leading role being played by Otto Anderle.—The Electric Light Company is now at work placing poles in upper Franklin Street.—A series of fine plays and light opera will soon be presented to Buffalo theatergoers by H. R. Jacobs, new manager of the Grand Opera House.—Calvin Dunnell, who by the breaking of the key in the lock of the Blocher mausoleum now being constructed in Forest Lawn Cemetery, was held prisoner for more than four hours, is at his home suffering from gas fumes and cold exposure. Mr. Dunnell is the locksmith employed.

DECEMBER 29, 1907—TWENTY YEARS AGO.



## Persephone

*April 22nd* Prologue by Ruth C. Kelley 1916  
*Training School*

DEMETER,	Jane T. McMahon
PERSEPHONE,	Mercita Clarice Andrie
AIDONEUS,	Beatrice Ingram
THALEIA,	Marie Gertrude Wechter
DORIS,	Helen C. Nagle
Spinning women; Jessie E. Kelley, Clara L. Winspear, Mary Oaks	
A woodcutter	Hannah J. Aarum
PRATO,	Grace G. Ballard
Nymphs; Act I, Misses Moran, Abraham, Menzies, Sullivan, McAuliffe, Fish, Frances Andrie, Ryan, Then, Jansen, Fix, Jensen.	
Nyn	Koenig, Fitzgerald,
Her	



EDWIN BOOTH, SEPT. 14, 1877. THIS PICTURE BOOTH PRONOUNCED "THE VERY BEST HE HAD EVER SEEN."

## Day Completed

5149  
Flag Raising, "Victory Supper"  
and Lawn Fete of St. Joseph's  
Cathedral Parish July Fourth  
to Be Biggest Event of Day.

At the meeting of the general committees of the parish of St. Joseph's Cathedral, held last evening in the school auditorium, all arrangements for the great patriotic celebration to be held on the cathedral grounds, corner of West Utica Street, Delaware and Linwood avenues, were completed. Hon. John J. Hynes presided and Rev. James F. Gloin, rector and his assistants, Revs. William Tobin and Leo Toomey were among the many present.

Miss Vandewater of the Victory supper committee made a flattering report. It is expected that thousands will take part in this big feature of the affair and seven hundred will be seated at one time. The supper will be served from 5 to 10 P. M. Various committees reported arrangements perfected and "oceans of ice cream" and loads of candy will be supplied for the multitude expected.

Daniel Ferry, chairman of the souvenir program exhibited copies of the superb souvenir program to be issued. It contains a splendid picture of President Wilson in a bower of flags and in the attitude of addressing the people in his characteristic manner. It is printed in the national colors, red, white and blue.

The program follows:

2 P. M., gymkana races for boys and girls to include egg, spoon, barrel, obstacle and foot races.

3 P. M., band concert.

4 P. M., flag raising. Flag donated by Mr. Norman E. Mack. Brief speeches by Hon. Byron R. Newton, Collector of the Port of New York; Hon. Charles Bennett Smith, M. C.; Hon. James M. Mead, Hon. Daniel J. Sweeney, Hon. John F. Malone, Hon. A. W. Kreinheder, Hon. Charles M. Heald, Hon. Henry F. Girvin and others.

"The Star Spangled Banner" and "The American Flag," recited by Otto E. Andrie.

5 to 10 P. M., grand "Victory Supper."

7 to 10 P. M., band concert.

9 P. M., grand illumination.

The ladies of the parish have made wonderful preparations to provide a most bountiful and appetizing supper and everybody in Buffalo is cordially invited to attend. There will be many attractive booths, for candy, ice cream, Liberty dolls, etc., and the members of the parish will attend in large numbers to welcome and entertain all visitors. This celebration will be one of the most elaborate, pretentious and enjoyable of the "day we celebrate" and it promises to be a huge success.

—W—S—S—  
You Would Not Accept Counterfeit Money.  
Why Accept Counterfeit Goods?  
INSIST ON HAVING WHAT YOU ASK  
FOR.



50  
52

SUNDAY MARCH 13 - 1910

## MARCH 14th, 1895

### FIFTEEN YEARS AGO TOMORROW

Paddy Slavin challenges Peter Jackson.—Former State Treasurer Taylor wanted for embezzlement, arrested in Mexico.—Bank at Dubois closes its doors.—Clarence Robinson confesses that his wife, Sadie, fired the shot that killed Montgomery Gibbs.—Mrs. Anna Huda brings suit against the Hamlins to recover the sum of \$20,000, for loss of husband in Glucose plant fire.—Jury acquits Joseph Butler of the charge of arson.—Hornellsville has a sensation in the mysterious disappearance of three boys.—Wealthy woman at Fredonia finds trusted employe short in his accounts.—Men resume work on Mooney-Brisbane Building.—Bridegroom, father and uncle in Judge King's court measure only four feet one; they were a notable family of dwarfs.—Sadie Robinson, on trial for murder, calls witness "a dam liar."

### March 14th, 1885—25 Years Ago Tomorrow.

Joe Goss, well-known pugilist, dies in England.—Sister of Roscoe Conkling dead at Rochester.—Dr. Maas gives recital at Goodell Hall.—Otto F. Anderle elected president of the St. Louis Dramatic Circle.—William McMillan elected president of the newly organized Horticultural Society.—Paper dealers and paper hangers hold an important conference.—Ada Gray at Court Street Theater in "East Lynne."—Roller skating craze spreading to all sections of the State.—Special meeting of the Board of Supervisors called to decide as to the erection of a monument.

### March 14th, 1870—40 Years Ago Tomorrow.

"Lalla Rookh" at the Academy of Music.—Readings at St. James' Hall.—F. J. Conkling from his home at No. 401 Elm Street.—F. J. Conkling for sticking out his tongue at officers.

### CRESTON CLARKE DIES.

Worthy Member of the Booth Family Taken Off by Tuberculosis.



Creston Clarke, second son of John Sleeper Clarke and Asia Booth Clarke, grandson of Junius Brutus Booth, nephew of Edwin Booth and brother of Wilfred Clarke, died at the Winyah Sanitarium, Asheville, N. C., Monday morning, March 21, after more than a year's illness with tuberculosis. His condition did not become serious until a few weeks ago, and his removal to the sanitarium did not take place till ten days before his death. Till the last Mr. Clarke did not give up the hope of soon returning to the stage, where for many years he had been a prominent exponent of Shakespearean and other classic productions.

Mr. Clarke was born in Philadelphia Aug. 30, 1865. He received his education in Paris and London, and in the latter city began his stage career as Francois in his uncle, Edwin Booth's, production of Richelieu in 1882 at the Adelphi Theatre. In 1886 he came to America and joined the stock company at Wallack's Theatre during the last years of Mr. Wallack's management. Here he was seen as Roy Marston in Harvest, George Seagrim in Sophia, Frank Moreland in The Harbor Lights, and Lieutenant Von Derveset in The Dominie's Daughter. The following year he organized his own company and made his debut as a star in the role of Hamlet in Richmond, Va., where his grandfather, Junius Booth, made his first appearance in America. He next went with Julia Marlowe as her leading man, and then filled the same position for Minna Gale. Two years with Daly's stock company followed, during which he appeared as Modus in The Hunchback, the Knave in The Knave, Orsini in Twelfth Night, Ruy Gomez in Faint Heart, in Little Miss Poddlekins, The Last Word, and Little Miss Million. In 1893-1894 Mr. Clarke again starred in Hamlet, David Garrick, The Merchant of Venice, Othello, and Richelieu. In 1897-8 he produced his own romantic play, The Last of His Race. In 1903 he interrupted his starring tour to appear in special stock engagements, after which he played in support of James O'Neill in The Adventures of Gerard and with Amelia Bingham in Olympe. For the three years following, 1904-7, he starred two seasons in Monsieur Beaucaire and one season in The Ragged Messenger. Then followed his tour in The Power That Governs. Mr. Clarke's last appearance was as the Drainman in The Servant in the House, with which he continued till forced by illness to give up the part about four weeks ago. Mr. Clarke's work has most always been with the classic parts made famous by his ancestors. Besides the plays named above he appeared in Much Ado About Nothing, Romeo and Juliet, As You Like It, Richard III, The Taming of the Shrew, The Fool's Revenge, The Lady of Lyons, Ruy Blas, The Bells, The Raven, Don Cesar de Bazan, The Marble Heart, A Son of France, and The Only Way. He was married April 17, 1895, to Adelaide Prince, an actress and playwright, who played with him for several seasons. She survives him. The body was brought to New York for burial in Mt. Ken-sico Cemetery.





Otto F. Andrele.

Buffalo Actor in the Character of Jean Maraise, Leading Support of R. B. Mantell in "The Light of Other Days."

## A GAME OF POLITICS

53

Edward Howard Griggs draws  
Semblances to modern Game.

The third of the lectures on the Humanity of Shakespeare, given by Edward Howard Griggs under the auspices of the Women Teachers' Association, was heard last evening at the Lafayette High School. Julius Caesar was the subject.

Julius Caesar is the first of the world's tragedies written by Shakespeare, Mr. Griggs said. With marvelous fidelity Shakespeare has portrayed the Roman atmosphere and political and social conditions and the poetical, historical and psychological understanding of that chapter in Roman history has never been equaled by any other dramatist.

"The theme," said the lecturer, "is the struggle between two great ideas—between the new republic and the old empire and herein is the unity of the drama expressed. In The Merchant of Venice, the unity was in the balancing of characters; in Julius Caesar, the unity consists in the conflict between two equally as well-defined ideas and interpretations of the laws of life. We must remember that Rome was never anything but a wonderful city which governed the world and that when the stern, stoical, tense Romans came in contact with the pleasure-loving, self-indulgent Easterners, it was small wonder that they became corrupted."

Mr. Griggs made emphatic that the characters in the drama were living men, not stilted creations made for the express purpose of telling the story of Caesar's assassination. The way in which Julius Caesar is pictured as a successful man is characteristic of Shakespeare's love of worldly success.

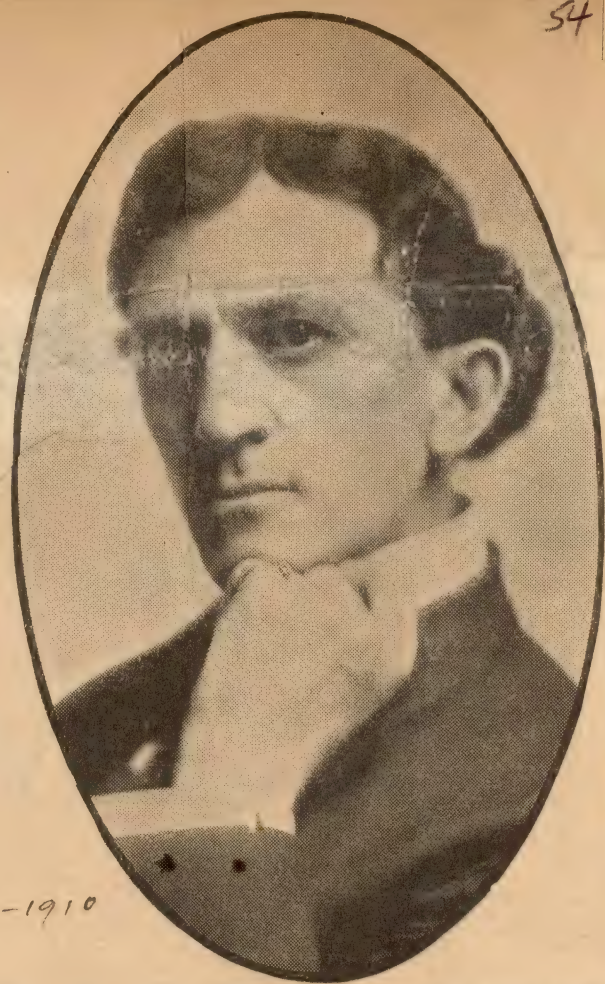
Brutus is a profound psychological study. He is noble, stoical, revered, high principled, but he has no practical understanding of the affairs of men. He knew the theory of the game, but not the position of the pawns on the chess-board. He wouldn't crush a fly on the window pane," said Mr. Griggs, "but he would write a death order for 10,000 men—from principle. Brutus was a dangerous man, impractical, a dreamer who would kill Caesar merely because he might become a tyrant.

"Cassius was a successful ward boss raised to a high dimension, an ill-intentioned man, but one who knew the workings of the game. He would have wrought less havoc than the high-principled Brutus."

Portia, wife of Brutus, Mr. Griggs described as a ray of mellow sunshine breaking in on the gray tragedy, a womanly woman, matured and developed, who bravely tried to play the stoic.

Mr. Griggs read a number of the important scenes of the play, showing the development of the action, the wonderful study of human nature and the fidelity with which Shakespeare portrayed his theme. Mr. Griggs considers the scene preceding Caesar's assassination and Antony's speech to the people the two greatest studies in the play.





1909-1910

**OTTO F. ANDRIE, WELL-KNOWN BUFFALO ARTIST AND ACTOR, WITH LOUIS JAMES COMPANY.**

The picture to the left is from a painting made by Mr. Andrie himself. Mr. Andrie has been a member of Robert B. Mantell's Company and will be one of Mr. James' principal supports this season.

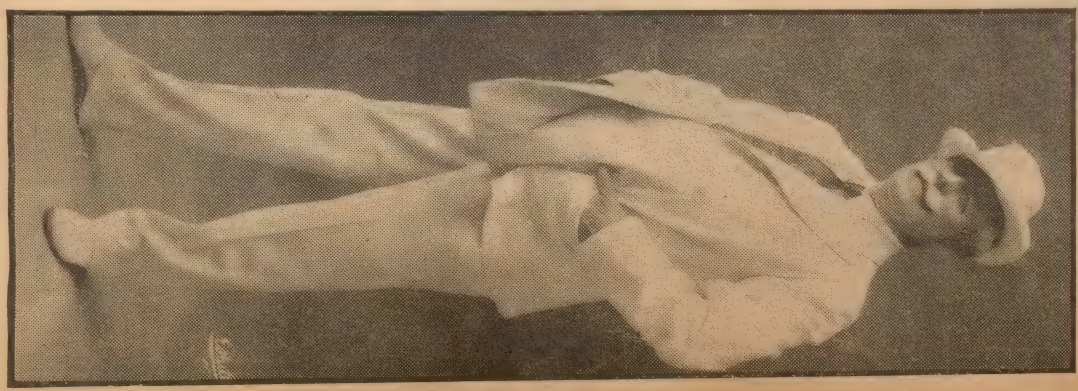
felt want" in providing these refined and enjoyable Sunday evening entertainments.

**ANDRIE WITH LOUIS JAMES**

Otto F. Andrie, the well-known artist and actor of Buffalo, has joined Louis James' company for the season

and will be the leading support of the distinguished star. Mr. Andrie has been seen in many important roles, both in comedy and tragedy, and is a versatile and painstaking actor of acknowledged ability. His first appearance was with the late Frank Mayo at the Star and Niblo's theaters in New York City. His work as an

artist has received great praise in the Eastern cities and many of his designs now adorn some of the finest churches throughout the country. Mr. James intends to make an elaborate production of Shakespeare's "King Henry VIII," and Mr. Andrie will have one of the most important roles in the cast.

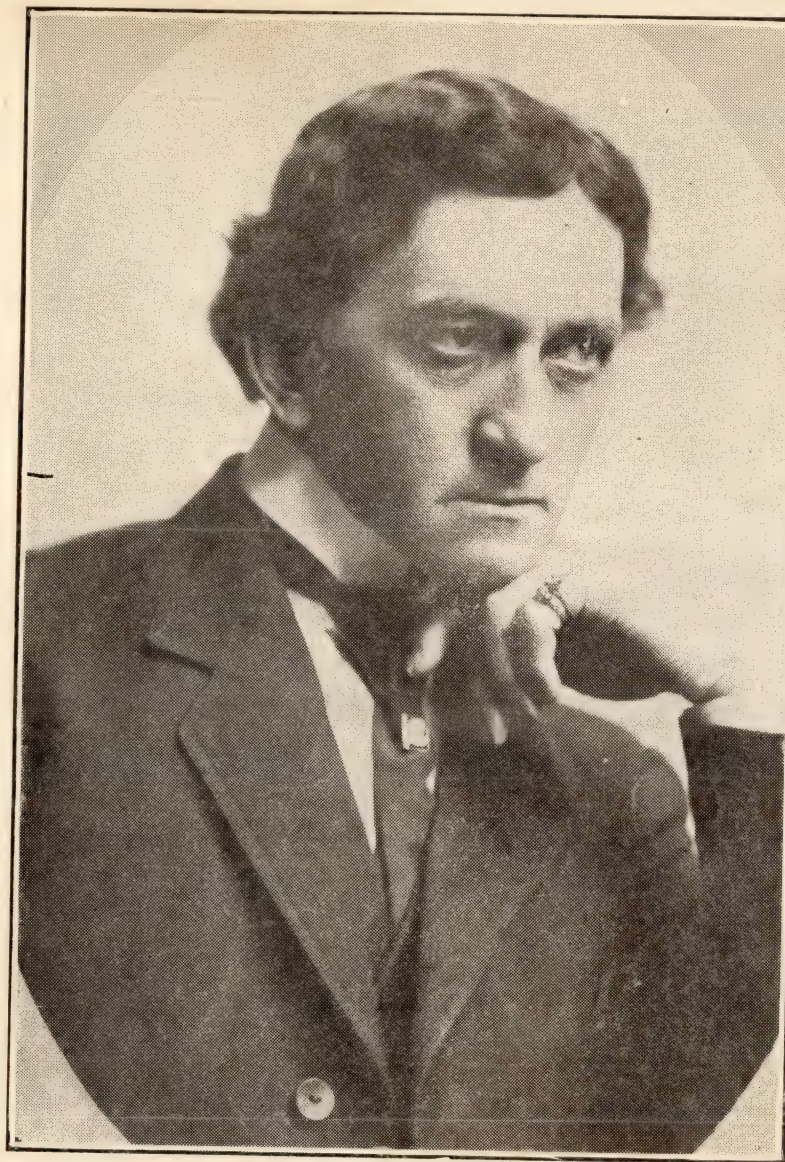


Louis James.

A worthy successor to Mansfield in Ibsen's dramatic fantasy, "Peer Gynt."



do their repair work, and they also do and cleaning. A handy man with



**MR. OTTO F. ANDRIE,**

Well Known Buffalonian Whose Success on the Professional Stage This  
Year Surpasses Even His Triumphs of Former Years.



**OTTO F. ANDRIE.**

The professional career of Mr. Otto F. Andrie has been one of prominent success and one that is the result maintained principally by natural ability, artistic temperament, conscientious study and excellent training. Being devoted to the art of painting and music he has at times designed productions, painted scenery, composed songs and incidental music, in fact, arranged and directed entire productions for the stage. Mr. Andrie has been seen as leading support with some of the best stars and productions, among them the late Frank Mayo, Ada Gray, Prisoner of Zenda, Willard's Cardinal, Charles Hanford, James O'Neill, Robert Mantell, etc. Having run the gamut from farce comedy to tragedy Mr. Mantell predicted for him a brilliant future, saying that he will some day be a great Iago.

1901





## THE VAMPIRE

A Painting by SIR PHILIP BURNE-JONES

which inspired the following Poem by

RUDYARD KIPLING

A fool there was and he made his prayer—  
(Even as you and I)

To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair—  
(We called her the woman who did not care)  
But the fool he called her his lady fair —  
(Even as you and I.)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste—  
And the work of our head and hand  
Belong to the woman who did not know—  
(And now we know that she never could know)  
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent—  
(Even as you and I.)

Honor and faith and a sure intent—  
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant)  
But a fool must follow his natural bent  
(Even as you and I.)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost—  
And the excellent things we planned  
Belong to the woman who didn't know why—  
(And now we know she never knew why)  
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide—  
(Even as you and I.)  
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside  
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)  
So some of him lived but the most of him died  
(Even as you and I.)

But it isn't the shame, and it isn't the blame  
That stings like a white hot brand—  
Its coming to know that she never knew why—  
(Seeing at last she could never know why)  
And could never understand.

FREDERIC THOMPSON WILL PRESENT  
**ROBERT HILLIARD IN A FOOL THERE WAS**  
STAR THEATRE  
WEEK, COMMENCING MONDAY, MARCH 21



The engagement at the Lyceum week will mark the first appearance here of beautiful and accomplished Rosabel Morrison in Goethe's "Faust" and soul lifting drama, with which the name of her ill father, the late Lewis Morris is synonymous for a quarter of a century. Miss Morrison's interpretation of the role of Marguerite stands vividly in the history of modern achievements, and the fact that grand old dramatic poem has revived under the Morrison upon a scale of magnificence before attempted, will appear an army of theater patrons with the name "Faust" has long been a household word. W. E. whose successful pilotage of the of such celebrities as Madame Bernhardt, Mrs. Patrick C. Chevalier and Guilbert and Herrmann, is the manager Morrison, and this means stage accessories for this no rival will be fully in accordance with promises. Mr. Gorn has gone into the realms of the musical and the highly popular for his aids to impressive association with Herrmann gives close acquaintance with the illusionists' methods in his sphere. The famous Brocke is a combination of Herrmann art and the effects employed by Morrison. It will contain all the elements of mystery that made magician's act one of the ever placed before the public, as heretofore, introduces Faust to the revels of the demons and spirits from the summit of the Brocken, but the delirium of color and action that is revealed to his dazzled senses is said to scale the heights of the spectacular. The scene is Hell as Dante describes it. Another departure is the new staging of the Cathedral scene, in which is shown in graphic detail, the interior of the edifice, with the pews, pulpit and organ loft. The minister stands at his lectern and preaches his sermon, the members of the congregation are seen at their devotions, while the voices of trained singers are raised in sacred songs; the whole giving an elevating and uplifting effect as though the spectators were really sitting in a house of worship.

Magic is also used in the Apotheosis scene, Herrmann's wonderful levitation showing Marguerite slowly rising from her couch in the prison cell and ascending to Heaven, while voices of unseen singers chant heavenly music as the angels beckon her on to redemption and peace.

Miss Morrison, star of the Faust company, was educated in Philadelphia, at the Convent of Mercy, and while there, became infatuated with the idea of taking the veil. Her parents had considerable difficulty in dissuading her from adopting such a life, and both being prominent in the dramatic profession (Lew Morrison and Rose Wood) they took her with them on one of their tours, hoping that the varied vicissitudes of a theatrical campaign would tend to alter her determination. They succeeded far beyond their expectations, for the religiously inclined girl developed a strong passion for the stage, and finally adopted it as a profession.

THERE is a foolish intoxication in the enchantment of distance. We yearn for the far away and spurn or ignore the better things nearby.

"Most people," says Ingersoll, "have a certain reverence for the old, because it is old. They think a man is better for being dead, especially if he has been dead a long time."

Distance is deceptive!

Possibly Demosthenes was the greatest orator who ever lived; probably he wasn't.

His reputation is profiting by the halo of distance.

Oratory possesses two prime elements—the meat and the manner. It is not at all improbable that we have orators today who are fully as eloquent as were Demosthenes or Cicero.

We quote them as ideals because they have been dead a long time.

How many of us know anything about Kate Barnard, of Oklahoma? She has done more for humanity than Joan of Arc ever did, yet every school-boy knows the story of the Maid of Orleans.

Kate Barnard is known as "the angel of Oklahoma." She has clothed and cared for an army of destitute children; she has organized and secured employment for an army of the unemployed; she has lifted men up and rescued women and children from disgrace and death. She has had a potent purifying influence upon the politics of the infant State.

But we pass her by because she is here, active and alive. It is to the dead past that we pay homage.

"The Swiss," says Ruskin, "have certainly no feelings respecting their

mountains in anywise corresponding with ours."

Close range every day intercourse blinds us to the beauties that lie along our most-frequented paths.

Were the Alps in India the Swiss tourists would journey to see them.

We crown Phidias now that he has been twenty-three centuries dead, but in his day he ate prison fare.

We unthinkingly talk about "the good old times."

These are the best times the world has ever known—these twentieth century times.

Do those who talk so much about "the good old times" want to go back to the times of Charles II. and the Henrys, when kings were targets, the home a harem and life a moral, political and social mockery?

There is a peculiarly deceptive quality in long-range vision.

"We are led to idealize and idolize the past," says Matthews. This is largely because the average mind is not analytical. We generalize and jump at conclusions.

Many a prominent man whom we have known only by reputation stands forth in our minds eye as a Colossus; close contact is apt to shatter our idol and metamorphose our giant into a pigmy.

The past is interesting as a story book; it is valuable for its lessons and its precedents, but the real worthwhile time is now—1909.

Don't foster the idea that the only good times are the times long past, and that the only great men are dead men.

Change your focus; live not in the far away but in the present.

1909-10

## ILLUSTRATED BUFFALO



OTTO F. ANDRIE.

Will be the leading man in support of Louis James next season.





Robert B. Mantell.

As Brutus, one of his most artistic and forceful Shakespearean roles.



LOUIS JAMES AND APHIE JAMES.

THE MIRROR above publishes the first photograph of Louis James as Cardinal Wolsey in Henry VIII and Aphie James as Queen Kathrine. Mr. James has prepared an entirely new production for the proper presentation of Shakespeare's great historical drama, and his tour will embrace the South, the Pacific Coast and the Northwest, being booked to June 1, 1910. Aphie James will have the distinction of being the youngest actress to essay the role of Kathrine, and an army of well wishers expect a dramatic triumph for her. It may be inter-

esting to state that George Alexander will produce Henry VIII at the St. James' Theatre, London, in the early Fall with Ellen Terry as Kathrine. In addition to the very pretentious production of Henry VIII, Mr. James will occasionally present the old English comedy, The Jealous Wife, Mr. James appearing as Mr. Oakley and Aphie James as Mrs. Oakley. This one-time famous comedy calls for the most magnificent costuming, which Mr. James has provided with his well-known reputation for completeness of detail.



...out the  
problem of how best to earn a living. For six months I tried a boarding-house. The tradesmen became clamorous. Most of the household furniture went to satisfy their claims.

"The girls, who were twelve and fourteen years old, were both bright. They could dance almost as soon as they could walk. They could sing. I thought they had talent for the stage. I had a brother who was wealthy and who wanted to adopt them. I was determined to keep them myself. When I spoke to him about putting them on the stage he was shocked. He looked at me as though he was going to faint. He begged me not to disgrace the family.

"We had got down to our last \$50 when I took the children to Buffalo. We left our trunks at a hotel and went to a variety theater. The manager was rehearsing a company, they told us, and I said we would wait. It must have been three hours before he came out and asked me what we wanted. I told him I wanted to put my little girls on the stage, but I didn't know how. He asked me what they could do. I said, 'They are bright. They learn quickly. They can dance and sing.'

"The manager looked at them. Even in that time of terrible trouble, I was proud of them. They were so bright, so pretty, so cheerful. The family troubles weighed lightly on them. They looked up at him and smiled. He thought a minute, then called us back on the stage and heard them sing and watched them dance. "—M," he said. He didn't say he liked their voices nor their dancing. My heart sank. I thought he would at least say he liked their voices, but he didn't.

"Where are you staying?" he said. I mentioned the hotel. It was the only one I know, a leading hotel. I don't remember the name. He said, 'People in the business stay at the City Hotel. We're all down there. You'd better come there.' We went, and he gave us a box, and said the children should go every night to see the show. We went for four nights, and the girls were imitating everybody on the stage.

"Meanwhile, the manager hadn't said a word. I was getting desperate, but

on the fifth night he came around to the box and handed me a telegram. 'I've got you an engagement,' he said. There it was: 'Will give the team of little girls \$30 a week.' We went to Rochester the next day. The girls sang songs and danced in a variety house there for three weeks. Then the manager wrote for us and we went back to Buffalo, and the children played in his theater for four months.

"Before they went on, he said, 'Better change their name. Campbell isn't a good show name. Call them the Irwin girls.' The manager's name was Dan Shelby. He never liked to read or hear that Tony Pastor put them on the stage, for he didn't. We went from Buffalo to the West, and it was in their second year on the stage, while they were playing in a Detroit house, that Mr. Pastor saw them. After a few months we went to New York, and they made their appearance at Pastor's.

"The first years were hard ones. I made the girls' dresses out of my old ones, left from the wardrobe that was a reminder of 'better days.' I was always on the lookout for new songs for them, and getting them up in them, and was always with them at the theater. At one theater in the West, orders came to the stage door that I was not to be admitted. 'No mothers allowed around the theater,' was the order. But the messenger carried back the news, 'Their mother ain't like a mother. She looks as young as the girls.' That queer argument prevailed, and I was allowed to stay in the dressing-room and dress the children as usual, and wait with them until time for their act. Then, as usual, I went in front and watched them with a sinking heart, always afraid that something might go wrong, always terribly anxious. I am anxious yet."

#### Dames of Malta.

On August 16th...



# Magnetic Personality Of Madame Kalich

Product of the Old School Method of Teaching the Art of Expression on the Stage.

The world has but few actresses and when a new creative personality looms large on the dramatic horizon and impresses the power of her genius in one contrasting characterization after another, it is small wonder that she is given the recognition due to her unique position in language that glows with the ripened opinions of America's most authoritative play reviewers.

Bertha Kalich, whose interpretation of Marta, the peasant girl in Angel Gulmera's masterpiece, "Marta of the Lowlands," has been a succession of veritable triumphs in one city after another of her present tour, has been the recipient of the most unusual tributes ever accorded a dramatic star by the foremost cities of the United States. To Bernhardt, to Duse and to Rachel the critics have turned in seeking a comparison for the unique methods of dramatic intent, the grand style, the wonderful stage technique, the remarkable knowledge of pantomime, the warmth of emotional passion and the power she possesses of thrilling an audience in the stress of the supreme dramatic moments.

This woman, who was born in Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, Austrian-Poland, and who up to 1905 has acted exclusively in foreign tongues, in the three years of her English speaking career, has achieved the notable distinction of being classed with the greatest of dramatic artists.

And it has been not a little hard work and persistency coupled with rare histrionic gifts that has created Madame Kalich, the artiste, for she is a product of the "old school" method of teaching the art of expression in the theater, a training that includes in her instance, a repertoire of over 200 parts in opera and drama.

This unusual histrionic training has unquestionably had its influence in the development by Madame Kalich of a new school of acting—of subtle shadings and masterly, wonderful repressions. So conventional are her methods that she tramples upon the conventions and the lines she speaks are no more pregnant with meaning

that her repression; and above all the soul of the woman shines forth more beautiful and illuminating than the very meaning of the lines. That which transpires in her mind, is read by the twitching of the fingers, by the trembling of her lips, by the wonderful expression of her eyes.

It has been said Madame Kalich that her pantomime is as eloquent as speech, and her portrayal of Marta—which is rich in pantomime opportunities—amply justifies this gracious tribute.

The varied service of Madame Kalich in almost every kind of role that playwright has written has so crystallized her individuality that the moment she appears on the scene she grips attention and holds it. She need not say anything; she has but to come into view and instantly the fascination of the woman is felt. And it is the spirit of the woman, and the character that is behind and within the physical that claims attention and makes Madame Kalich notable.

The performance in Marta is a study in artistic realism and there is not a moment when Madame Kalich is within view that she does not command the attention of even the most blasé theatergoers. Under her strange quiet, in the first act, is felt the intensity and heat of the smouldering fire that later, when she orders the gossiping villagers from her dooryard bursts forth with all the fire and passion of the Southern peasant.

It is in the second and third act, however, where Manelich learns the truth regarding his wife's previous relations with the "Master" Sebastian, and where the infamous Sebastian is killed in defense of Marta, that Madame Kalich finds her greatest opportunity—for these two acts run the gamut of emotion and give her those telling moments of dramatic strength in which she fairly thrills her audience by the verity and tremendous power of her acting; acting which is intensity, in suggestivity, in artistic finish and finesse and in emotional strength is seldom equalled.

June 26 1908

June 26 1908

Armand

Armand

Armand

Armand

Armand

Reading: good

Authentic: good

Language: good

Spelling: good

Deposition: good

Must review: -

Promoted to First Grade H.

Teacher M. Hill





BARRETT AS "CASSIUS."

been well and comprehensively described by stage historians.

The actor of to-day can learn much by calmly reflecting on the methods pursued by Barrett in securing a permanent foothold on the American stage. Success was not easily accomplished. Each step toward the end required fighting inch by inch. For years the laurel

une seemed to mock him as she held the wreath in her hand and beckoned him onward. Even when he had reached the goal and the prize was within his grasp, his exertions did not cease, neither did ambition lose a particle of its time fervor. The place he had for himself in the front rank of the world's exponents of the drama.



### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

---

Abner Howland, a merchant	-	-	Carl Sherman
Oscar Loring, his ward	-	-	Fred W. Boeckel
Tom Howland, his nephew	-	-	Charles J. Kraebel
Policy Newcomb, an insurance agent	-	-	Guy S. Maier
Spicer Spofford, clerk in an insurance office	-	-	William A. Bird, Jr.
Mrs. Gordon Howland, a widow	-	-	Mercita C. Andrie
Alice Howland, her daughter	-	-	Ora A. Metz
Lena Howland, Abner's adopted daughter	-	-	Julia Fields



07

# A POLICY QUEST

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

MASTEN PARK  
HIGH SCHOOL

Friday and Saturday Evenings  
February 14 and 15, 1908

at eight o'clock



maintain. From first to last he was a worker; a worker with a conscience; a worker with never flagging ambition; a worker whom actors of to-day may well emulate.

His work was of an inspiring character. Though lacking perhaps in the magnetism and power of enchantment which characterized Edwin Booth, Barrett's art never failed to impress itself indelibly on his auditors. To give an humble illustration of the effect of his wonderful power, I can cite my own experience after witnessing him for the first time. The theatre was the old



Boston Museum and the play was *Richelieu*. When I left that historic playhouse after the curtain had fallen on the last act of Bulwer Lytton's masterpiece, I found myself burning with a desire to try to follow the pace which Barrett had set so gloriously.

In connection with his impersonation of *Richelieu* there is told a story, which, though it borders on the ludicrous, will serve to show the effect his interpretation of the rôle of the mighty cardinal was capable of making. In the early eighties Barrett played *Richelieu* in Worcester, having as portion of his audience a delegation of students from Holy Cross College. The young men were kindly received by the actor behind the scenes after the play, and when they finally retired to their dormitory in the top story of the college, they went to sleep only to dream of the great cardinal and his impersonator. One of their number was so wrought up by the "curse scene" that in the middle of the night, while his fellow-students were slumbering peacefully in their cots about him, his imagination, released by sleep from his control, overpowered him. Jumping from his bed, with his arms raised on high, he delivered at the top of his voice those memorable lines commencing: "Around her form I draw the awful circle of our Holy Church" and proceeded to the end of the curse, while his companions, rudely awakened, quaked in terror under the neighboring sheets.

Unlike his two great contemporaries, Booth and McCullough, Barrett was not satisfied with following the well beaten path over which



# O'NEILL RECALLS HIS BOYHOOD HERE

Famous Actor, Companion  
of Booth and Forrest,  
Visits Early Scenes.

## TELLS OF NEARLY FATAL FIRST "SHOW" EFFORT

"Am I glad to get back to Buffalo?" said James O'Neill to a Courier reporter last night. "It was here that I spent the happiest days of my life, my boyhood days. My father and mother, after their arrival from Ireland, had a modest home among our own people down on the waterfront. The only schooling I ever got was in the little parochial school of St. Joseph's parish, and it was in St. Joseph's Cathedral that I received my first communion. I was there this morning, and while the cathedral, remodeled as it has been, is different from the place where I worshiped as a boy, there still clings about it something that vividly recalls to my mind the joyous, care-free days of long ago."

Mr. O'Neill related that it was while he was a boy in this city that he conceived the idea of becoming a showman. "Three or four boys, including myself, had heard that snakes were plentiful around the old fortresses at Fort Erie," he said, "and we thought that it would be a fine thing to go over there and get some of the snakes for exhibition purposes. We caught several, by using forked sticks, and tied them together so that they couldn't get away. After throwing them into the bottom of the scow we started back for Buffalo."

"We were not far from the Canadian shore when the swirling current of the river swept our little boat down stream. We shouted frantically for help, but our tiny voices failed to arrest the attention of anyone on either side of the river. We were carried for miles down the river, and it began to look as if the theatrical career of one 'Jimmie' O'Neill was to be nipped in the bud by an awful plunge over the brink of the American Falls."

"Fortunately fishermen, who were trolling five or six miles this side of the Falls heard our cries and towed us ashore. It was a long walk back to Buffalo, but we were so glad at having been saved we didn't mind it."

Mr. O'Neill has been associated in plays with Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Forrest, Barry Sullivan, Adelaide Neilsen, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, and J. W. Sheridan. His mind is a veritable store-house of interesting anecdotes relating to those celebrated players.

On the return to Europe of Adelaide Neilsen after her first triumphal tour of this country, it is related that she was asked who was the greatest Romeo that she had ever played with.

Her reply was, "a young Irishman in Chicago, named 'Jimmie' O'Neill."

THE Matinee Girl presents these lines, which she borrowed from the dressing-room of a popular American star last week, as a New Year's gift to the profession. Memorize them and make them your traveling companions. Get them grown into an inseparable part of your creed of life. I don't know who wrote them, but whoever he be he is a benefactor of his race:

Keep a-go-in'!  
If you strike a thorn or rose,  
Keep a-go-in'!  
If it hails or if it snows,  
Keep a-go-in'!  
'Taint no use to sit and whine  
When the fish ain't on your line,  
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'—  
Keep a-go-in'!

When the weather kills your crop,  
Keep a-go-in'!  
When you tumble from the top,  
Keep a-go-in'!  
'Spouse you're out o' every dime?  
Gettin' broke ain't any crime;  
Tell the world you're feelin' prime,  
Keep a-go-in'!

When it looks like all is up,  
Keep a-go-in'!  
Drain the sweetness from the cup,  
Keep a-go-in'!  
See the wild birds on the wing!  
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!  
When you feel like singin' sing!  
Keep a-go-in'!

It gave me an attack of the creeps to read this in a letter from one of the gayest natured and sunniest souled women on the stage:

"This is the hotel where poor, tired Clara Bloodgood went to sleep—in the suite right under this one. Last night I awoke toward dawn oppressed by something that had troubled me, and somehow I thought of her. And I tried to get her to come up just this one flight and tell me the Answer. But, though I stared straight ahead, and called coaxingly to her and waited, she couldn't or wouldn't come. I am afraid we all have to find the Answer for ourselves."

## HAMLET'S MADNESS.

THE softened tone assumed by Kean, in Hamlet, in his interview with Ophelia, so different from that of Kemble, occasioned some critical controversy. Davies, in his *Dramatic Miscellanies*, has the following passage: "The assumed madness with Ophelia was, by Garrick, in my opinion, made too boisterous. He should have remembered that he was reasoning with a young lady to whom he had professed the tenderness of passion. Wilks retained enough of disguised madness, but at the same time preserved the feelings of a lover and the delicacy of a gentleman. Barry was not so violent as Garrick, and was consequently nearer to the intention of the author. Sheridan, Smith and Henderson have all in this scene avoided a manner too outrageous."

## STAGE-STRUCK.

Beerbohm Tree, like other actors of celebrity is in frequent receipt of letters from aspiring amateurs. Here is one that he delights to show to his friends.

"Venerated sir, I wish to go on the stage and I should like to join your valuable theater. I have been a bricklayer for five years, but having failed in this branch I have decided to take on acting—it being easier work. I am not young, but I am left without any boots. I have studied Bell's system of elocution and am fond of late hours."

1908  
A comedy in three acts will be presented in Masten Park High School under the direction of Miss Annie M. Somerville, Friday and Saturday evenings, February 14th and 15th. The cast of characters is as follows: Abner Howland, a merchant, Carl Sherman, Oscar Loring, his ward, Fred W. Boeckel, Tom Howland, his nephew, Charles J. Kraebel, Policy Newcomb, an insurance agent, Guy S. Maier, Spicer Spofford, clerk in an insurance office, William A. Bird, Jr.; Mrs. Gordon Howland, a widow, Mercita C. Andrie; Alice Howard, her daughter, Ora A. Metz; Lina Howland, Abner's adopted daughter, Julia Fields.



THE words of one at the close of a long career are a signal from on the mountain top pointing the way of the climbers below to the heights. Here are such words, sent me by way of a letter from the Maine woods, from a younger actor:

"I met an old actor the other day who never rose from out the ranks, but who worked steadily away, receiving a small salary and yet laying by a goodly number of dollars for his old age. He has been happy. Some people might be unkind enough to say he was a failure, but measured by common-sense standards he was not. For he had worked conscientiously, giving to his parts the best that was in him, and always working with a reverent feeling for his art. He is a grandfather. His family life has always been beautiful. Now he is going to retire. It seemed to me that perhaps his success is greater than that of many of his brothers who have won fame and glory.

"What he said to us as our companies met at a cheerless little railway station to-day set me thinking. He had got many good things out of life. He had lived usefully, and now in his old age has his reward. He has not been penurious. He went to good hotels and wore the best of clothes, but he didn't throw money away. He lived well, but the money over expenses he saved and invested. I am afraid there are not many like him. Anyway, it seemed to me that his words are a message of success to the profession and I send them to the profession through you.

"Boys and girls," he said, "this is a business that has many ups and downs, and the majority of us just live for each day with little thought of the morrow. Most of us earn much larger salaries than other men in many of the different walks of life. But most of us never really try to save.

"I was that way when I started in the business, but I heard old Joe Jefferson say at a benefit given for some brother who was sick and destitute. 'If actors would only adjust their business faculty to the normal faculty of the business man and learn to invest their money, what a wealthy profession this would be.'

"I thought a great deal about that, and I realized that all of us couldn't be great, but that we could get as good a living for ourselves on the stage as in other walks of life, and retire, as other men do, when we reach the three score mark. Boys and girls, this is my last season. Next year I'm going to watch the rest of you work."

In a between-acts chat while seeing that pretty play whimsy Under the Greenwood Tree, I heard the opinions of two stars about managers:

"Managers are only necessary to do the thinking for those who can't think," from one insurgent.

Lovely Maxine Elliott, who was never more "the picture woman," the title which Daniel Frawley, one of her first managers and teachers, appended to her, than in this latest play, was as candid:

"I threw off the yoke because I was tired of paying a manager for doing what I did myself, anyway. I read all the manuscripts, I conferred with the author, I attended to all the business. What did I pay him for? To book routes, and when you have a good attraction you can book your own routes."

DID you make a New Year resolution? If not, why not make one now, and let it be that which a tremendously successful man I know renews every year: "I will be sincere and work like the devil."

There's always a neat bit of philosophy, albeit a worldly philosophy, in a Clyde Fitch play. Whether Cosmo Gordon Lennox or Clyde Fitch wrote this bit into Her Sister we have no evidence. I incline to believe it a Fitchism. At any rate it is true, "The foolish little people, like half-fledged chickens, are always taken care of. It will always be so."

Drop into Frank Keenan's dressing room for a chat and the first thing you notice after the gray clothes of the Confederate General Warren is the motto above his mirror. Wherever Frank Keenan plays that motto appears, always above his mirror, "Trifles make perfection."

It is a motto thoroughly approved by his manager, David Belasco, who reiterates tirelessly his dictum: "I believe in the little things in art. If any little thing occurs to you that would help, let me know." Mr. Belasco said to Mr. Keenan, of The Warrens of Virginia, and Mr. Keenan, from his place in the wings watching the scene in which a pass is granted to the son of General Warren, hearing again the line he had heard an hundred times, "General Warren has made me more trouble than any man in the army," and remembered.

"Any little thing," he repeated to himself. "General Warren's son applies for a pass from General Warren's bitterest enemy. The enemy growls that the boy's father had made him more trouble than any one in the army. And the boy takes the pass and walks away. Now the boy is a Warren, and has the Warren family pride. What would he do? Show his family pride, of course. When the foe says his father is the most troublesome man in the army the young fellow's pride is stirred. What would he say, while maintaining his respectful attitude toward the man who had granted him a favor? Why, 'Thank you, sir.' The next evening he unfolded these mental processes to Mr. Belasco, and the manager said, 'Good, use it, by all means.' So, each evening, the young man who plays the son turns his enemy's ill temper with a 'Thank you, sir.'

And this little thing makes the scene neater and increases Mr. Keenan's belief that trifles at least help to make perfection. It increases his belief in his other motto, one which he often repeats to the younger actors who would grow and who are grateful for any pruning to that end: "Watch and think."

To these younger actors he tells the story which, when he was one of the younglings, Joe Proctor told to him:

"I see you are always standing in the wings watching the other fellows act, young man," said his preceptor. "It makes you a nuisance now, but it will make you a better actor. I knew a young, awkward English chap who was always getting in the way, like you. He had long legs that the other actors stumbled over and swore about. He was always sorry, and apologized, but he stuck to the wings just the same. He watched the good actors and the bad actors, the big scenes and the little. And sometimes he relieved the prompter as an excuse for bestowing his gaunt length in the front entrance. He was snubbed and cursed, but still he stood about and watched. And, after a while, sir, that troublesome youngster got on. His name, sir, was Henry Irving."





**EDWIN HOLT.**



**OTTO ANDRIE.**

Mr. Holt is to star in Willard's "The Cardinal." Mr. Andrie, the well-known Buffalo actor, will be in his support.

The career of Ermete Novelli reads like a romance. The son of two strolling players, he was born like Eleanora Duse, his equally celebrated compatriot in the dramatic art, while his parents were traveling through the provinces of Italy. His mother died while he was a boy of 8, and with his father he eked out a humble and not always sure subsistence in the little villages, serving coffee and chocolate to the actors in the comedies. By degrees he rose to a regular player and yet struggled for many years before he arrived at any real prominence. At last he became the most idolized comedian of Italy and might have remained wealthy and a general favorite

in that school of acting. But the soul within him was ambitious to achieve success as a romantic actor and as a tragedian. He strove for several years to make the public accept him in serious parts, but even his greatest admirers refused to accept him at first in this higher line of characterization. So determined was everybody to keep him a comedian that he almost lost heart and actually resolved to abandon the stage in his despair.

Then came the encouragement of one true critic, Eduardo Boutet, the well-known journalist, who practically dragged Novelli back to the footlights. Today he is acclaimed throughout Italy as the legitimate successor to the mantle of Salvini Rossi in tragedy, and is Ermete Zacconi's only rival in modern serious drama. Throughout Europe Novelli has won notable triumphs. In Paris he was decorated with the Legion of Honor after his success at Sarah Bernhardt's Theater de la Renaissance. The King of Italy made him Commendatore of the Crown. He is now a millionaire as well as a famous actor, and lives in a genuine palace at Ravenna, while he has a beautiful home in Venice. He founded an Italian national theater, the House of Goldoni (Casa di Goldoni).



## ALL CHICAGO'S HAMLETS.

The Chief Feature of Every Famous Hamlet who has Visited the Lake City Most Ably Reviewed by the Hon. Eugene Field—From Edwin Forrest to Anna Dickinson.

From the Chicago News.

The highly successful engagement which Mr. George C. Miln is playing in this city at this time affords us the long-desired opportunity of paying that tribute of admiration and of respect which the genius of the eminent Chicago tragedian would seem to merit. We confess that we have viewed with considerable alarm the homage which certain foreign and Eastern actors (invading our territory with an audacity amounting almost to effrontery) have wrung from our populace, which we fear is too ready to depreciate the paramount work of home production, and to fly into ecstasies over less meritorious but more pretentious importations. Recognizing it to be a lamentable truth that, whether he be an actor or only a prophet, a man is not without honor save at home, still we believe that Mr. Miln's reappearance in the city that claims him for her own will go a long way toward relieving the public mind hereabouts of that cruel misapprehension that when Mr. Miln quitted theology for theatrics a good preacher was spoiled for a bad actor. We doubt not that, if they were called upon to testify touching this matter, the large and enthusiastic church sociables which are crowding the Columbia Theatre this week would heartily endorse us when we said that Mr. Miln's personations evinced the possession of a genius that is rarely met with upon the dramatic stage.

Sombre as this play of "Hamlet" is, it has nevertheless become so popular in this city that not infrequently are whole scenes of it enacted in the private theatres of our wealthy citizens; many of our people have committed to memory the beautiful soliloquies in which it abounds; our literati have composed ingenious screeds about its alleged author, and it is about this same author that distinguished Eastern scholars came here to discourse—in short, the tragedy of "Hamlet" has become so well known in Chicago that he who attempts its public production must possess rare powers in order to succeed in winning the public plaudits.

It was Edwin Forrest, we think, who first played *Hamlet* in Chicago. All that time this was but a ragged town—the rival of St. Louis. The muskrat and the wagtail snipe then frolicked and disported where now the palatial residence of George M. Pullman rears its pretentious front; at that time, too, Uncle Dick Hooley sang topical songs with great élan. Col. J. H. McVicker flourished as the popular comedian, Dr. Patterson and Long John Wentworth snowballed each other on the bleak prairie where Marshall Field's big wholesale stone fort now stands, and the untrammelled Indian coped with the buffalo on the rolling waste where now are to be found the packing houses, the lard refineries, and the rendering establishments of our most cultured fellow townsmen, the members of the Chicago Literary Club. To this community, as it existed at that time, Edwin Forrest's *Hamlet* was a revelation, and a delightful one. It came as a kind of encouragement to the ambitious



bustling, noisy Western town. It was a lusty *Hamlet*; stout, stubborn, forceful, and vigorous as a prosperous butcher. It was not the boyish *Hamlet* of a Wilson Barrett, nor the melancholy *Hamlet* of a Booth, nor the impressive *Hamlet* of a Lawrence Barrett, nor yet the foundered *Hamlet* of an Irving; it was the sturdy, square-toed, honest, varicose-veined personation of the actor whose greatness is most keenly appreciated by those who have heard tell of him.

Mr. Edwin Booth has given Chicago two *Hamlets*; the first many years ago, the second quite recently. His first *Hamlet* was of the cold-foot order; it was the particular admiration of young women who ate slate pencils and of men who believed in female suffrage. Having seen this *Hamlet* several times, we were convinced that, if the original *Hamlet* were in reality what Mr. Booth represented, he could have been relieved of his malady by judicious prescriptions of vermifuge. Mr. Booth's second



## SOTHERN'S HAMLET BREAKS AWAY FROM ALL TRADITIONS

IT IS A HUMAN AND LOGICAL HAMLET, BUT THE ACTOR SEEMS TO HANDLE VENERABLE CLASSIC IRREVERENTLY.

If Edward H. Sothorn's *Hamlet* is to become the accepted *Hamlet* of this day and generation, it is because theatergoers, to say nothing of students of Shakespeare, have changed, and no longer accept the interpretations of Kean, Macready, and Booth of this most classic drama in the English language. Sothorn plays *Hamlet* almost as he would play a modern drama. He ignores tradition and custom, sweeps away the opinions of learned commentators and writers and brings the melancholy Dane down where the average theatergoer can look at him and understand him. In other words Mr. Sothorn humanizes *Hamlet*, but whether he is wise in so doing is a serious question. Will Sothorn's *Hamlet* pass into history as a greater *Hamlet* than the *Hamlet* of Booth? the *Hamlet* of Kean? the *Hamlet* of David Garrick? or the *Hamlet* of Macready? We think not.

No matter how Mr. Sothorn's effort is regarded, he must be given credit for a sincerity of purpose in consistently looking toward advancement in his art. Had he appeared at the Star Theatre last night in one of his costume dramas, there would not have been so many vacant seats in the house, although the audience present was both large in numbers and extremely liberal in applause. Much annoyance was caused by people coming in late, scarcely half the audience being seated when the curtain went up on the first act at 7:45.

Mr. Sothorn's conception of the character is very simple and very plain. His *Hamlet* is a youth of a naturally loving nature, a trifle morbid and emotionally sentimental in his affection for his dead father. He obeys the behests of his father's ghost and becomes an instrument of vengeance. He assumes the disguise of insanity the better to carry out his plans, thereby differing in his conception with many of the most prominent authorities. And still his conception seems perfectly logical. He makes many new points, most of them, to be sure, of a minor nature, but one or two of importance. His love for Ophelia and his love for his mother are beautiful. It is a human love, a love that people understand. He has faults of execution, but he does not declaim, although he recites the soliloquies and speaks the lines of the dialogue. Occasionally it would seem that he is a trifle vociferous and inclined to overact, but these tendencies do not last long.

But it almost seems as if his conception and production are irreverent. We have grown to regard *Hamlet* as a kind of mossgrown classic, surrounded by a haze of commentaries from the pens of learned men, and buried in traditions and dogmas of the past. To see Mr. Sothorn brush away all



rather they'd say French brandy."

Here the druggist heaved a sigh, and then added: "They expect we're going to keep a general intelligence office; get mad if we don't know where Brown and Jones live; expect us to keep a Post Office; get offended if we don't keep beer, make other folks offended if we do, and then swear because we can make a barrel of lime water for ten cents and sell it for ten cents a couple of ounces, and think our profit outrageous. I know a druggist who has gone out of the business because he couldn't stand it, and the last straw was rather rough on him. He's a deacon and prominent member of his church. One day he stood by the soda fountain, talking with his pastor. One of his best customers, an old man whose trade was good for five or six hundred dollars, perhaps more, every year, came in. Said he, 'I want some whiskey and a little calisaya bark,' and he said it right out before the minister. My friend stuttered and hemmed and hawed, for it was a bad give-away to the minister, and at last he said, 'We don't sell whiskey except for medicinal purposes.' The customer asked him when he had shut down on it, and thought my friend was joking, and winked at the minister, whom he didn't know, and then said, 'Come, be quick; I want to catch the next car.' My friend was in a cold sweat, but said, 'Well, seeing as you are an old man and don't feel well, you shall have it.' But the minister was no fool. He saw through it all. Anyway, my friend has sold out."

"Couldn't you protect yourselves by selling only on a physician's prescription?" the druggist was asked. The idea seemed to amuse him. "Why," he said, "some of my customers carry such prescriptions around with them for emergencies, if they happen to be down town, or over in Brooklyn, where I'm told the druggists pretend to be very strict."

#### Terrible Blunders of a French Court Martial.

From the London Daily News.

A scandal has been caused in military circles by a wrongful sentence of a court martial sitting at Langson, in virtue of which nine French soldiers were shot. The crime for which they were tried—conspiring to desert and deserting to armed rebels—does not exist in the military code.

There are four classes of desertion. The least grave is deserting without intention of leaving France; the second is deserting to go abroad; the third is deserting to the enemy; and the fourth is plotting to desert in presence of the enemy. Neither in the code nor the textbooks is there a word about deserting to armed rebels.

Again, when soldiers conspire to desert the ring-leader only is liable to a capital sentence. There was a second vice in the proceedings of the Langson court martial. It is a maxim of international law that there is no possible case of extradition for desertion. In the case of the nine deserters who were shot a demand was made by Gen. Munier to the Chinese authorities to extradite them, which was complied with.

vanced as they retreated, and they were still doing their best to destroy each other when they rolled off the bank into the creek. Each was covered with blood from nose to tail, and the injuries inflicted must have been serious. The tumble into the water separated them, and while the tiger reached the opposite bank at one spot, the lion crawled out at another thirty feet away, and both limped into the forest without the slightest desire to renew the fight.

#### RESPECTABLE NIPS.

##### The Complaint of a Druggist Who Is Forced to Sell Alcoholic Drinks.

"What will it cost me to advertise my business for sale in THE SUN?" asked an up-town druggist recently. "I wouldn't dare do it, though, for I would have a procession in here next day like a crowd of voters going to the ballot box on election day; but seriously, there are times when I'm mad enough to do it." What I object to is keeping a bar under false pretences. Yet I have to, or I should lose some of my best customers. And that is just where the trouble is. When a stranger comes in and rubs his hand on his stomach and puts on an agonizing face, and feebly mutters that he'd like a little brandy and ginger for the colic, why I can tell him we don't sell it. I know he's a hypocrite, who don't care to walk up to a bar like a man and take his drink; he knows I lie when I tell him I don't sell it that way. But when my highly respectable customer who buys and whose family buys all their drugs and fancy articles of me comes in and asks for a little tonic and plain soda, I can't lose his hundreds of dollars of business every year by refusing. Now there's a rich man who lives around the corner on the avenue. He comes in every day about 5 o'clock, and all he says is, 'Little syrup, Ed.' That means Holland gin with a little soda, and a thumping glassful of gin, too. It don't make any difference whether there are ladies in or not, and so I have instructed Ed whenever he comes in, to whisk perfumery around so that the smell of gin won't pervade."

Then the druggist pointed to a large bottle on an upper shelf marked aqua fortis. "That's a trick," he said, "that I was driven too. Any druggist would think that was very queer looking aqua fortis, and so it is. That bottle contains my very best whiskey. There are three or four men—good fellows, splendid customers—who got into the habit of coming in, going behind the counter and helping themselves to whiskey, and to my best Bourbon. Sometimes they paid, sometimes they didn't. So I told Ed to fill the aqua fortis bottle with the best and put the second grade in the other bottle, and now these men come in, help themselves, smack their lips and swear that I have the finest whiskey in New York. I don't smile, but I want to have them say that."

"I hate to have these scholarly fellows ask for their nips. They come in with solemn faces, but with an eager eye, and say, 'Let me have some spiritus frumenti.' I had just as soon hear a man blurt right out, 'Give me some Bourbon whiskey,' or when they suggest

thence resolutely execute, but in seeing the fine physique and handsome features of Mr. James, and feeling his magnetic presence, we feel that he is not cast in "Hamlet's" mold. We think that he would be more himself to go out among his father's subjects and incite a revolution that should encompass the ends of justice.

The part of "Ophelia" was done by Miss Wainwright as only she can do it. She made a beautiful picture in her statuesque draperies with her shapely arms and chaste pure face, and her simulations of the madness of the poor heart-broken girl was breathlessly attended by the audience. "Laeotes" was fairly well done by Mr. Mosley as was "Polonius" by Mr. Curran, and the other characters, in the main, were very fair. Miss Meek, in the character of "Queen Gertrude," played with her usual force and power. Mr. Huebner as "King Claudius" was notably weak. Taken as a whole, the performance was interesting and gave a very reasonable satisfaction.

of these things and produce and play Hamlet as a modern drama is produced and played, is somewhat startling. And yet people will go to see Sothern's Hamlet who would not go to see the accepted Hamlet. Sothern's Hamlet, at least, is a human Hamlet and if it is not always true to the text, it is to the character as the average student conceives the character.

Mr. Sothern is supported by a large and competent company. Miss Harned's "Ophelia," is a charming and graceful creation, although it cannot be said to be strong. Miss Harned seems to have absorbed in some respects Mr. Sothern's contempt for tradition. Mr. Lawrence as the King, Mr. Varrey as Polonius, Mr. Carvill as Horatio, Mr. Buckstone as the First Grave Digger, Mr. Harris as the Ghost and Charlotte Deane as Hamlet's Mother, all deserve mention for excellent work.



# THE BUFFALO EXPRESS

## E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET.

*His Interpretation Was a Pleasant Surprise.*

## DANE MADE MORE MODERN

GHOST SCENE IS EXCELLENT—THE ACTOR AT LESS ADVANTAGE IN THE LONGER SPEECHES.

The Hamlet of E. H. Sothern, who came to the Star Theater last night for the rest of this week with a Saturday matinee, is a noteworthy and remarkably interesting presentation. It is a revelation, so far as Mr. Sothern is concerned. Those who have followed him in his career will be surprised to see the unsuspected resourcefulness and force he reveals in this latest role. He aimed high, so even if he should have fallen a bit short of the goal of his endeavor, he has achieved something that people certainly should see.

The Sothern Hamlet is modern and vividly human. It approaches more the present-day idea of the blighted Dane, than the pathetic, thrilling brooder shown by Booth and come down in literary history as a tragic figure in black. It is a carefully planned and extravagantly elaborate production. Seemingly nothing has been spared on the material side, to make it the most complete feasible production possible. This is valuable as showing the earnestness of Mr. Sothern' aim to make his Hamlet one of the notable Hamlets of dramatic history, one to be inscribed with the temple-of-fame Hamlets of whom Richard Burbage was first 400 years ago, Garrick, Sheridan, Kemble, McCready, Kean, Murdock, Forrest and Booth, the last of the greatest. Added to the lavishness of production is the fidelity to the chronicle of events. This necessitates an exceedingly long evening. In fact the curtain rose promptly at 7.45 o'clock and fell for the end at 11.50 o'clock, over four hours. All this in itself makes the presentation valuable and well worth seeing. Mr. Sothern is not Booth, but he is perhaps the most interesting Hamlet seen since Booth. He has softened his boisterousness, moderated his demonstrative fervor and the result is a subdued and chastened Sothern who makes a serious, strong impression from the outset.

Mr. Sothern is best in the first and fifth acts. His scene with his father's ghost in the first act was excellent, far and away superior to anything he ever has done here before. William Harris as the ghost contributed in no small part to this success. Sothern has trampled on tradition somewhat in manner and speech in subsequent acts, but it increases the individuality of his portrayal. In the longer speeches he is at the least advantage. Everybody listened, of course, for the familiar soliloquy and possibly this eagerness made them unduly exacting. The scene with the players showed a blunt and almost gruff Hamlet, instead of the kind and gentle prince of Booth. In the graveyard scene Mr. Sothern was entirely

## DYING WORDS OF WORLD'S GREAT MEN

Carefully Prepared List that  
Will Make Interesting  
Reading.

Nathan Hale's Last Statement  
Stands Out Prominently. Words of Others.

The dying words of great men are of especial significance at this time, when all the words is reverently discussing the death of President McKinley and the words of Christian resignation with which he bade farewell to life:

Adams, John (1735-1826), American statesman: "Jefferson survives."

Adams, John Quincy (1767-1848), American statesman: "This is the last of earth! I am content!"

Beethoven, Ludwig (1770-1827), German composer: "I shall hear now!" (He was deaf.)

Bozzaris, Markos (1790-1823), Greek patriot: "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain."

Bronte, Charlotte (1816-1855), English novelist: "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy!" (To her husband.)

Brooks, Phillips (1835-1893), American clergyman: "Katie, you may go; I shall not need you any more, I am going home."

Buckland, Francis (1826-1880), English naturalist: "I am going on a long journey, and I shall see many strange animals by the way."

Burke, Edmund (1730-1797), English statesman: "God bless you."

Burns, Robert (1759-1796), Scottish poet: "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."

Byron, Lord (1788-1824), English poet: "I must sleep now."

Calvin, John (1509-1564), Protestant reformer: "Thou, Lord, bruise me; but I am abundantly satisfied since it is from Thy hand."

Chalmers, Thomas (1780-1847), Scottish divine: "A general good night."

Charles I. of England (1600-1649), "Remember."

Charles II. of England (1630-1685): "Don't let poor Nelly (Nell Gwynne) starve."

Chesterfield, Lord (1694-1773), English courtier: "Give the doctor a chair."

Columbus, Christopher (1440-1506), Italian navigator: "Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit."

Cowper, William (1731-1800), English poet: "Feel? I feel unutterable, unutterable despair. What does it signify?"

Cromwell, Oliver (1599-1658), English

## FUND INCREASED,

April 27-01 — Review  
Actors' Benefit Was An Enjoyable  
Affair.

The Actors' Fund Benefit was held last evening in the Teck Theater and proved successful to a satisfying degree. The programme was arranged by John H. Meech, local representative of the Actors' Fund, and other local officers of the association. It included people foremost in the ranks of vaudeville and the legitimate and was very enjoyable.

Among the most interesting numbers of the programme was the concert given by the Hawaiian Theater Troupe and Orchestra—attractions in the Hawaiian Village at the Exposition. All play brass or string instruments and four of them are exceptionally good singers. They surprised the audience by singing some of the American popular songs. Other features of the programme were O. F. Andrie, supported by Ben F. Mayer, presenting a recitative act, entitled "The Dying Hero," Edward F. Tanner, baritone soloist; Zanita, the Indian rug dancer; the Singing Four, Ian Nicol, in a Shakespearian scene; Percy Fullerton, feats of legerdemain; the Buttons, Ione and Giles, the original "Texas Rubes," Jennie Farron, character songs, and Mariabel Seymour and company in a comedy sketch, written for the occasion, entitled "More Than Seven."

me ere I stain the purity of my conscience."

Washington, George (1732-1799), American general and statesman: "It is well, I am about to die, and I look upon it with perfect resignation."

Webster, Daniel (1782-1852), American statesman: "I still live."

Wellington, Duke of (1769-1852), British general and statesman: "Yes, if you please." (To a servant asking if he would have some tea.)

Wesley, John (1703-1791), English divine: "The best of all is, God is with



## Sothorn's Hamlet.

It was ten minutes to the midnight hour last night when one of the most fashionable crowds seen at a local theater this season left the Star, having been interested to the point of excitement from 7:45 o'clock witnessing the excellent, brilliant and clever performance of Hamlet by Mr. Sothorn and his large and picked company.

There have been Hamlets in the past, but to listen to the words of approval and laudatory criticism extended to Mr. Sothorn on the final fall of the curtain last night, it appeared as though the whole audience was unanimous in its belief that Mr. Sothorn was the best who has appeared in this city in many a year.

Especially good was this romantic actor in the first and fifth acts. His scene with his father's ghost was watched with great interest, and the applause he received afterward fully proved to what extent he had found friends with his first Buffalo audience. In the part of the melancholy Dane, Mr. Sothorn may and may not be at his best. Those who prefer him in swash-buckling attire, with plumed hat and slashed waistcoat and velvet breeches, are of the opinion that he has undertaken too much, and a character that does not fit him like that of D'Artagnan, or even in the characters in "Sheridan, or the Maid of Bath," or "The Song of the Sword." But those who are still students and admirers of the king of dramatists, Shakespeare, hail Sothorn as the coming great tragedian, and Sothorn himself appears to prefer the latter's plays to the ones in which he made his first and his lasting success.

Sothorn last night trampled on tradition in the manner of his acting, but he individualizes his character and puts it on such a high plane that even the greatest admirers of the famous tragedians of the past stop and wonder if this latest Hamlet's version is not even better and more appealing to those of their past and dead favorites.

Suffice it to say that the audience last night was most demonstrative in its praise and in its favorable criticism. Mr. Sothorn's company is a large one and a most capable one. Miss Harned's Ophelia was all that could be expected. She was sweet and handsome and her acting was most excellent. She was received with equal warmth and appreciation to that extended to her talented husband. Mr. Varney, in the character of Polonius, was so good that he needs almost as much extravagant praise as the stars, while Mr. Howard, as the Ghost, made the scene between Hamlet and that character stand out as one of the best ever witnessed in Buffalo. So one could go along the whole list of characters and find nothing but praise for them all; but space forbids. The play was mounted so elaborately that it seems impossible that so much beautiful scenery could be carried or used by one company. As a whole, in acting, in scenic effects, and in special music it is one of the grandest portrayals of the melancholy Dane ever seen in this country.



"HAMLET."

### His Appearance at the Opera House Last Evening.

The last time "Hamlet" was given in this city Geo. C. Miln appeared in the title role, but his majesty was dimmed by following too closely in the steps of the peerless Booth. Last evening the house was filled to quite a comfortable degree by people who wanted to see Louis James in Shakespear's great tragedy. He presented a different interpretation of the character from that given by Mr. Booth and his imitators and, while it was in most respects a pleasing performance, it hardly fills the ideal of the careful reader of "Hamlet." The popular conception of that character is that of a pale, delicate youth, a 'lad of studious, even melancholy habits, of great intellectuality, if we may borrow that phrase; of almost morbid tendency to brood on matters of speculation and things unreal rather than on the practical. Mr. James gives us a sturdy, robust, handsome young fellow, whose face glows with the youthful blood that fires his veins and whose very appearance suggests that he is not the man to be troubled by ghosts. He enters heartily and artistically into the play, but he does not present us "Hamlet" as we want to see him, as we imagine he should look and act. And yet, the difference is one of those subtle distinctions that can be so readily felt but which are so difficult to describe or explain. Mr. Miln looks the part better, but he is inferior to Mr. James in his action and the reading of his lines. In noting the slender, sal-low face of Mr. Booth, in that unequalled tragic role, we can imagine how the poor, melancholy, ghost-ridden prince may go about his work of ferreting out and punishing his father's murderers, and how he may shrink from all the world, draw himself within himself and there secretly resolve and plan and from





engagement just terminated at the Columbia. First, that he has effected a vast improvement on his abilities as displayed at the outset of his career, and second, that he has still a great deal to accomplish before he can be classed in the front rank of actors. His chief fault lies in the exercise of too much lung power in the absence of any necessity for it, a fault into which so many tragedians stumble. It would be too harsh to call Mr. Miln a ranter, although it might not have been to do so three years ago. Besides a lessening of vocal fervor there is now noticeable in Mr. Miln an earnestness and intensity in the interpretation of minor passages which was lacking in him at first, and there are other signs, small in themselves, but worth noting when considered as the component parts of a whole of achievement, that predict for the tragedian a creditable future. The business during the engagement was fair—which is a great deal when one considers the sort of rival the actor had across the way in Mr. Barrett.

1895  
ILLUSTRATED BUFFALO



OTTO F. ANDRIE. 1910

Will be the leading man in support of Louis James next season.

67  
The day returns and brings in  
Irritating concerns and duties  
the man, help us to perform  
laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness  
abound with industry, Give us to go blithely  
on our business all this day, Bring us to  
our resting beds, weary and content, and  
undisturbed and grant us in the end  
the gift of sleep. Amen

P. L. Stevenson

"How in perdition can one do work  
when one hasn't had the proper  
training? Any fool can get a notion  
that he can sing or draw &c"

But as well as ability it takes  
training to drive it through training  
and conviction &c" Kipling

The light that failed

Ben Lee artist with Ruston 1903



MONTREAL

ROMANTIC

# LOVE STORY

CORRESPONDED WITH POET  
AND BEFORE HIS VISIT SHE  
DIED—THOUGHT SHE WAS  
YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL.

Special Cable to THE TIMES.  
VIENNA, Sept. 9.—A striking story of love and self-sacrifice comes from Krasnoiarsk, Russia: Sergei Palkin, a well known poet, had for several years corresponded with an unknown girl, who had first written to him to express her admiration for one of his poems. This correspondence continued and so sympathetic and intelligent were the girl's letters that, in course of time, Palkin felt that she and none other must be his wife. He had never seen her, and the distance between St. Petersburg, where he lived, and Krasnoiarsk was so great that a year elapsed before a meeting could be arranged.

Last month Palkin paid a visit to the home of his beloved. He set out for Krasnoiarsk full of hope and expectation, and, reaching the house of his unknown bride, he was told that she had died but an hour ago. Filled with anguish, he made his way to the death-chamber, where, instead of a blooming girl, he found the corpse of a diminutive cripple, hunchbacked and malformed. Her face, however, still wore a strange loveliness, and her beautiful hair was an ornament of which any woman might have been proud. A letter was waiting for him. He opened it. It was from his bride.

"Dearest Sergei," it began, "for over a year I have deceived you. You thought I was a young and beautiful girl, and all might have been well had you not declared your love for me in one of your dear letters. Had you seen me as I am, without loving me, neither of us, perhaps, would have minded; but when you told me that you loved me I had not the courage or the heart to tell you of the misshapen creature to whom you were writing. To know that I was loved by you has been everything to me this last glorious year. I die happy, knowing that for many months, at least, I was your chosen bride."

MONTREAL, TUESDAY

## DEFENDS THEATRES

Mr. Robert Mantell Takes Issue  
With Rev. W. D. Reid Re-  
garding Stage Plays.

THE PURELY MORAL DRAMA.

It Is Supported by the Public—Most  
of the Profession Are Con-  
scientious Christians.

"I marvel at any gentleman insulting public intelligence so grievously as to declare from the pulpit that 'the theatre-going people will never support a purely moral theatre,'" said Mr. Robert B. Mantell, the actor, appearing "In the Light of Other Days," at the Francais this week, when shown a report of Rev. W. D. Reid's sermon condemning theatre-going, delivered on Sunday evening in Taylor Presbyterian church. "The statement is so utterly unfounded on fact," added he, "that it seems scarcely possible it could have been made.

"That the public does support 'purely moral theatres' the public itself knows best," he continued. "Does the reverend gentleman believe that Sir Henry Irving maintains an immoral theatre in any sense of the term?

"What I can't understand is how a man, in deliberately making statements, could leave himself so open to criticism. It seems rather startling to be told that Sir Henry Irving, who stands for the most classical, the very best in the drama, is not supported by the public, and that Mr. Beerbohm Tree, whose theatre, it seems almost unnecessary to state, stands for 'purely moral' principles, is not patronized. And so the instances might be multiplied ad infinitum. Even in my own small way, I have always held out for the purely moral side of the drama, and I flatter myself that the public has patronized me for the past twenty-five years. As everybody knows, there is nothing in my plays that would bring a blush to face of any child living. Therefore it does seem rather breath-catching to be told that the 'purely moral theatre' is not supported.

"Moreover, the statement made by the clergyman is little short of an insult to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, a woman who stood for all that was moral. Do you imagine for a moment that Her Majesty would have knighted Irving had he been other than the manager of a 'purely moral' theatre, to say nothing of Sir George Bancroft, Sir Charles Wyndham and others."



## PEOPLE OF THE STAGE.

### Theatrical Life Has Few Joys and Much Bitterness.

Booth, to whom Henry E. Abbey would cheerfully have paid \$1,000 a night for 150 consecutive nights, was one of the most unhappy men on the face of God's earth. He had buried two wives, been through the mortification of bankruptcy and so far as worldly wealth is concerned, so far as the comforts of a settled home go, had yet to make the one and secure the other. This being the case, what do you suppose is the fate of minor people? The fact is that they work hard, are underpaid, never play the parts they prefer, pay much, by far the greater portion of their salaries, for stage costumes, invariably have a gang of hangers on who eat the bread they earn, are out of engagements most of the time and ninety times out of a hundred die so poor that they are buried at the expense of their fellows. In the first place, it is extremely difficult for them to obtain a position, and, having a position, how few its advantages. They have to rehearse at inconvenient times; they go out in all kinds of weather regardless of their health or comforts or home desires; they dress in outlandish places, either wet, damp and chilly or overheated. They are at the capricious mercy of speculative managers, and, having found by experience that there is very little sympathy for them, either before or behind the footlights, they wrap themselves in a garment of mental indifference to appearances, which is utterly misunderstood by a cynical and suspicious world.

I know of a girl who was called to a Sunday night rehearsal. Her father was very ill, but the rental of their rooms, the fees for the doctor and money for the drugs depended upon her attending to her business. It was imperative that she should be in the theater at 7:30 o'clock. Having arranged the room as women only can, having placed upon the table by the bedside of her father his medicine, she kissed him goodbye and, with a loving touch, promised to be back as early as possible. You know what Sunday night rehearsals mean. They mean 1, 2, 3, 4 o'clock the next day. That is what this one meant. The girl hastened home. The candle light had gone, the cold gray of the early morning was in the room, the father was dead upon the bed.—  
Boston Globe.

### THE FOOL'S REVENGE.

Drama in three acts, by Tom Taylor. Revived Nov. 16.

Galeotto Manfredi ..... Frank Dyall  
Guido Malatesta ..... Ivan F. Simpson  
Bertuccio ..... Mr. Willard  
Serafino Dell'Aquila ..... William Sauter  
Baldassare Torelli ..... Ernest Stallard  
Glan Maria Ordelaffi ..... Walter Edmunds  
Bernardo Ascolti ..... H. Barfoot  
Ascanio ..... Mr. Cane  
Ginevra ..... Ruth Barry  
Francesca Bentivoglio ..... Mabel Dubois  
Fiordelisa ..... Alice Lonnnon  
Brigitta ..... Rose Beaudet

Mr. Willard added Taylor's dramatization of Hugo's "Le Roi S'Amuse" to his repertoire this season, and on Thursday night made his first appearance in New York in the role of Bertuccio. The play was first given in this city by Edwin Booth at Niblo's Garden on March 28, 1864. Since then it has been attempted a number of times by actors of more or less merit.

Mr. Willard's success in the part of the half-mad, revengeful jester was complete. The role is one that none but an actor of great powers may attempt with hope of satisfying. It demands intelligence, vitality, physical strength, imagination, experience—in fact, every attribute of talent of the highest order. All of these Mr. Willard possesses. He is fully capable of the quick transitions from simulated merriment to the most poignant agony, from the gentleness of his love for his daughter to the insane vindictiveness of his hate for Malatesta. In no other part that he plays does the resonant quality of his voice count for so much nor the purity of his reading add so much to the effect. The only fault that might be found with his work was a lack of stinging rapidity and of great sardonic humor. His replies to his tormenters were given too deliberately perhaps, when they should have been hurled without hesitation and without tempering. However, he has added, with *The Fool's Revenge*, not only something to his repertoire but something to the history of the stage.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Willard's supporting company is generally incapable of reaching the same heights, well selected as it is. Alice Lonnnon as Fiordelisa, Bertuccio's daughter, has the youth and personal charm the part requires and at times showed ability to meet the demands of the lines. Her scene with Manfredi in the last act was well played, her voice particularly showing her intense fear. Frank Dyall as Manfredi was adequate, better in his passionate scenes than in the quieter moments. Ivan F. Simpson as Guido Malatesta played the role quietly and rather unsympathetically. William Sauter was a satisfactory Dell'Aquila, particularly good in the silent scene in the last act. Mabel Dubois as Francesca, Manfredi's jealous wife, has dignity and played with strength. Rose Beaudet as Brigitta, the servant, did as much as is possible with the small role. Ruth Barry was weak in the part of Ginevra, Malatesta's wife. Ernest Stallard as Torelli, Manfredi's familiar, is handicapped by a slight lisp that prevents his reading from being pleasing. Walter Edmunds as Ordelaffi and H. Barfoot as Ascolti were but mediocre. H. Cane satisfactorily filled the small role of Ascanio.

*The Fool's Revenge* was repeated Friday night.

TOM PINCH.

### THE VALUE OF POLITENESS.

Hollow trees are always the stiffest, but the mightiest oak, it is found, can bend. The more exalted a man is by station, the more powerful should he be by kindness. There is no policy like politeness, since a good manner often succeeds where the best tongue has failed. Politeness is most useful to inspire confidence in the timid and encourage the deserving.—  
"The Sunday Strand."





Mr. Otto F. Andrie as "Hamlet."

"Let me see! Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

*James K. Hackett played Lear in the  
Star Theatre Buffalo, N.Y. 1889  
under direction Otto F. Andrie.*



# OLD TIME ENTHUSIASM

Recitation stirred Lafayette Square crowd

Buffalo  
Th  
gled Bar  
accord w  
strode fo  
smile of  
The crow  
when, at

with sple  
silk flag  
cheer aft  
and bey  
Be  
Star Spe  
assemble  
upon hav  
Buffalo  
Th  
the reciti  
perfect r  
finished,  
while he

the enth  
wild and  
received.  
The Buff  
It  
Spangled  
sion of hi  
The Buff  
Th  
Banner."  
Many ro

Th  
notewort  
elocution  
Andrie  
dramatic  
point of e

## AMERICAN TOUR, 1903-1904.

HENRY IRVING AND HIS COMPANY.

### DANTE.

New York (N.Y.)	Broadway Theatre	Oct. 26—Nov. 11	Three weeks
Philadelphia (Pa.)	Chestnut St. Opera H	Nov. 16—	23 Two weeks
Boston (Mass.)	Colonial Theatre	" 30—Dec. 12	Two weeks
Springfield (Mass.)	Court Square Theatre	Dec. 14 & "	15 One Night & Mat.
Hartford (Conn.)	Parson's Theatre	" 16 & "	17 One Night & Mat.
New Haven (Conn.)	Hyperion Theatre	" 18 & "	19 One Night & Mat.
Brooklyn (N.Y.)	Montauk Theatre	" 21—	25 One week
Washington (D.C.)	National Theatre	" 28—Jan. 2	One week
Baltimore (Md.)	Academy of Music	Jan. 4—	9 One week
Pittsburg (Pa.)	Nixon and Zimmermann's	" 11—	16 One week
Buffalo (N.Y.)	Star Theatre	" 18—	21 Three Nights & Mat
Albany (N.Y.)	Hermannus Bloeker H.	" 22 & "	23 One Night & Mat.
Montreal (Canada)	Academy of Music	" 23—	23 Three Nights & Mat
Ottawa (Canada)	Russell Theatre	" 24—	30 Two Nights & Mat.
Toronto (Canada)	Princess Theatre	Feb. 1—Feb. 3	Two Nights & Mat
Detroit (Mich.)	Opera House	" 4—	6 Three Nights & Mat
Chicago (Ill.)	Illinois Theatre	" 8—	20 Two weeks
St. Louis (Mo.)	Olympic Theatre	" 22—	27 One week
Cincinnati (O.)	Grand Opera House	" 29—Mar. 5	One week
Indianapolis (Ind.)	English's Opera House	Mar. 7—	9 Two Nights & Mat
Columbus (O.)	Southern Theatre	" 10—	12 Two Nights & Mat
Cleveland (O.)	Rueild Avenue Op. H	" 14—	19 One week
Harlem (N.Y.)	Opera House	" 21—	25 Five Nights & Mat

London Address:  
20, BEDFORD STREET,  
W.C.

With Sir Henry Irving's  
Compliments



## OLD TIME ENTHUSIASM

### Recitation stirred Lafayette Square crowd

*Buffalo Express, July 5, 1901.*

The Mayor introduced Otto F. Andrie, who recited "The Star Spangled Banner." It was very fervent, dramatic. His voice rose and fell in accord with the spirit of fire or gentle reverence that seemed to move him. He strode forward, recoiled, scanned the horizon, pointed at the flag, smiled the smile of pride, knelt as if in prayer, raised his face and talked to the heavens. The crowd cheered and clapped hands noisily from time to time. And, finally, when, at the closing lines—

"The star spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave"—

with splendid emphasis on the "shall" and taking from a pocket a miniature silk flag and waving it aloft—the enthusiasm of the crowd was immense, and cheer after cheer rang out and soared high above the top of the monument and beyond the flag on the mast.

Before those cheers had died out, the band struck up the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner," and the few hundred patriotic citizens who had assembled to hear the exercises were thrilled, and congratulated themselves upon having experienced the best part—by long odds—of the day's celebration.

*Buffalo Evening News, July 5, 1901.*

Then came what proved to be the feature of this part of the program, the reciting of the "Star Spangled Banner," by Otto F. Andrie. It was a perfect reading and a fine exhibition of dramatic skill, and when Mr. Andrie finished, by taking a small American flag from his pocket and pointing to it while he recited, with emphasis on the "shall," the words:

"The star spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave—

the enthusiasm of the crowd passed all bounds and in demonstrative, wild and resounding cheers they gave vent to the inspiration they had received.

*The Buffalo Enquirer, July 5, 1901.*

It remained for Otto F. Andrie, in his recitation of the "The Star Spangled Banner," to give the dramatic close to the occasion. At the conclusion of his recital the crowds cheered vociferously.

*The Buffalo Times, July 5, 1901.*

Then Otto F. Andrie was introduced and recited "The Star Spangled Banner." The speaker aroused great enthusiasm by his able recitation. Many rousing cheers following the closing words.

The Star Spangled Banner, as recited by Mr. O. F. Andrie, was a truly noteworthy, brilliant and clever rendition. His delivery was marked by elocutionary force, grace and intelligence that could not be surpassed. Mr. Andrie possesses a good voice, fine facial expression, together with rare dramatic ability. The crowd of patriotic citizens having been stirred to the point of excitement, were extremely liberal with applause, amid cheers.

MARTIN JENNINGS CATON,  
President Caton's School of Business.



# "TO BE OR NOT TO BE."

As Read by Mr. Alfred Ayres—Fac-Simile Reproduction of his Manuscript.

To be or not to be that is the question  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The slings & arrows of outrageous fortune  
 Or to take arms & against a sea of troubles  
 And by opposing end them? To die to sleep  
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is  heir to is a consummation  
devoutly to be wished? To die to sleep  
 To sleep! perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil  
 Must give us pause—there's the uncertain  
 That makes calamity of so long life:  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time  
 The oppressor's wing the foand man's continence  
 The hangs of disgraced loves the laid delay  
insolence of office and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bold? Who would fardels bear  
 To groan and sweat under a lousy life  
 But that the dread of something after death  
 The undiscovered country from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns puzzles the will  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
 Than fly to others that we know not of  
 Thus conscience does make awards of us all  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied over with the pale cast of thought  
 And enterprises of great pitch and moment  
 With this regard their currents turn away  
 And lose the names of action

Hamlets, as they go, take about three minutes and a half to read the soliloquy. Forrest took six, yet his six minutes seemed shorter than the three of anybody else, so completely did he absorb the attention. I have heard Mr. Booth read it in two minutes and three-quarters, though he has usually taken about three and a half.

The points ( ) indicate that the words are to be gone over lightly.

The crosses mark the pauses and breathing-places, which may be somewhat, though not greatly, varied. Besides the pauses I have marked, we have the pauses that naturally precede and follow very emphatic words. The pauses vary in length from, say, two to six seconds. I mark the longest ones with two crosses.

The most difficult thing to do in reading is properly to distribute the time. This is the last thing learned, and the thing that only a few ever learn.

A. A.



PATRIOTISM THE  
LIFE OF COUNTRY

The Immortal words of the preamble of the Declaration of Independence recorded more than a protest against exactions of the British crown. They were more than an assertion of the rights of the Colonies to be independent States. They passed beyond the necessities of the moment and transcended perhaps in their broad import the sentiment of many who, exasperated by tyrannical demands were ready to renounce their former allegiance. They have the perennial value of a political creed voicing in terms of conviction the aspirations of humanity. They suggest to us the long struggle against the usurpations of power and the impositions of avarice and cunning. They have been ridiculed as fallacious; they have sustained the assault of those who, desecrating upon obvious physical, mental and moral inequalities, have sought to obscure the profound truth of equality before the law and the inalienable rights of manhood. Today, as always, they present to us the standard by which we may judge the successful working of our institutions. And gathered upon this historic spot in the commonwealth which nurtured him, we may fittingly pay our tribute to the author of these words, in the language of Lincoln: "All honor to Jefferson—to the man who in the concrete pressure of a national struggle for independence by a single people had the coolness, forecast and sagacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth applicable to all men and all time; and so ennobled it there that today and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling block to the very harbingers of re-appearing tyranny and oppression."

The attitude of men toward government by the people is not determined by party lines. The man who would ignore the rights of his fellow citizens, who would establish himself in a fortress of special privilege and exercise his power, small or great, in opposition to the welfare of others, may be found in all parties and in

(Continued from Page One.)

ing commerce. The skill of a people rich in invention, endowed with boundless ambition and rare capacity for organization, has made available our natural wealth and has made our industrial achievements the marvel of mankind. Our development has intensified the sentiment of national unity, and despite our wide extent of territory and notwithstanding the many differences exhibited in our population, we are a people united not merely in form or by convention, but in interest and sentiment. An unparalleled prosperity has blessed our efforts. And never has the sun shone upon a more industrious and happy people, enjoying to a larger degree equal rights and equal opportunities than those who gather today under the Stars and Stripes to commemorate the birth of American liberty.

Once more we extol the heroism and statesmanship of those who laid the foundations of the republic but dimly conscious of its destiny. We bless the soil that gave them birth and the traditions under which they were nurtured. We come in a reverential spirit to the Old Dominion, the mother of statesmen, where within the space of a few years were given to the world George Washington, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Randolph, James Madison, John Marshall and James Monroe. But we would draw little inspiration from their lives and from the fascinating record of those formative days, if we gave ourselves over to mere jubilation. We are a progressive people. We are loyal to our ideals. We refuse to be content with mere material achievements. Nor are we satisfied with comparison with other nations or with earlier times. We desire that this nation shall realize its highest possibilities. We contemplate the future with serious determination and a solemn sense of obligation.

The lesson of today is that every patriotic American should look upon his country's history and destiny in the light of the principles of the Declaration of Independence and with sincere sympathy with democratic ideals. Instead of looking askance at every expression of determination to vindicate popular rights, it should be welcomed. So long as the spirit of 1776 is abroad in the land there will be no condonation of abuses, and material prosperity will not be permitted to serve as a cover for public wrongs.

to serve as a cover for public wrongs. Jefferson had no patience with the doctrine of Montesquieu that a republic can be preserved only in a small territory. "The reverse," he said, "is the truth." We are fortunate in having a distribution of powers and in the maintenance of local autonomy through units conserved by historical and sentimental associations. We live under a constitution wisely guaranteeing a division of powers between the Federal and the State governments so that each may exercise its appropriate authority. We have no need to look with concern upon increasing activities of the Federal government so long as they are pertinent to the accomplishment of Federal objects and do not interfere with the exercise of the powers of the States in the conduct of their local affairs. But we may properly become alarmed when State governments lack vigor and efficiency in the protection of their own citizens and in the control of the exercise of the franchises they have granted. There is incompatibility between vigorous State administration looking after its own affairs and strong national administration dealing with national questions supervising by strict and adequate regulation interstate commerce. Both are essential; and in the proportion that the State is more efficient in the protection

of securities, their malign influence in legislative halls have had their natural result in creating this feeling, is most wholesome, it would indeed be pros- perous for the people were so. But the more faithful representation in the ad- ministration

Special

50 to LONDON in the  
he will return to New



## ACTORS' FUND FAIR.

tion at the Metropolitan Formally  
ed—Some of the Attractions.

back yesterday (Monday) the great benefit of the Actors' Fund of America. President Roosevelt in Washington button that fired the cannon at the formal opening of the week of bazaar is hoped to raise half a million most important professional charity.

atorium of the Metropolitan Opera transformed into a replica of a street in a village, was crowded with prospecting for the signal to begin; on backed by a drop showing the Avon at Stratford, donated by Heinrich the Twelfth Regiment Band; seated Daniel Frohman, President of the members of the Board of Directors, principal speaker, Samuel M. Clemens

riefly of the object of the Actors' expressed the thanks of its officers to the general manager of the Fair; Palmer, manager of the women's de Century Theatre Club, and all the julations and individuals who have inke the opening a success. He then r. Clemens.

in was dressed in his now famous ght suit. When the applause that appearance had quieted somewhat he Mport speech of opening. He said in

Gentlemen: You have heard Mr. Frohman's charity reveals many virtues. That is it is to be proven now. Mr. Frohman the objects of the Fund and something He had previously told me the same I said he would repeat it. He said Between Frohman and the news- neither, except when moved by the

You are here in the

Jayson for talk. You are here in the factors. The actor has been your co-workers. He has amused you and entertained you. He has given you opportunity to do good. He has been your benefactor. You can have him back. There will be no persecution if you buy. There will be plenty of money if you buy. There will be no robbery. The fair is on a virtuous ground. No creeds represented here. No parties. The magnificent religion of Charity. I propose to make \$250,000. and the quicker we get it the better. President Roosevelt has motioned as you have heard, and has taken heart of New York a response to our cash. By virtue of the office I now declare the Fair opened, and wish your share.

nish your share.

eaq the Broadway side of the Opera  
sious up a short flight of steps directly  
of or of the auditorium. The orches-  
alove been covered with a continuous  
the from the back of the stage to the  
hairs. The booths, built to repre-  
ouses of Stratford-on-Avon, occupy  
ont of the parterre boxes, and deca-  
are placed at intervals on the floor.  
ent the center of the auditorium is a  
nigloned with ropes of foliage and elec-  
Olyt. A stair of the stage is a plat-  
the bands will be located. There will  
discerns every afternoon and even-  
gating wheel of the Professional Wom-  
prominently displayed at the stage  
the. At the opposite end is the Guild  
may by a committee from the Profron-  
and's League, with a unique collection  
Thibited.

craon the Thirty-ninth Street side is  
sizhe exhibition of automobiles, car-  
colats of various kinds, all to be sold  
then. On the Fortieth Street side is  
se department, an elaborate display of  
comestibles, and the printing office  
of the Fair, the official newspaper of the  
Fair, who has charge of the pub-  
erment of the Fair, is editor in chief,  
of its made up of prominent members  
to the press agents' association. The  
Bar machine and other appurtenances  
ever office were donated by the *Even-*  
out. the efforts of R. C. Penfield,  
*Tail's* Saturday supplement and the  
The White Hen. Several refresh-  
are located in the orchestra prom-  
Q All of the grand tier boxes are de-  
sale of flowers, under the manage-  
al prominent society women, head-  
Stuyvesant Fish. The Lost and  
ment and the Bureau of Informa-  
this floor.

...this floor. Rooms on the first balcony floor are reserved to some elaborate schemes for professional entertainment. The Red Mill company has a wheel of fortune constructed in the form of a large red mill; the Lambs Club has its bar and café chantant on the Thirty-ninth floor; and on this floor, where continuous vaudeville is given by members of the White Rats, the Comedy Club and other well known artists.

Comedy Club and other well known artists.

The booth presided over by Mrs. E. L. Fernandez shows evidence of months of untiring effort on her part. She has gathered together samples of the personal handiwork of actors all over the world, some rarely beautiful articles and of surpassing extraordinary sentimental value. Every contest at the Home on Staten Island has contributed something of a personal nature. It is impossible to enumerate here the articles Mrs. Fernandez has collected or to hint at the history of even a few of the things, but there is no booth at the Fair more deserving of the attention and patronage of the profession.

A lamp booth in charge of Isabelle Evasson, Estelle Clayton and Mrs. E. Redledge is an exhibition of fine electrical fixtures, including some elaborate electroliers and reading lamps. The entire electrical work of the Fair was secured gratis through the efforts of Miss Evasson, Miss Clayton and Mrs. Redledge, a reduction of more than the expense account.

Alice Fischer is devoted chiefly to souvenirs of actors, living and dead. The famous all-star cook book is exhibited here, with recipes from all the culinary artists in the profession. There is an array of tea cups donated by prominent actors, a desk to be given to the most popular woman dramatist (by vote), a collection of old programmes and letters, particularly valuable to collectors, and all sorts of rare bits of wearing apparel once the property of famous players. This is one of the most *professional* booths in the Fair.

The Jacob Litt booth, in charge of Mrs. Jacob Litt, contains an array of French articles, chiefly of the period of the First Empire. There is also a \$5,000 diamond necklace, several valuable diamond rings, some paintings, and many articles of artistic value.

Amelia Bingham has charge of the millinery booth, at which are displayed some remarkable creations in women's headgear impossible for a reporter to describe.

Man and Superman company has a cat booth in charge of Lois Clark. There is a \$3,000 cat painting by Kahler for sale, many of Louis Wayne's originals, more of Kahler's drawings, a fine pedigreed live cat from Miss Clark's "cat-tery," and many other feline articles. Autographed special edition copies of Man and Superman are also for sale. The assistants at this booth will be the present and past members of Robert Loraine's company.

The Man of the Hour naturally sells clocks. Geoffrey C. Stein and Pauline Hall are in charge, and clocks have been donated by the Baroness Rosen, Mrs. Orme Wilson, Madame De Creel of the Mexican Legation at Washington, Miss Morosini and many other prominent society people. The Lyceum Theatre booths and every evening after 11 o'clock, the presence of the good-looking Boys of Company B. Cohan and Harris have a wheel of fortune, through whose agency the public will receive valuable presents.

The booth devoted to china, glass and bric-a-brac is in charge of Mrs. Jean Caldwell, who has received donations from many prominent players. Miss Brownell is in charge of the department of infants' wear and lingerie. Perfumery and fine soaps are in charge of Mrs. William O. Linthecum, who is offering a novelty in the shape of a violet sachet envelope prepared by Tiffany. The New York World, the *Theatre Magazine* and *The Smart Set* are among the magazines having special booths. The children



ACTORS' FUND FAIR.

tion at the Metropolitan Formally  
ed—Some of the Attractions.

Searching for an Example, he inadvertently pointed to the green Flag of Old Erin.

back yesterday (Monday) the great benefit of the Actors' Fund of America. President Roosevelt in Washington, the button that fired the cannon at the formal opening of the week of bazaar, it is hoped to raise half a million for the most important professional charity in the country.

The auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera was transformed into a replica of a street in the village, was crowded with prospective donors waiting for the signal to begin; on the stage, backed by a drop showing the interior of the church at Stratford, donated by Heinrich Heine, was the Twelfth Regiment Band; seated at the front were Daniel Frohman, President of the Actors' Fund, and members of the Board of Directors, the principal speaker, Samuel M. Clemens (Mark Twain), and the president of the Actors' Fund.

He briefly of the object of the Actors' expressed the thanks of its officers to Noble, general manager of the Fair; M. Palmer, manager of the women's department; the Century Theatre Club, and all the organizations and individuals who have made the opening a success. He then addressed Mr. Clemens.

Twain was dressed in his now famous tannal suit. When the applause that his appearance had quieted somewhat he made a short speech of opening. He said in

1 and Gentlemen: You have heard Mr. Froh-  
C that charity reveals many virtues. That is  
and it is to be proven now. Mr. Frohman  
you the objects of the Fund and something  
tory. He had previously told me the same  
He promised me that he would repeat it. He  
his word. Between Frohman and the news-  
a trust neither, except when moved by the  
charity.

trust neither, except  
charity. You are here in the  
no occasion for talk. You are here in the  
benefactors. The actor has been your  
for years. He has amused you and enter-  
tain you, and now you have your opportunity to  
show your gratitude and be benefactors. You can  
make money for him. There will be no persecu-  
tion if you buy. There will be plenty of  
robbery. The fair is on a various  
and there are no creeds represented of Charity.  
The magnificent religious and the quicker  
purpose to make \$250,000. President Roosevelt  
is doing it the better you have heard, and has  
fair in motion. The great heart of New York a response  
in the great heart of New York a response  
invested into cash. By virtue of the office  
in mind I now declare the Fair opened, and  
to begin your share.

ing on the Broadway side of the Opera  
house goes up a short flight of steps directly  
to the main floor of the auditorium. The orches-  
tra has been covered with a continuous  
curtain reaching from the back of the stage to the  
back of the seats. The booths, built to repre-  
sent the houses of Stratford-on-Avon, occupy  
the front of the parterre boxes, and decora-  
tive kiosks are placed at intervals on the floor.  
The auditorium is a

from the center of the stage. The stage is festooned with ropes of foliage and electric lights. At the rear of the stage is a platform where the band will be located. There will be no racing wheel of the Professional Woman's League is prominently displayed at the stage. At the opposite end is the Guild building, which was occupied by a committee from the Professional Woman's League, with a unique collection of exhibits.

lobby of the Thirty-ninth Street, car  
to the exhibition of automobiles, car  
and boats of various kinds, all to be sold  
scription. On the Fortieth Street side is  
peery department, an elaborate display of  
ts of comestibles, and the printing office  
t *Spectator*, the official newspaper of the  
E. D. Price, who has charge of the pub  
ment of the Fair, is editor in chief

The staff is made up of prominent members of the Friars, the press agents' association. The Linotype machine and other appurtenances of the printing office were donated by the Evening Mail, through the efforts of R. C. Penfield, of the Mail's Saturday supplement and the list of The White Hen. Several refreshment booths are located in the orchestra promenade and grand tier boxes are decorated with flowers.

Several of the grand  
to the sale of flowers, under the manage  
of several prominent society women, head  
Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. The Lost and  
Department and the Bureau of Inform  
also on this floor.

large rooms on the first balcony  
over to some elaborate schemes for p  
entertainment. The Red Mill compa  
wheel of fortune constructed in the fo  
large red mill; the Lambs Club has  
e and café chantant on the Thirty-n  
side on this floor, where continuous va  
will be given by members of the White R

many contributions from publishing houses. A copy of Science and Health, with an inscription by Mary Baker Eddy, is an interesting article at this booth.

The booth presided over by Mrs. E. L. Fernandez shows evidence of months of untiring effort on her part. She has gathered together samples of the personal handiwork of actors all over the world, some rarely beautiful articles and all possessing extraordinary sentimental value. Every guest at the Home on Staten Island has contributed something of a personal nature. It is impossible to enumerate here the articles Mrs. Fernandez has collected or to hint at the history of even a few of the things, but there is no booth at the Fair more deserving of the attention and patronage of the professional League, Mabel Nor-

patronage of the profession.

The Professional Woman's League, Mabel Norton, chairman, has five separate booths the organization, over by prominent members of the organization, who will sell furniture, dolls, sewing machines—who have sixteen machines to dispose of—smoking articles, which includes a quinn smoking set by the back doorkeeper of the Madison Square Theatre, all of paper. The horse-racing wheel is under the care of the P. W. L., directed by Catherine Countiss. The doll booth, presided over by Mrs. Claude Hazen, promises to be one of the most popular at the Fair. It contains dolls donated by many of the best-known actresses in the country. A tarletan-skirted circus rider, mounted on her horse, is the donation from Mabel Taliaferro, and others who have sent dolls Bonita, Helen Ware, Mrs. George Gould, Bijou Fernandez, Frances Starr, Mrs. Judge Wood, Madame Alla Nazimova, Mrs. Edwin Abeles, Bessie Clayton, Mary Ryan, Mrs. Adele Ritchie, Grace Merritt, Mrs. Edwin Temple, Adele Donnelly, Lillian Russell, Nance O'Neil, Dorothy Donnelly, Florence Rockwood, Roselle Knott, Hope Booth, Mary Gray, Carla Dagmar, Mrs. Martin Potter, Mary Marble, Estelle Wentworth, Mrs. W. C. Jones, Mary Manning, Elsie Janis, Catherine Countiss, Emma Carus, Charlotte Walker, Rose I. Bertram, Mrs. Sol Smith, Miss Drake, Virginia Pope, Harte, Ida Wells, Emily Keogh, Amber Law, Esthe, Lyons, Amelia Somerville, and dozens of other lord, Mrs. Henry Miller, and dozens of other Emily Rigl has charge of the "Smokery" and will also have the care of the sewing machine. A piano donated by Mrs. Sol Smith is to be raffled over her own direction.

Isabelle Evans

A lamp booth in charge of Isabelle Evansson, Estelle Clayton and Mrs. E. Redledge is an exhibition of fine electrical fixtures, including some elaborate electroliers and reading lamps. The entire electrical work of the Fair was secured gratis through the efforts of Miss Evansson, Miss Clayton and Mrs. Redledge, a reduction of more than \$4,000 from the expense account.

Alice Fischer, which is devoted chiefly to souvenirs of actors, living and dead. The famous all-star cook book is exhibited here, with recipes from all the culinary artists in the profession. There is an array of tea cups donated by prominent actors, a desk to be given to the most popular woman dramatist (by vote), a collection of old programmes and letters, particularly valuable to collectors, and all sorts of rare bits of wearing apparel once the property of famous players. This is one of the most *professional* booths in the Fair.

The Jacob Litt booth, in charge of Mrs. Jacob Litt, contains an array of French articles, chiefly of the period of the First Empire. There is also a \$5,000 diamond necklace, several valuable diamond rings, some paintings, and many articles of artistic value.

Amelia Bingham has charge of the millinery booth, at which are displayed some remarkable creations in women's headgear impossible for a masculine reporter to describe.

Man and Superman company has a cat booth in charge of Lois Clark. There is a \$3,000 cat painting by Kahler for sale, many of Louis Wayne's originals, more of Kahler's drawings, a fine pedigreed live cat from Miss Clark's "cat-tery," and many other feline articles. Autographed special edition copies of Man and Superman are also for sale. The assistants at this booth will be the present and past members of Robert Loraine's company.

The Man of the Hour naturally sells clocks. Geoffrey C. Stein and Pauline Hall are in charge, and clocks have been donated by the Baroness Rosen, Mrs. Orme Wilson, Madame De Creel, Miss of the Mexican Legation at Washington, Miss Morosini and many other prominent society people. The Lycum Theatre booth will have as one attractive feature afternoons and every evening after 11 o'clock, the presence of the good looking Boys of Company B. Cohan and Harris have a wheel of fortune, through whose agency the public will receive valuable presents.

The booth devoted to china, glass and bric-a-brac is in charge of Miss Jean Caldwell, who has received donations from many prominent players. Miss Caldwell is in charge of the department of infants' wear and lingerie. P. Linthecum, who is offering a novelty in the shape of a violet sachet envelope prepared by Tiffany. The New York World, the Theatre Magazine and The Smart Set are among the



"Who's the speaker?" asked an old fellow.

"I don't, begorra. But, sure, it's only wasting breath, he is, on these foreigners."

As a peroration Mr. Cronin said "You people of the water front, I am glad to say, do not go into the country to escape the noise of the day. You do not believe in a safe and sane Fourth. But, on the contrary, you by your presence here, are proof sure that you and your children believe in allowing the Great American Eagle, as well as other Eagles, to scream."

It may have been because street-car service to the beach ends at Michigan and Elk streets that none of the old-timers got there. The Declaration had been swept beyond them and there was no chance for them to compare the indifferent celebration of the present with the everybody enthusiastic days of their youth.

While delirious. Mrs. Fanny Balcom

ture exhibited. The lobby on the Thirty-ninth Street side is open to the exhibition of automobiles, cars and boats of various kinds, all to be sold by description. On the Fortieth Street side of the department, an elaborate display of products of comestibles, and the printing office of *The Spectator*, the official newspaper of the fair. E. D. Price, who has charge of the printing department of the Fair, is editor in chief. The staff is made up of prominent members of the press, the press agents' association. The linotype machine and other appurtenances of the printing office were donated by the *Evening Post*, through the efforts of R. C. Penfield, editor of the *Mail's* Saturday supplement and the manager of The White Hen. Several refreshment booths are located in the orchestra promenade.

also on this floor. The large rooms on the first balcony floor are for the purpose of providing a place for the patron to go over to some elaborate schemes for professional entertainment. The Red Mill company has a wheel of fortune constructed in the form of a large red mill; the Lambs Club has its bar and café chantant on the Thirty-ninth side on this floor, where continuous vaudeville will be given by members of the White Rats Comedy Club and other well known artists. A first-class side show in connection with the theatre promises to be a strong feature. The members of the Patrolmen's Wives Association have their own booths on the Broadway side here. The features of these booths is a large stage dressed to represent Mrs. A. M. Palmer as she appears when on duty in connection with the theatre. In charge are Mrs. Minnie Wichman and Mrs. K. Pierson. On the Fortieth Street side is a Japanese room, decorated like a wisteria parlor by Mr. Tomanato and Mr. Otani, both of whom are artists of note. Tea and rice cakes will be served here by waitresses in Japanese dress, and Japanese articles will be for sale. A Japanese dog, weighing three and a half pounds, will be voted for. Mrs. Clarke has charge of this room, and is assisted by Madame Kamin, who was a famous Madam Butterfly in Japan and in this country, and by Madame Kato, who is a well known Japanese actress. The assistants will be some of the most popular waitresses in New York.

The Century Theatre Club booth, presided over by Mrs. Edith Ellis Baker, contains many rare and valuable books, including autographed copies from most of the prominent novelists, the Augustin Daly Woffington book, a first copy of the Bankside Shakespeare, Bram Stoker's Personal Reminiscences of Sir Henry Irving, Bonci's own history of his career, book plates of Augustus Thomas, Frederick Remington and others, illuminated text cards containing striking lines from prominent plays, and nearly everything else in the line of literature.

The Players' booth is devoted almost entirely to work of its members. There are about fifty paintings donated by the artists of the club, statuettes and busts by the sculptor members, a portfolio of interior views of the clubhouse, taken by Falk and arranged to sell for \$20 each—the price at the Fair will be \$10—autographed copies of books by the members, a copy of the Lon Thompson bust of Edwin Booth, done by Tonetti, which is to be disposed of at the Fair and never sold again; a folio volume of Hogarth's engravings, very rare and in fine condition, and

Amelia Bingham has charge of the millinery booth, at which are displayed some remarkable creations in women's headgear impossible for a magazine reporter to describe.

The Man of the Hour naturally sells clocks. Geoffrey C. Stein and Pauline Hall are in charge, and clocks have been donated by the Baroness Rosen, Mrs. Orme Wilson, Madame De Creel of the Mexican Legation at Washington, Miss Morosini and many other prominent society people. The Lyceum Theatre booth will have as one attractive feature afternoons and every evening after 11 o'clock, the presence of the good-looking Boys of Company B. Cohan and Harris have a wheel of fortune, through whose agency the public will receive valuable presents.

One novelty of the Fair is the first public demonstration of an automatic photographing apparatus that in a few seconds makes positive photographs on paper, equal to photographs made by the ordinary methods. It is devised as a convenient method of providing accurate identification so necessary in many kinds of business. The machine has been installed through the personal efforts of Joseph R. Grismer.

To Milton Roblee and Mrs. A. M. Palmer the greatest credit is due for the successful carrying out of the plans, and to E. D. Price for his skillful handling of the department of publicity which has kept the Fair before the newspaper readers for the past month. They have been ably assisted by scores of well chosen workers.

## MISS BENSON SUES LOWE

Alice



## Program

### St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Lawn Fete, Flag Raising, Patriotic Rally and Victory Supper

Thursday afternoon and evening, Independence Day, July 4th, 1918

On the church grounds, corner West Utica street, Delaware and Linwood avenues

9 A.M.—Solemn High Mass, in Cathedral, for the boys of the Parish now serving  
their country in the Army and Navy.

Sung by Rev. James F. McGloin, Rector.

Assisted by Rev. William F. Tobin, Deacon.

Rev. Leo J. Toomey, Sub-Deacon.

2 P.M.—Gymkhana Races for Boys and Girls.

Egg race.

Spoon race.

3-legged race.

Barrel race.

Obstacle race.

Shoe race.

100-yards dash.

3 P.M.—Band concert.

4 P.M.—Flag raising.

Hon. John J. Hynes, presiding.

"The Star-Spangled Banner," by the band.

"The American Flag," recited by Mr. Otto F. Andrie.

2.—"The Star-Spangled Banner."

Brief addresses by the following:

Hon. Byron R. Newton, Collector of Port of New York.

Hon. Charles Bennett Smith, Representative in Congress.

Hon. John F. Malone, City Councilman.

Hon. James M. Mead, Member of Assembly.

Hon. Daniel J. Sweeney, City Clerk.

Hon. Arthur W. Kreinheder, City Councilman.

Hon. Charles M. Heald, City Councilman.

Hon. Henry F. Girvin, Superintendent of Police.

5 to 10 P.M.—Grand "Victory Supper" served by the ladies of the cathedral  
parish.

7 to 10 P.M.—Band concert.

9 P.M.—Grand Illumination.

11 P.M.—Thank You and Good Night.





Dedicated  
to the boys who have heard the call of our great  
and glorious nation, with our motto their aim:



## "In God We Trust"

---

### The Kid Has Gone to the Colors

The Kid has gone to the Colors  
And we don't know what to say;  
The Kid we have loved and cuddled  
Stepped out for the Flag today.  
We thought him a child, a baby  
With never a care at all,  
But his country called him man-size  
And the Kid has heard the call.

He paused to watch the recruiting,  
Where fired by the fife and drum,  
He bowed his head to Old Glory  
And thought that it whispered: "Come!"  
The Kid, not being a slacker,  
Stood forth with patriot-joy  
To add his name to the roster—  
And God, we're proud of the boy!

The Kid has gone to the Colors;  
It seems but a little while  
Since he drilled a schoolboy army  
In a truly martial style.  
But now he's a man, a soldier,  
And we lend him listening ear,  
For his heart is a heart all loyal,  
Unscourged by the curse of fear.

His dad, when he told him, shuddered,  
His mother—God bless her!—cried;  
Yet, blest with a mother-nature,  
She wept with a mother-pride.  
But he whose shoulders straightened  
Was Granddad—for memory ran  
To years when he, too, a youngster  
Was changed by the Flag to a man!

—By C. W. Herschell, Indianapolis, Indiana.

---



America, the land of the free, the home of the brave,  
for one, for all, for ever.





Thinking of old bygone Days,  
and living in the past;  
observing Humans of Today,  
so frivolous and rash.  
Some Thinkers judge them Crazy,  
Others term them wild,  
Many pronounce it lack of breeding  
and fail to see their mild  
Fourth Term Thinkers, Has been types,  
For quoting of the 'past',  
But, all great writers, dead alas!  
encourage thinkers, not the ass:

"Do not meddle with business you know  
nothing about"

"Most ignorant of People are those'  
who know it"

"Spent not your moments in looking  
afar off. Do what's wanted now."

Paradox



Fichter the Great



Wm. C. Fichter N. Y.



Fletcher

Wm. W. W. W.



X Mr Scott's

## DELINEATION OF HENRY VIII CHARACTERS

Lecture of Richard Scott Before Woman's Club, This City, Wednesday.

HEARD BY LARGE NUMBER

Terse, Yet Clear, the Lecture Proved Strong and Most Highly Appreciative.

Mr. Richard Scott, of the city and a member of the Louis James Dramatic company, lectured to the Woman's club in the club house Wednesday afternoon on Henry VIII. He had a large audience and was attentively heard and heartily congratulated after his talk. He spoke as follows:

Shakespeare, the greatest genius the world has ever known, who stands without a parallel in the history of literature has left us but fragments concerning his own personal life, or the inner workings of his own great mind.

This has made possible the claim of some students of literature that Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare's plays, which I in my humble way refute, and bow in admiration before the greatest of all his monuments, his plays built out of his own wonderful intellect, and which stand before us today breathing and throbbing with life as vital as the day these plays were penned.

Do we not weep with Lear, when he bends above his dead and out of the agony of his heart, cries, "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life and thou no breath at all?"

But Shakespeare was great enough to know that we all love life and laughter, happiness and song, so in the words of Mercutio, as light as air itself we have

disclose Buckingham and Norfolk discussing the growing power of the Cardinal, which power would soon prove the undoing of the Duke, the proud Constable of England.

The incidents of the accusation and trial of Buckingham are made to foreshadow the course of future events, the fate of both Katherine and Wolsey.

Katherine is a superbly drawn character from the moment of her introduction, pleading for the oppressed people of her husband's realm, until the last scene, in which she dies unqueened, yet never more a queen. There is a sustained harmony in the delineation of her character which places her in the first rank of Shakespeare's women. Her voice is raised not only for the common people but for noble Buckingham, delicately ac-

In the case of the Cardinal ancestry is entirely different. Of the humblest beginning this man had raised himself by the sheer force of his intellect, directed by the most far reaching ambition, to a position from which he looked down upon all who were in his vicinity, even the Monarch himself. At the time the play opens Wolsey is truly represented as unpopular with both nobles and the common people. The expose of his extortionate measures, made by Katherine received the royal censure but gave Wolsey a double opportunity to strengthen his position, hence his great speech against the public.

"If I am traduced by envious tongues, which neither know

My faculties nor person, yet will be The Chroniclers of my doing, let me

say

of place and the



speare as their own. He belongs to all time and to all nations. A characteristic of his genius is its many-sided nature, for Shakespeare has been classed as a musician, a lawyer, physician, botanist, astronomer, naturalist, etc., because of his wonderful fund of knowledge in these subjects and of which he made the most judicious use in the building of his plays, which are invested with the grandeur, power, music, storminess, inflexible seduction and terror of the sea, for they are indeed an ocean of thought which reflects heaven itself.

The quality of Shakespeare's mind was precisely such as is required to form a great dramatist, for he was not only absolutely free from egotism and vanity, but joined to an intellect of the very first order, an affection or sympathy that embraced all things.

It is one of the glories of Shakespeare that he has placed among his studies of the human heart, of jealousy, love and hatred; and among his fairy tales, his beautiful journeys in the realm of fancy and dreamland, those wonderful histrionical plays which revive with all their tragic heroisms, the picturesque and thrilling chronicles of "Old England."

In the historical plays one is struck with the fidelity with which Shakespeare has displayed throughout all the scenes (many of them necessarily fictitious) which constitute and complete the story. It is in these dramas that Shakespeare has reached the top-most height of sublimity.

Before entering into a discussion of Henry the VIII. it were well to look for a moment at the circumstances relative to the composition. Henry the VIII. is the last of Shakespeare's historical plays and in many respects the most complete and picturesque in the portrayal of the period it covers. It was probably written about 1611, in Shakespeare's 48th year, after he had passed through the formative period of his career, which gave us his lesser comedies and alter still that period which produced the mighty tragedies; it is possibly his last message to the world. When it was uttered he had seen the glories of the court of "The Great Elizabeth" fade away and its mistress transformed into a mere disappointed old woman, who died in grand but lonely isolation.

He had seen the splendid Leicester, in the author's youth, the most talked of man in the kingdom, if not in Christendom, die with his brilliant promise unfilled.

Essex, whom all the world believed to be destined for the highest station, had perished miserably on the traitor's block.

Raleigh, the third of the brilliant trio, was at that time languishing in a prison.

All these things must necessarily have made their impression upon the closest observer of whom the world has record, who although living in comparative obscurity watched none the less with piercing eye the events conspiring around him.

In the last line of the prologue of the play, "How soon this mightiness meets misery," we have practically

speech which stands a model of pathetic dignity, she again by instinct lays the charge of her heavy sorrow at Wolsey's door.

"I do believe  
Induced by potent circumstances that  
You are mine enemy, and make my  
challenge  
You shall not be my judge; for it is  
you

Have blown this cold betwixt my  
lord and me;  
Which God's dew quench."

But it is in the last scene of this pathetic tragedy, the death of the queen, wherein are shown the noblest traits of her character; the forgiveness of Wolsey, who had so wronged her, the anxious care for the men and women who had clung to her through all, and her last appeal for her daughter.

There are many appealing passages in the great dramatist, but this last message to Henry, especially her final words from the deserted and dying wife to the husband who had already taken another in her place, are perhaps the most touching:

"Remember me in all humility unto  
his Highness;

Out of this world; tell him in death  
I blessed him,  
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim,  
Farewell."

The poet illustrates that to the just and unjust alike the end is the same, in each case.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave, await alike the inevitable hour, the paths of glory had but the grave."

Shakespeare certainly exposed Henry (but if it be not a paradox to say so) he exposed him under a decent covering. He never allows us for a moment to suppose that he (the poet himself) believed the king conscientious in his divorce of Katherine, or impelled by any other motive than his passion for Anne Bolyn. True, he sets forth all the formalities of Henry's scruples, but he makes those scruples only the transparent veils of his real motives.

The fall of the central figure of the drama is reserved for the last and is even more striking than those which preceded it. Buckingham and Katherine were both born to the most exalted rank, the former the last of a splendid line of great high constables, the latter the scion of the proudest royal house the continent ever knew.

**Syrup of Figs**  
and  
**Elixir of Senna**  
acts gently yet promptly  
on the bowels; cleanses  
the system effectually;  
is a great aid in overcoming

State statutes only."

And then his posing as a friend of the common people in the words of his secretary:

"Let there be letters writ to every  
shire,

Of the king's grace and pardon.  
Let it be noised

That through our intercession this  
revokement

And pardon comes."

Wolsey's relations to Katherine are set forth as they really appeared to the actor in the tragedy. No human eye could pierce the motives of Wolsey in his treatment of Katherine, or estimate the actual truth of his opinion of the queen who was his victim.

Shakespeare causes Henry to disclaim Wolsey's prima influence in the affair of the divorce, but at the same time Shakespeare indicates plainly enough that the cardinal eagerly seized and used it in an occasion to further his own ambitious designs. Wolsey's attitude toward the queen, even in the face of her sharp accusations of his treachery toward the king, the people and herself, is marked by that suave courtesy and diplomatic reserve which character-

ized him. In his schemes Katherine was only a pawn; personally he was more bitter against Anne Bolyn than against her. To him, as to the great ministers of state before and after him, a woman's happiness was nothing in the balance against the consummation of a statesman's purpose. Wolsey's fall was due to his open opposition to Anne Bolyn as the wife of the king, but the main reason lay in Wolsey, himself. Ambition was his great sign which blinded him to everything else, for does he not say:

"Mark but my fall and that that  
ruined me.

Cromwell, I charge thee fling away  
ambition

By that sin fell the angels; how can  
man then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win  
by it."

After his fall from power, he showed sympathies of a warmer humanity than his mightiness had allowed him to display. We would be glad to believe the poet's portrait in its last touches is accurate, for the final view we have of Wolsey is a man who, once proud, arrogant, unscrupulous, false to his own vows of priesthood, over ambitious in his loyalty to his prince, has become through misfortune, humble, gentle, single minded and repentant and restored to the simplicity of his youth. That this tremendous transition in Wolsey is sincere, we have the eloquent speech:

"O Cromwell, Cromwell,

Had I but served my God with half  
the zeal

I served my king, he would not in  
mine age

Have left me naked to my  
enemies."

**RIVER MEN VS. RAILROAD**



# THE GREATEST AMERICAN

Martin W. Littleton of Brooklyn, in Burst of Oratory  
that brings Cheer upon Cheer, pays Trib-  
ute to George Washington.

(Continued from first page.)

liberty. His courage did not have for stimulus the plaudit of a world committed to a policy of aggression; it rested upon a conscience entrusted with the destiny of a country intent upon liberty and peace. The story of his heroism did not speed with the swiftness of lightning around the world and dwell upon the lips of men. It was never fully told until commerce carried it away under its whitening sails, until railroads thundered it out across the plains, until factories shouted it from New England's hills, until harvesters whispered it into the beautiful valleys of the South.

## Spirit of Peace and Liberty.

"The final victories of his faithful armies did not raise him up as the embodiment of the undisputed force; it reared instead the fabric of a free government into whose every branch he infused the spirit of peace and liberty.

"The nations of the earth may make

to the music of dissension. The press at the outset had thrown its accustomed fit and then filled up with doubt. The pulpit, free from practical restraints, went to the very edge of madness and railed because Lincoln would not follow. Politicians ran away in humiliating haste and took their stand just out of reach of either side and close enough to claim identity with either. Treason, wrong, injustice, crime, graft, a thousand wrongs in system and in single added to the burden of this melancholy spirit. Silently, as the soul of the just makes war on sin; silently, as the spirit of the mighty withstands the spite of wrong; silently, as the red heart of the truly brave resists the assault of the coward, this prince of patience and of peace endured the calumny of the country he died to save.

## Wrought no Man Harm.

"In all the ruin that fell about

wrongly got and his ideal lost in the getting. In the twilight of his elder days he looks clear back across the reach of years—past forge and furnace; past mine and mill—and still beyond the huddling crowd of earnest men, black with grime and smoke, and yearns to feel again the aspiration of the youth; to see again with cloudless vision the fixed ideal; to rest again in the calm content of a patriotism free of greed. But the footprints are in the rock revealed, and only the tide that takes us all to sea by running in and out, can rub them out.

## Standard Oil.

"The system stands, and by its devious ways another man holds hard in check the surging commerce of the age. He, too, found Nature's hoarded treasure in deep, rich lakes of liquid wealth, and with a privilege government given, and with a protection government guaranteed, he put a plant together whose boundaries baffle all the skill of men, and whose powers stagger all the resolute nerve of a nation. It owns by conquest, actual or potential, every petroleum pool in earth or rock. It dominates by design or dread every field beneath the sun. It went outside the well and drill and took command of bank and till. It drew or dragged every kindred power to its secret side, and run through these the malign spirit of its triumphant greed. It sits in senates, camps on thrones, struts in courts, kneels in church, leads processions, and battles at the polls; it makes the ticker talk in every tongue; it makes the tape reveal the gamblers' gain, or makes it blank or barren of results. The East

throughout the land in the spirit of patriotism and loyalty that gives our country first place in the intelligent and Christian citizenship of the world.

Great as we are as a nation, great as we are as a city, let us never forget the past that made the present possible. When we look into the future and rejoice over the riches that seem so bounteously in store for us, let us remember to look back across the span of our nation's life to the valiant days of Revolutionary times when the fathers of this country won for posterity a heritage, priceless and sublime. Let us think in the hour of our splendor, of the days of their privation.

As we exult over our city's promise of greater things, let us recall the first fearless pioneers who opened up the way into the wilderness, who cleared a settlement, who overcame the savages, who conquered all obstacles and who bequeathed to us the beginnings of what has become the splendid city of today. Their hardships made possible our happiness. Their courage was the inspiration for our success.

It is well for us to remember, gentlemen, how much we owe to those who have gone before. It is setting an illustrious example to those who follow after in the days when we, too, will be numbered with the past. It commands us so to live and so to strive in the advancement of our life and the improvement of our city, that we shall pass on to posterity, untarnished and unretarded, this magnificent inheritance we received from those who bequeathed Buffalo to us of today.

I am sure that if the founders of our country and the builders of our city could speak the high hope of the future to us tonight they would bid us build with heart and hand devoted to the best and highest that our city can obtain. They would bid us surrender selfish aims and exert ourselves in sincere and enthusiastic effort for the city's welfare. They would bid us forego the pursuit of rival and contentious ways and each, yielding fairly of his share and claim, stand all on one common ground united for the common good. The greatest benefits our city has attained have come through harmonious effort through a spirit of unity and through our people bending to the task before them with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together.

Gentlemen, I toast you the city of Buffalo. Best can we honor the Father of His Country by honoring in our city that which we know



from every donor will mean a sacrifice will speak more eloquently of the earnest wish for a university than any large sum from a single subscriber. Many such small contributions already have been pledged, but there should be many more. It would be showing a lack of faith in Buffalo not to predict that there will be many more. Let the good work go on without faltering. Those who believe in themselves and their cause cannot fail.

The local complaints about discrimination in supplying railroad cars might be used as an argument for the Hepburn bill.

Superintendent Long's remark about "funny business with the grocers" recalls an investigation which was conducted here some years ago under the direction of the Reverend Thomas R. Slicer.

The lamps committee of the Board of Aldermen is in favor of inviting outside companies to bid for supplying the city with light, heat and power, but there is little permanent advantage to be expected from competition in natural monopolies.

Governor Hanly of Indiana, who will not accept favors from railroads or permit other state officials to do so, deposited 45 cents at the ticket office of a line which took him and others on a special train from one village to another to inspect sites for a state institution. Sometimes a good principle gets a man into a ridiculous position. Forty-five

avenged. The facts of this case suggest one answer to the question why crimes increase where lynchings are most common.

Mayor Manning of Rutland, Vt., has appointed a committee of citizens to investigate the assertions that there was a lack of water and that fire hydrants were frozen on Sunday morning, when seven business blocks in the city were destroyed with a loss of \$500,000. The committee will co-operate with the city council and public hearings will be held daily, beginning today. This is a pronounced move in the right direction. There are good arguments to the effect that all fires should be followed by an investigation and blame fixed. The more frequently this is done, the greater will be the precautions taken to prevent fire. And it would be a great deal cheaper to prevent fires than to extinguish them.

Not the least interesting feature of the news regarding the earthquakes in the Lesser Antilles, and especially on the island of Martinique, is the report that Mont Pelee continues quiet. Volcanoes thousands of miles away have been unusually active ever since these seismic disturbances began, yet the great Pelee contents itself with its ordinary signs of life. This phenomenon suggests the remarkable movements of sound which were noted at the time Pelee's head was blown off, though, of course, the two phenomena are totally different. Some of the terrific explosions during the weeks of Pelee's great-

## Mexico

The native Mexican clings tenaciously to the old customs of his country.

It is a common sight in Old Mexico to see these patient little beasts of burden plodding along with their heavy loads, unconcerned by the march of civilization which their progressive competitors the railroads have brought about.

They form one of the many strange contrasts between modern and primitive customs to be seen on a trip through Old Mexico.

An attractive booklet "Sights and Scenes in Old Mexico," is ready for distribution. It is replete with interesting facts and action about the Egypt of the New World. Write for free copy.

## How to go to Old Mexico.

The principal highway to Old Mexico lies through St. Louis. Most roads run through trains to St. Louis, and the M. K. & T. Ry. runs through sleepers from St. Louis to the City of Mexico, without change. The route lies through the most interesting section of the United States—Indian Territory and Texas, where greatest activity and development are manifest. Most of the principal cities of Texas and Mexico; Dallas, Ft. Worth, Waco, San Antonio, Torreon, Zacatecas, Aguascalientes, Guajuato, and etc., lie along the route, and stop-overs are allowed at pleasure. Ask your ticket agent to sell you a ticket via St. Louis and the M. K. & T. Ry. For rates and full information, write



W. S. ST. GEORGE, G. P. & T. A.  
417 Wainright Bldg., St. Louis.  
GEO. L. THAYER, D. P. A.  
309 Broadway, New York.

**GLASGOW and LONDON DERRY**  
Sailing from New York every Saturday.  
New Twin Screw Steamships.

Cabin, \$50. Second cabin \$35. Third class, \$27.50 and upwards, according to accommodation and steamship. For general information apply to HENDERSON BROTHERS, New York.  
J. W. Klauk & Co., 61 Exchange St.; H. A. Thomas, 377 Main St., cor. Eagle, Buffalo.

## FRENCH LINE.

COMPAGNIE GENERALE TRANSATLANTIQUE  
Direct line to Havre, Paris (France)  
Sailing every Thursday at 10 a. m.  
From Pier No. 42, North River, foot Morton st., N. Y.  
\*La Touraine...Mar. 1 \*La Bretagne...March 2  
\*La Gascogne...Mar. 8 \*La Savoie...March 2  
\*La Lorraine...March 15 \*La Touraine...April  
\*Twin screw steamers.  
Klauck Co., 64 Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## The New York & Porto Rico S. S. Co.

AROUND Carolina, sailing Feb. 24th, PORTO RICO Como March 10th, for San J direct. Ponce, sailing Feb. 28th for Ponce direct. Best of modern accommodations for first and second cabin passengers. All rooms outside on deck. Pier 22, Brooklyn, adjoining Atlantic Av. ferr 12 noon. OFFICE No. 42 Broadway, New York. Raymond & Whitcomb Co., Union Square, New York.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP (A. & A. Line)

Sails from San Francisco to Honolulu 6 days. Samoa, New Zealand and Australia. Splendid 6,200 ton Steamers, March 8 and 21 days. Tahiti once a month. Round trip \$632.70. B. K. DENBIGH, G. E. Agee, Broadway, N. Y., or local R. R. or S. S. agent.

**30 TOURS TO EUROPE** TW  
under superior management, exceptional JA  
rates. Fall Tours Around the World.  
Oriental Cruise in February. Program  
FRANK C. CLARK, 93 B'way, New York.  
J. W. Klauk Co., 61 Exchange St., Buffalo.

## SEA ROUTE TO CALIF

Weekly sailings from New York via Panama. Class \$105; steerage \$40—all expenses weeks' voyage. PANAMA RAILROAD, 100 Broadway, N. Y., or J. W. KLAUCK CO., 61 Exchange St., Buffalo.



that sought to wreck our country's growth, in all the curses that fell upon his humble spirit from unworthy lips, in all the intrigue of erstwhile friends, in all the darkness of despair and in all the noise of catastrophe there was not enough to force upon his gentle lips a word of accusation or of blame. Search the lucid literature of his pen and not one word meant for the ruin of his fellow man; recall the homely wisdom of his spoken words and not one thought designed to break the character and wound the spirit of his brother creature. He rose from the raw earth to the clear sky, but nowhere on that awful journey did he put his foot upon a human being. He moved as a silent, solemn force from the shadow of the woods until his form was imaged in the soul of civilization; but nowhere on the way is there a scar upon his fellow man. He came as a prophet out of the unreadable obscurity of the forest, but as we listen down the years that tell the story of his coming we cannot hear a single voice crying out from pain which he inflicted.

#### How different now.

"And so it was with Washington and with Lincoln—the founder and the preserver of a great republic. How different are we now; how changed is all of this, in the midst of plenty and of peace, with a hundred years of education added to our people—without treason, intrigue, murder, war or disunion; our whole public life, our entire private affairs, our religion, our politics, our press, is made up of charge and counter-charge of graft and anti-graft, or crimination and recrimination. I love to dwell in silent contemplation upon the spirit and genius of these noble men. I love to think of statesmanship in the upper air away from the grime and dust of sordid enterprise. I have no patience with a creed whose foundation is a cross. I take no stock in the philosophy whose peace is built on blood. I have no patience with a statesmanship resting upon assault. I have no faith in policy planted upon the ruin of character. I have no confidence in the stability of politics made up of accusation and denial. I do not share the popular alarm that all business is bribery and that all partnership is plunder.

#### As a Man of Wealth.

"Washington was a man of wealth and yet he was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen. The time in which he lived was so simple that there were no trustees to act for others. The complicated affairs of today have made it necessary in every walk of life that men should hold positions of trust. The true reason for the apparent faith in the standard of integrity is because of the fact that positions of trust have multiplied with our civilization. In the days of the Revolution, wealth was in the earth and in the seasons. Today it is expressed in stocks and bonds and held by those who stand for others as guardians over its value. The way he used his wealth was as much a credit to his patriotism as was the way he used his sword. The vice of modern life is not the wrongs that men commit, but the reckless use of power which they possess, whether it be the power of wealth, the power of influence or the power of genius.

#### Fevered Quest for Gold.

as this thing's temperature. A battle in Korean Straits, where a nation's entire navy sinks upon the sand, does not so much disturb the market place as does the secret wish of this concern.

#### Poor Rockefeller.

"At the top of this commonwealth of gain there is a lonely man surrendering to the silent impact of the years. Looking down the winding way up which he trod to fortune and to fame he sees the wrecks of rivals, the ruin of his fellows and prostrate states polluted by his power. Mistaking the decay of Nature for the grace of God he turns a trivial stipend to the church, a paltry contribution to the schools, and in return he expects the pulpit and the chair to apologize to God and all the world for the system by which it came. Better than colleges crowning campus grounds, better than church impliedly pledged to put the case in colorless discourse—better than all these, would be the plain admission briefly made that all his gain was got against the laws of God and man.

#### Greed for raw Wealth.

"These two stand tiptoe on the top of what the world is pleased to call success; but at the base are bleaching bones. If there were only two even with the wealth which weighs them down the world could well afford to let them wither in their dread and discontent. But feebly following after them an dtheir careers are untold numbers making headlong toward the open ditch. Greed, insatiate greed, greed for raw and vulgar wealth, greed far more than need can use or normal appetite desire; greed that fairly loves to wallow in the luxury of excess; greed that gluts in a hungry soul with beef and fills a yearning spirit full of wine; greed that strangles conscience, crushes conviction, and paralyzes ideals; greed, whose business is injustice and whose amusement is cruel waste; greed, gambling, gorging, drunken, petrifying greed has seized upon us, and unless we can stir the inner, loftier passions of the souls of men to stand for high ideals we soon will be but brother to the ox.

"Against this greed for gold we have the example of Washington's benign wealth and Lincoln's humble poverty."

#### Loving Cup for Littleton.

At the conclusion of Mr. Littleton's address, President Bissell on behalf of the club presented to him a beautiful silver loving cup.

The big banquet hall of the Ellicott Club was thronged by Buffalo's foremost citizens last evening to honor the memory of Washington. Fully 500 members and guests were present, no other event in the club's history ever having been better attended. Great American flags were draped in an artistic design from the center of the ceiling and similar flags formed an appropriate background to the speakers' table. The tables were decorated with pink carnations.

The spirit of good-fellowship and fun reigned from the very beginning. A fine double quartette sang almost continually from the time the oysters were served until the more youthful and reckless members adjourned to the Saturn Club in the morning and 500 men invariably joined lustily in the chorus.

Mr. Scatcherd ends it.

John N. Scatcherd, the last of the orators, not only sustained his reputation as a witty after-dinner speaker, but, in fact, enhanced it. His toast was The State of New York, but Mr. Scatcherd evidently had concluded that this great commonwealth could very well take care of itself, for while his speech was intensely amusing, it could hardly be entitled to a place among the great state papers at Albany, much to the delight of everybody present.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*



All the Way

Save more  
comfortable  
California

## Tourist

Fred. Harvey  
service famous.  
in fast time.

Very low rate, one-way  
February 15 to April 7.

Leave Chicago 9 a.  
Connecting trains

## Buffalo German Insurance

OF BUFFALO,

39th Annual

January 1st,

Cash Capital .....  
Reserve for Re-Insurance.  
Reserve for Unpaid Losses  
Reserve for Contingencies



radi-  
sh con-  
ted each  
refused to  
te his pol-  
icy His enemies could not terrify him  
by assault; his friends could not de-  
ceive him with flattery. In this respect  
he resembled in marked degree the  
splendid character of Lincoln, and  
since their birthdays each fall within  
this month and we are called upon to  
contemplate their characters so close  
together, it is not out of the way to pay  
a passing tribute to Lincoln.

#### Justice always.

"With him the single light that led  
his feet along the hard highway of life  
was justice; the single thought that  
throbbed his brain to sleep at night was  
justice; the single prayer that put in  
whispered words the might and mean-  
ing of his soul was justice; the single  
impulse that lingered in a heart al-  
ready wrung by a nation's grief was  
justice; in every word that fell from  
him in touching speech there was the  
sad and sober spirit of justice. In  
every line of chastest literature that  
spelled his spirit out in words, there  
was the quiet solemn plea for justice.

#### Country's only Light.

"The time in which he lived was made  
the test of the nation's life. Coming  
with a cloud not larger than a man's  
hand the storm had grown until the  
country groped in settled night. The  
only light that reached to the far South  
and the distant North, that penetrated  
the remote West, that stuck into the  
East, was this pillar of patriotic fire  
transfiguring the raw and rugged from  
of Lincoln. He sat upon the storm  
when the nation shook with passion. He  
calmly looked into the dark when the  
continent trembled with rage and re-  
sentment. He turned to New England  
for help and had his gentle spirit stung  
to silence by the honest zeal and un-  
just reproach of Phillips. He turned  
to New York and the North for help  
and the appeal was lost in the neglect  
and noise of the market place. He  
turned to the West for help and found  
the straggling soldiery ready to do in-  
different service. He turned toward  
the South to behold the combined  
strength of brain and blood marching

son, intrigue, murder, war or disunion;  
our whole public life, our entire private  
affairs, our religion, our politics, our  
press, is made up of charge and counter-  
charge of graft and anti-graft, or crim-  
ination and recrimination. I love to  
dwell in silent contemplation upon the  
spirit and genius of these noble men. I  
love to think of statesmanship in the  
upper air away from the grime and dust  
of sordid enterprise. I have no patience  
with a creed whose foundation is a  
cross. I take no stock in the philosophy  
whose peace is built on blood. I have  
no patience with a statesmanship rest-  
ing upon assault. I have no faith in  
policy planted upon the ruin of char-  
acter. I have no confidence in the sta-  
bility of politics made up of accusation  
and denial. I do not share the popular  
alarm that all business is bribery and  
that all partnership is plunder.

#### As a Man of Wealth.

"Washington was a man of wealth  
and yet he was first in war, first in  
peace and first in the hearts of his  
countrymen. The time in which he  
lived was so simple that there were  
no trustees to act for others. The com-  
plicated affairs of today have made it  
necessary in every walk of life that men  
should hold positions of trust. The true  
reason for the apparent faith in the  
standard of integrity is because of the  
fact that positions of trust have multi-  
plied with our civilization. In the days  
of the Revolution, wealth was in the  
earth and in the seasons. Today it is  
expressed in stocks and bonds and held  
by those who stand for others as guar-  
dians over its value. The way he used  
his wealth was as much a credit to his  
patriotism as was the way he used his  
sword. The vice of modern life is not  
the wrongs that men commit, but the  
reckless use of power which they pos-  
sess, whether it be the power of wealth,  
the power of influence or the power of  
genius.

#### Fevered Quest for Gold.

"The day in which we live is filled  
with fevered folk in quest of gold. The  
ancient simple standard built on brains  
or blood has given way to one wrought  
out of hard and hoarded cash. The  
lofty place attained because the heart  
was swept with mercy and stern with  
justice is held today because the purse  
is fat with gain. The proud command  
which once belonged to souls on fire  
with righteous cause has passed to oth-  
ers whose deepest impulse reaches just  
to greed. The old, old way of life on  
which men set out to garner all the  
ripened grain and pluck the fruit just  
kissed by sun and shower to mellow  
usefulness is thick with weeds and in  
its place has

ment. But feebly following after them  
an dtheir careers are untold numbers  
making headlong toward the open ditch.  
Greed, insatiate greed, greed for raw  
and vulgar wealth, greed far more than  
need can use or normal appetite desire;  
greed that fairly loves to wallow in the  
luxury of excess; greed that  
gluts in a hungry soul with  
beef and fills a yearning spirit full of  
wine; greed that strangles conscience,  
crushes conviction, and paralyzes  
ideals; greed, whose business is injus-  
tice and whose amusement is cruel  
waste; greed, gambling, gorging,  
drunken, petrifying greed has seized  
upon us, and unless we can stir the in-  
ner, loftier passions of the souls of men  
to stand for high ideals we soon will be  
but brother to the ox.

"Against this greed for gold we have  
the example of Washington's benign  
wealth and Lincoln's humble poverty."

#### Loving Cup for Littleton.

At the conclusion of Mr. Littleton's  
address, President Bissell on behalf of  
the club presented to him a beautiful  
silver loving cup.

The big banquet hall of the Ellicott  
Club was thronged by Buffalo's fore-  
most citizens last evening to honor the  
memory of Washington. Fully 500 mem-  
bers and guests were present, no other  
event in the club's history ever hav-  
ing been better attended. Great Amer-  
ican flags were draped in an artistic  
design from the center of the ceiling  
and similar flags formed an appropriate  
background to the speakers' table. The  
tables were decorated with pink car-  
nations.

The spirit of good-fellowship and fun  
reigned from the very beginning. A fine  
double quartette sang almost contin-  
ually from the time the oysters were  
served until the more youthful and  
reckless members adjourned to the  
Saturn Club in the morning and 500  
men invariably joined lustily in the  
chorus.

#### Bissell, Toastmaster.

President Bissell made a most gra-  
cious toastmaster and the members of  
the club showed their appreciation and  
affection.

After a most delectable menu had  
been disposed of, President Bissell be-  
gan the speechmaking.

The first speaker introduced was Mr.  
Littleton. He was followed by the Re-  
verend D. H. Muller, whose subject was  
Franklin, and he paid an eloquent trib-  
ute to Poor Richard.

#### The Mayor speaks.

Mayor Adam was next introduced  
amid thunderous applause. The Mayor

All the Way

California

# Tourist

Fred. Harvey n  
service famous. C  
in fast time, sho.

Very low rate, one-way  
February 15 to April 7.

Leave Chicago 9 a.

Chicago and Kan-  
sas City to Los  
Angeles and  
San Francisco.  
For descriptive  
booklet, address  
Chas. A. Marsh,  
Pass. Agt., A. T.  
& S. F. Ry., 220  
Ellicott Sq. Bldg.,  
Buffalo.

Br

Ca  
Res  
Res  
Res  
Ne  
To's.

vies; they may make the earth tremble  
with the endless procession of their ar-  
mies. The pageantry of modern war-  
fare may dazzle mankind with increas-  
ed splendor, but we of America should  
never forget that the most powerful  
fleet that rides upon the sea and the  
most invincible army that marches over  
the land is but drift and numbers com-  
pared with the unyielding spirit of a  
people who love their country.

"In civil life he moved with measured  
strength toward the sanest end; he  
worked with poise and balance for the  
surest point; he wrought with finest  
faith in enduring things. He did not  
withier up in the company of the con-  
servative; he did not run away in har-  
ness with the radical; he did not dis-  
turb the public mind by teaching it to  
want; he did not disappoint the world  
with promise of things it should not  
have; he was honest without being ex-  
cited about it, (prolonged laughter); he  
was industrious without having the  
strikes recorded; he was patriotic with-  
out overtalking; he had the power of a  
trusted ruler and he used it as the  
humblest citizen.

#### Strength of Character.

"The strongest thing about the char-  
acter of the two greatest men in Amer-  
ican history is the fact that they  
no surrender to the passion of the  
Washington withstood the French  
calism of Jefferson and the British  
servatism of Hamilton. He invi-  
of them into his cabinet; he r  
allow either of them to dicta



# BUFFALO



LXI, No. 34.

BUFFALO,

## THE GREATEST AMERICAN

Martin W. Littleton of Brooklyn, in Burst of Oratory that brings Cheer upon Cheer, pays Tribute to George Washington.

## LASHES RASCALS OF BUSINESS WORLD

Against the insatiate Greed for raw Wealth, America has the Example of Washington's benign Wealth and Lincoln's humble Poverty.

Martin W. Littleton, Brooklyn's great, loving recollections upon the deeds of

orator, made the Ellicott Club and its guests sit up and take notice last night. It was the occasion of the club's annual dinner in celebration of Washington's Birthday. President Herbert P. Bissell had endeavored to induce that great former Buffalonian, Grover Cleveland, to come on as the guest of honor and had failed. President Bissell ran over in his mind the list of the country's noted speakers. Bryan was in the Philippines. Cockran, Depew and Senator Bailey had been here before.

Mr. Bissell was in despair when he thought himself of Littleton. And so Littleton, at the last minute was dragged away from the Colonel Mann trial in New York, where he was engaged as counsel for the defense and hurried on to Buffalo. And it is entirely safe to say that the disappointment occasioned by the failure to secure Cleveland was more than lost in the profoundest admiration for Littleton's eloquence.

The Brooklyn man was at his best. In language that was almost poetry he painted the inspiring portrait of Washington, and with a ruthlessness that was almost brutal he drew the startling contrast between the simplicity, the self-sacrifice and the patriotism of the foremost American and the sordid, selfish, grasping greatness of those who figure in the forefront of the commercial age of today.

The distinguished audience, held spellbound by Littleton's oratory, rose

the noble dead; to search with earnest faith the forces that filled up his life; to feel again with genuine spirit of patriotic zeal; to catch and hold the uplifting inspiration that kindles a hundred years into fadeless glory. We pause to let our memories go back over the ruin of the run-out years and bring to us the benediction of a blessed name. The story of his life is in the midst of well-meant praise; the record of his service is in the strained words of scholars and orators, but the lessons of his patriotism linger in homely sentiment in the hearts of the generations that follow him. Biographers may embellish with ornate language or blunder in excited declamation; historians may write with unerring aim or struggle with unmeaning deduction, but the world everywhere will come to know the lesson of his life.

### Soldier, Statesman, Man.

"He lived and gave his toil to human kind in simpler times; a soldier, he drew his sword to save to all the world a virgin republic; a statesman, he lifted his voice to measure the meaning of a people bound to be free; a rich man, he used his wealth to preserve the country from which it came. His triumphs on the field of battle do not rest upon the ruin of unworthy foes. They are built upon the prostate prowess of England's unquestioned valor. The armies under his command did not march over



Our government was not intended to be a pure democracy. It is impracticable that the people should administer the government directly. They govern through representatives. For their protection they have by direct legislation created constitutions fettering the power of their representatives and establishing safeguards by which they are secure in their personal liberty and in the results of their thrift.

We note with satisfaction the increasing sense of responsibility to the people on the part of those who represent them. Efforts to dominate legislation for selfish purposes and attempts through the forms of popular election to place in office those who, in the guise of executing public trusts serve private interests are less successful than heretofore. The people have become intolerant of such traitorous representation. And it is entirely within their power to put a stop to it altogether. Political leaders who have performed the function of clearing houses for legislation and who, while posing as party workers, have served under a retainer of special interests, careless alike of party principles or of public justice, are passing from the stage. The people demand leadership, and parties need effective organization to advance their principles. But the time is rapidly passing when any one can long maintain a position of wide political influence who is under suspicion of maintaining a double allegiance.

#### UNSELFISH LEADERSHIP.

But we need more than escape from such prostitution of political power. The people are entitled to have unselfish leadership and unselfish representation. Popular government will not attain its ideal until it becomes a point of honor for political leaders not to make their political fortunes the test of their action. This in the light of human nature may seem a counsel of perfection. But the people are rapidly becoming more conscious of its necessity and more critical of its absence. And as we advance it will become more obvious to the active political worker that disinterestedness is essential to successful leadership.

We are also encouraged by the insistence upon the performance of public obligations. The indignation that has been felt with reference to the conduct of large public enterprises, notably in the case of our transportation corporations, has been due on the one hand to the efforts they have made to attain their ends by debauching the administration of government, and on the other hand to their failure to perform their obligation in giving fair and impartial service. Their misuse of the privileges which the people have bestowed, their manipulation

responsibilities of public office. This is but another phase of the general public attitude toward all who hold relations of trust and confidence, whether in politics or in business. It is but an aspect of a wholesome demand which is being voiced from the Atlantic to the Pacific for the honorable conduct of affairs.

#### CAUSE FOR GRATIFICATION.

There is also cause for gratification in finding the standards of administration raised. It is inevitable with an alert and intelligent people that as the business of government increases greater attention should be paid to the manner in which it is discharged. We may look for a steady improvement in the public service, and on its civil side—in the sentiment of honor and of disinterested fidelity that may attach to it—it may rival what has long been conspicuous in connection with our military and naval organizations. The State is entitled to the best and this we may hope the enlightened patriotism of peace will ultimately secure.

There may be those who think that to attain the ideals of popular government changes in our organic law are necessary. But there is no warrant for change until conscience and public spirit obtain from our existing institutions what they are able to confer. An honest and intelligent electorate can secure the representation to which it is entitled. Public opinion formed after full discussion of pending questions exerts a force well nigh irresistible. As Jefferson said, "Responsibility is a tremendous engine in a free government."

It has been the fear of those who distrust popular government that it would lead to excesses and that sound judgment would from time to time be displaced by the fury of an excited populace. The safeguards of democracy are education and public discussion. Our country is safe so long as our schools are full.

There are those who speak the language of conservatism, but whose underlying purpose, only thinly veiled, is to protect those who have betrayed the public and to prevent necessary remedial action. There are others who resort to inflammatory appeal, careless of the interests which would be sacrificed by the arbitrary and ill-considered action they propose or defend. We may believe that the people will not be deceived by either. With extraordinary unanimity they have supported President Roosevelt in his courageous and vigorous administration because they have believed that he voiced the sentiment of fair play. It is this sentiment more than any other that dominates American life.

Our interests are inseparably connected. We cannot by arbitrary legislation afford to disturb our industrial enterprises. There are millions of wage earners who depend for their daily bread upon the stability of our business interests.

But there is no reason why rapacity should not be restrained and public obligation enforced.

Those who are loyal to the ideals of popular government are anxious that the people should vindicate their supremacy, in so doing should safeguard their vital interests. This may be done if we use the powers of government delicately and justly. The people of this country are not at war with business or with honorable business organizations. They have no desire to fetter lawful enterprises or to impair the confidence which is essential to the maintenance of our prosperity. They do not desire to thwart every attempt to secure or retain an improper advantage through unjust discriminations or governmental favoritism. If those who are sympathetic with this desire will encourage the just and reasonable disposition of each question upon its merits and promote the rule of common sense, we shall attain the desired end and prevent democracy from suffering at its own hands.

We stand in the presence of those related by blood to the illustrious signers of the Declaration of Independence. They rejoice in their distinguished lineage. But we are all the spiritual sons of these fathers of our liberties. We have a priceless heritage. This great country, populated with an intelligent people animated by the loftiest ideals, presents unexampled opportunity. May we be worthy of our birthright and so deal with the problems confronting this generation that we may transmit to our children a still larger boon, and that they enjoying even to a greater degree equality of opportunity, may find still better secured the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

...of life, it is an attitude some-  
...explained by training and environ-  
...ment, but in general merely exhibits the  
...rule of selfishness. There are many who  
...have no sympathy with the principles of  
...the Declaration and who look with alarm  
...upon every emphatic assertion of popular  
...rights. There are many others who will  
...join in an appeal to democratic principles  
...when it serves self-interest, but are ready  
...to use every vantage point that may be  
...gained in the struggle for existence to de-  
...prive their fellows of equal opportunity.  
...But we may be assured that the progress  
...of the people will not be halted. The long  
...contest with "divine rights," with usurped  
...power, however obtained, against every  
...attempt under any form to control and  
...exploit the many for the benefit of the  
...few, can have but one result. Slowly and  
...surely the people have won their way, and  
...no final settlement will be reached until  
...the administration of government squares  
...with the principles of the Declaration  
...and an end has been put to every conver-  
...sion of governmental powers to selfish  
...purposes.

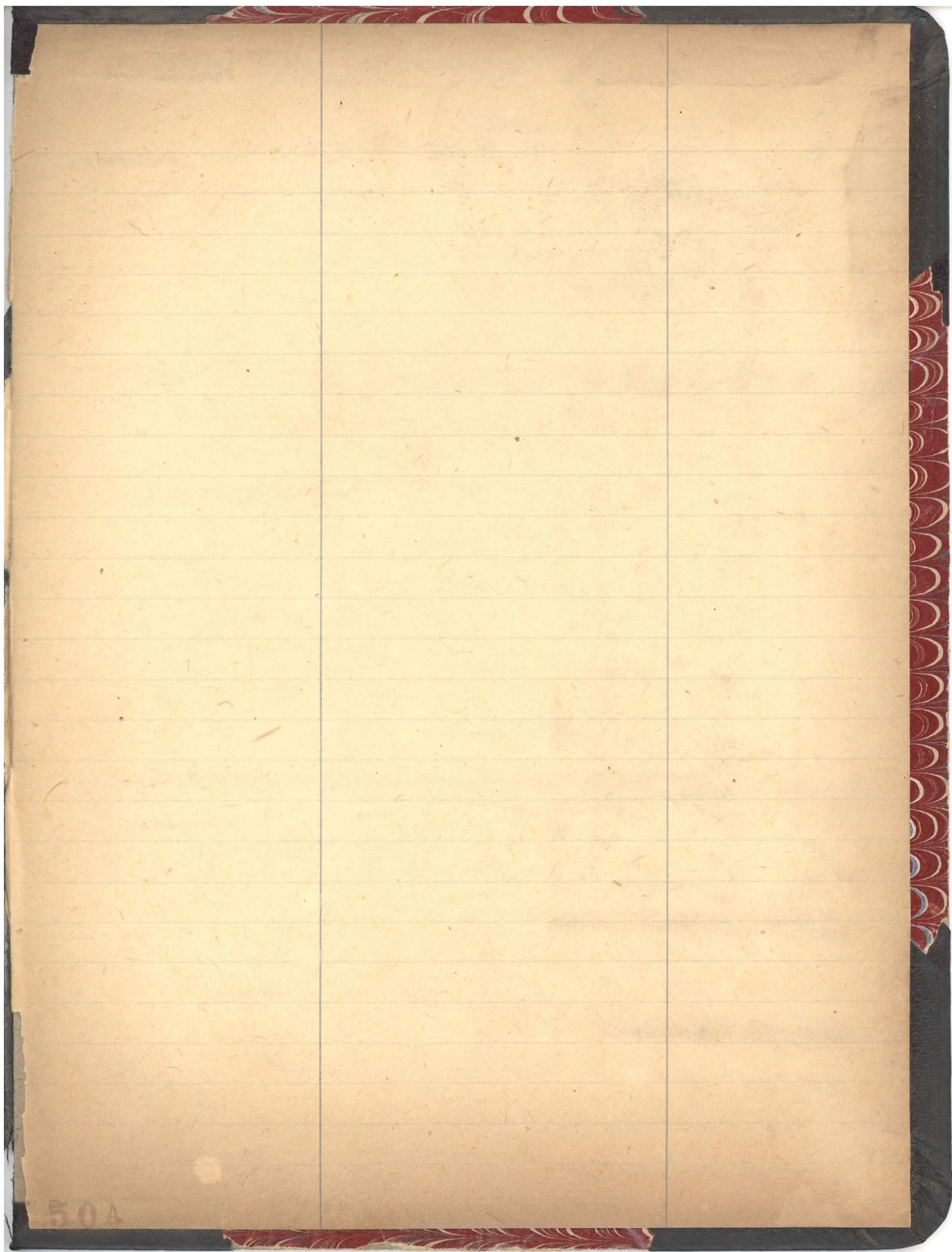
We may properly congratulate ourselves  
...upon the marvelous record of the nation's  
...progress. With restless energy, the vast  
...domain between the oceans has been de-  
...veloped and its remotest parts have been  
...knit together by mutual needs and the  
...multifarious activities of an ever increas-

(Continued on Page Six.)

DROPPED DEAD.

Albany, July 4.—Mayor





50A



Living in the  
Past.  
"Alas poor York!"